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Richard Holland.
Christ Coll. Camb.

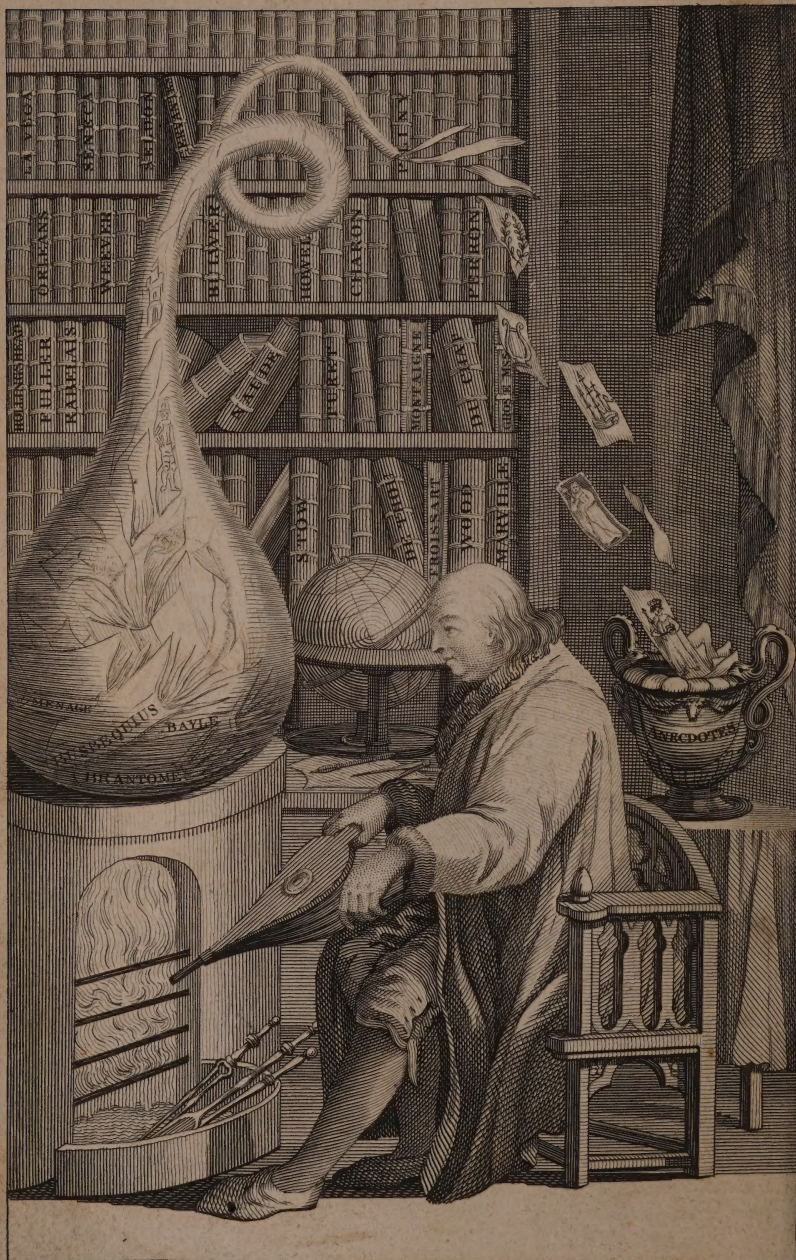


Robert Holland.

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A N E C D O T E S, &c.



J. P. A. Inv^t

H. S. Grimm Del.^o

J. Macky, Sculp^r

Published as the Act directs, March 26. 1789 by John Stockdale.

A N E C D O T E S,

&c.

ANTIENT AND MODERN.

WITH OBSERVATIONS.

By JAMES PETTIT ANDREWS, F.A.S.

A NEW EDITION,

CORRECTED AND MUCH ENLARGED.

“ Il y a bien des auteurs dans lesquels on trouve des choses singulières qui ne se rencontrent pas ailleurs. Cela me fait dire, qu'on pourroit faire un livre fort curieux, qui contiendrait, ‘ τα παραξ ειρημενα,’ les choses qui n'ont été dites qu'une fois.

MENAGE,



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE
BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

M D C C X C.



TO

SIR JOSEPH ANDREWS,

OF SHAW, IN THE COUNTY OF BERKS, BARONET,

THE FOLLOWING WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A SMALL TESTIMONY

OF

WELL-MERITED AFFECTION,

AND

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT,

BY HIS BROTHER,

J. P. A.

pages, for the sake of two or three entertaining paragraphs. Encouraged by this idea, and by the favorable reception which his former publications (most of them anonymous) have met with, he has stepped forward once more in the literary walk, in hopes of meeting the same candor and good humor which he has before experienced from his countrymen.

He is proud of acknowledging the kind assistance he has received. The pen of his ingenious friend, Mr. Pye *, has been employed in his service, and has produced the whole article of ‘ Singularities,’ and several other pieces. The invaluable magazine of anecdotes, collected by the

* Knight of the Shire for Berks, and author of several elegant pieces of poetry. The translations signed P. are by that gentleman, all the rest are by the Editor.

equally intelligent and humorous Antiquarian, Capt. Grose, has been open to him, and thence some of the most amusing anecdotes in the work are taken; and the article 'Sketches' was drawn up by a lady not unknown in the literary world, whose name, did she permit the Editor to publish it, would confer honour on his whole performance. For these parts of his book he dreads not the severest criticism; would that he were but as well founded in confidence as to the rest of the work, for which *he, alone*, is answerable! On one circumstance, however, he dares to pride himself. He has resisted with incredible firmness every temptation thrown in his way by the courtly waggery of Brantome, the philosophic simplicity of Charron, Montaigne, and Bayle, the sprightly wit of Perron, Menage, &c.

8 P R E F A C E.

&c. &c. &c. the quaint drollery of Rabelais, Bulwer, Borde, &c. &c. &c. not to mention the ludicrous bluntness of Madame Charlotte Elizabeth of Orleans, to fall into indelicacies, which, at the same time that they would have displeased that fair part of his readers, whose approbation he is most anxious to secure, must have exposed him to the just and tremendous rebukes of those periodical potentates, at whose signal the most high-spirited author must lower his top-sails.

“ * ——— Parere necesse est,

“ Nam, quid agas? ———”

Juv. Sat. 3.

Did the public well consider the fatigues and distresses of mind, which a poor

“ * The humbled author, silent, must submit,

“ And, but by non-resistance, show his wit.”

author

author undergoes in consequence of his well-meant endeavour to entertain them, the literary community would be treated with more regard than they generally meet. There *was* a time, when a writer had no other dangers to encounter than those of neglect, and silent contempt; and that author must have been of real consequence in the republic of letters, on whom a critic would deign to comment; nor could any one less witty than a Dryden, or less noble than a Howard, have had importance enough to have been honored by the sarcasms of a Rehearsal, or a City and Country-mouse*.

The case is now severely altered. The devoted author sets out, like the Roman gladiator,

* Two satires. The first a well-known play, written by the D. of Buckingham. The other a dialogue composed by Charles Montague, (afterwards Lord Halifax) to expose Dryden's Hind and Panther.

—— “ Uri virgis, ferroque necari
 “ Auctoratus.” —— *

Should he escape the regular batteries of the “ Monthly,” “ Critical,” “ English,” and “ Analytical Reviews,” and the bombs and howitzers of the Gentleman’s, the European, the Literary, &c. Magazines, it is still likely that he may be mortally wounded by some irregular marksman, in a daily newspaper, who with a “ Dove, “ Messer Ariosto?” will turn the laugh upon him, and dissipate his hopes of a golden harvest, both as to fame and profit. But suppose this danger over, there yet remains, even at the legal distance of a year and a day, the strictures of an Old, and a New, Annual Register to be dreaded. These, to keep up the metaphor, we may compare to mines, which sometimes take

* “ Bound to face every peril.”

effect,

effect, long after the appearance of danger is over.

Let not, however, this enumeration of horrors make the lover of literature tremble, lest writing for the press should be discontinued. The whole catalogue of storms, shoals, and rocks, of bad provisions, calentures, and wooden legs, will not prevent the quarter-decks of men of war from being crowded with young, spirited volunteers; rusticks will crowd to enlist, in spite of every tale of small pay, hard duty, and military discipline and danger; and authors will still abound, unappalled by the apprehension of awful myriads of critics, and of what perhaps is still more awful, the fatal day of settling with their publisher.

C O N T E N T S.

ADVICE.
Alchymy.

Animals.

Art.

Bathos.

Books.

Coaches.

Complaint.

Conceit.

Conjugal Infidelity.

Contradiction.

Controversy.

Country.

Credulity.

Customs and Inventions.

Derivations.

Errors.

Family.

Fanaticism.

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Free-thinking.

Galanterie.

Gaming.

Good Old Times.

Gratitude.

Harsh Sounds.

Heraldry.

Hermits.

Jeu de mots.

Inconsistency.

Inhumanity.

Intemperance.

Laws.

Lazy Monks.

Liberty.

Medicine.

Names.

National Reflections.

National Character.

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Œconomy.

Parliament.

Particular Providence.

Passions.

Plays and Novels.

Poetry.

Pride.

Proverbs.

Religion.

Ridicule.

Romance.

Sailors.

Scandal

Scandal.	Tyranny.
Singularities.	Vanity.
Sketches.	Virtue and Vice.
Superstition.	Wagers.
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Tales.	Whims.
Taste.	Women.
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Verfes on Ana.	No. 1
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A D D E N D A.

Art.	Inhumanity.
Authors.	Medicine.
Books.	Painting, Sculpture, &c.
Customs and Inventions.	Paflions.
Derivation.	Pathos.
Fanaticifm.	Pride.
Feafting.	Sarcasms, &c.
Hyperboles.	Women.
Inconfiftency.	

A N E C D O T E S, &c.

A D V I C E.

WHEN really good counsel is given, we ought not to decline following it, although the example of the counsellor militate against his own precepts. St. Augustin is well known to have compared a priest, whose life disagreed with his doctrines, to a directing way-post. "Would not a traveller," asks he, "deserve to be reckoned insane, who should refuse to follow the advice written on that post, because forsooth, it stirs not a foot towards the place it directs him to?" How absurd would it be to undervalue the excellent persuasives to patience and fortitude which have been left us by Seneca, because that great
B man,

man, in his epistles, after most pathetically exclaiming—"Quid non potest mihi persuaderi, cui persuasum est, ut navigarem *?" confesses, that, during a passage shorter than that between Dover and Calais, he actually flung himself headlong into the waves, merely from an inability to support the harassing sensations of sea-sickness, and the dread of an impending squall?

IN a late translation of Hippocrates, we read the following piece of grave advice, which, notwithstanding the great name of the counsellor, will hardly have many followers.

In a fracture of the thigh, "the extension ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong that, notwithstanding the effect of the bandages, their contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that when there is reason to apprehend it, I would advise the patient to suffer the

* "What may I not be persuaded to do, since I have actually been persuaded to go on the sea?"

"other

“ other thigh to be broken also, in order to
“ have them both of one length.” Ignatius Loyola, who, to preserve the shape of his boot, had a considerable part of his leg-bone sawed off, would have been a docile patient to the sage Hippocrates.

THE hint given to Thales, the Milesian philosopher, was a strong one, and well intended, though roughly executed. A girl, of dubious character, seeing him gazing at the heavens, as he walked along, and perhaps piqued at his not casting an eye at her attractions, put a stool in his path, over which he tumbled and broke his shins. The excuse she made was, that she meant to teach him to look at home, before he indulged himself in star-gazing.

THE consolatory advice of Plutarch to the wretched, if not effectual, is certainly ingenious. “ Consider,” says the philosopher, “ you equal the happiest, in the one half
“ of your life at least ; that half, I mean,
“ which you spend in sleep.”

MENAGE says that, one day, the Cardinal de Retz desired to be favored by him, with a few lectures on poetry, “for,” said he, “such quantities of verses are brought to me every day, that I ought to seem at least, to be somewhat of a judge.”—“It would,” replied Menage, “be difficult to give your Eminence many rudiments of criticism, without taking up too much of your time. But I would advise you, in general, to look over the first page or two, and then to exclaim, Sad stuff! wretched poetaster! miserable verses!” And ninety-nine times in an hundred you will be sure you are right.”

WHILE Louis XIV. was besieging Lille, the Spanish governor politely sent him, from the town, fresh ice for the use of his table, every day. M. de Charost, a favorite of the King, happening to be near him when one of these presents arrived, said to the messenger, with a loud voice, “Do you be sure to tell M. de Brouai, your governor, that I advise him not to give
“up

“ up his town like a coward, as the Com-
 “ mandant of Douai has done.” “ Are
 “ you mad? Charost,” said the King, turn-
 ing to him angrily. “ No, Sir,” said
 Charost, “ but you must excuse me, for
 “ the Compté de Brouai is my near rela-
 “ tion *.”

THE advice given by Sir Robert Dudley,
 son to the celebrated Earl of Leicester, un-
 der the title of “ A Proposition to secure
 “ the State, and to bridle the Impertinency
 “ of Parliaments,” might perhaps, if pur-
 sued with caution and perseverance, have
 been the ruin of British liberty. It is to be
 found in Rushworth’s Collection, and is
 brought under seven heads.

1. To have a fortress in every consider-
 able town.

2. To suffer none to wear arms, but such
 as are enrolled.

3. To cause the high roads to run
 through the fortified towns.

* Mem. de Louis XIV. par L’Abbé Choisy.

4. Not to let the foldiers of fuch fortrefles to be inhabitants of fuch places.

5. To let no perfon pafs through fuch fortrefles without a ticket.

6. To have the names of all lodgers taken by all inn-keepers.

7. To impofe an oath of allegiance on all fubjects.

Sir Robert then proceeds to “ Means to increafe his Majefty’s Revenues.” For which purpofe he lays down fifteen different ways. Several of which have been adopted by fucceffive minifters, particularly a tax on legacies, one on proceedings by law, and another on alehoufe licences.

A L C H Y M Y.

THE awful veil of myftery with which the writers concerning the Elixir of Life, the Philofophers Stone, the Roficrucian Fraternity, &c. have contrived to cover their rhapsodies, has probably contributed more than any other circumftance to that
 respect

respect which the whimsical science of Alchymy retains, even to this day, in the breasts of persons, whom one would not judge capable of such credulity. The following anecdote, though it *proved* nothing, has had its weight with Amateurs.

IN 1687, a stranger, naming himself Sig. Gualdi, profited of the known ease and freedom of Venice, to render himself much respected, and well received there. He spent his money readily, but was never observed to have connection with any banker: he was perfectly well bred, and remarkable for his sagacity and powers of entertainment in conversation. Enquiries were made about his family, and whence he came, but all terminated in obscurity. One day a Venetian Noble, admiring the stranger's pictures, which were exquisitely fine, and fixing his eye on one of them, exclaimed—"How is this, Sir! Here is a
 " portrait of yourself, drawn by the hand
 " of Titian! yet that artist has been dead
 " one hundred and thirty years, and you

look

“ look not to be more than fifty !” “ Well,
 “ Signor,” replied the stranger, “ there is,
 “ I hope, no crime in resembling a portrait
 “ drawn by Titian.” The Noble found
 that he had been too curious, and withdrew;
 but before the next morning’s dawn, the
 stranger, his pictures, goods and domestics
 had quitted Venice. This incident is re-
 lated in Dr. Campbell’s “ Hermippus redi-
 “ vivus.”

THERE lived, in the reign of Edward VI.
 one Sir James, supposed to be a vicar choral
 of Salisbury cathedral, who, as his scholars
 report, attained to great perfection in the
 study of chemistry. Of him Thomas Char-
 nock, another, but a minor adept, thus
 sings, or rather says, in his “ Enygma
 “ Alchimæ.”

“ I could find never man but one,
 “ Which could teach me the secrets of our stone;
 “ And that was a priest in the clofe of Salisbury,
 “ God rest his soul in heaven full merry !”

A N I M A L S.

IN 1468, the Parisians, were by an order of their King, Louis XI. deprived at once of all their domestic animal-favorites, their tame deer, goats, kids, and, above all, of their jays and magpies. That prince had been exasperated by the very great imprudence of those citizens, who had taught every thing which could be made to speak or squall, to repeat the word "Peronne," in ridicule of Louis, who had been shamefully overreached at that town, through his own want of caution, and the craft of the Duke of Burgundy. Cruel as the character of Louis was known to be, it seems astonishing that he contented himself with a species of revenge which was rather vexatious, than barbarous.

PROCOPIUS acquaints us with a most uncommonly ridiculous species of divination, used by Theodatus, a perfidious and cowardly

cowardly King of the Italian Goths, at the period when Justinian attacked his dominions. Three divisions of hogs, stiled Goths, Romans and Greeks, were according to the advice of a Jewish magician, shut up in different styes, for a certain portion of time, and from their state when that time had expired, the fate of the war was to be judged. The event of this rational experiment being adverse to the Gothic pigs, Theodatus, despairing of success, suffered his troops to be repeatedly vanquished, and at length was deposed and put to death by his own people.

WHEN Charles V. failed in his attempt on Algiers, in 1541, his fleet and the troops which were embarked on board the ships, suffered hardships almost incredible. Brantome, who heard the relation from the mouth of a sufferer, says, that although the officers were obliged to throw overboard all their clothes, baggage, and valuables, yet nothing distressed them so much as the parting with their horses, which were in general,

general, fine Spanish and Neapolitan
 “ genets and coursers, so well chosen, so
 “ gallant-spirited, and so high prized, that
 “ there was not a heart which could de-
 “ fend itself from feeling anguish, and the
 “ deepest pity, at seeing these fine horses,
 “ struggling in vain, to save themselves by
 “ swimming through the raging ocean.
 “ And the more distressful was the sight,
 “ as the poor animals, despairing to reach
 “ the land, it being so far off, followed with
 “ their utmost powers, as long as their
 “ strength lasted, the ships and their
 “ masters, who stood on the decks pite-
 “ ously lamenting the fate of those noble
 “ creatures whom they saw perish before
 “ their eyes.”

The foregoing story, although it commem-
 orates a most extraordinary, and melan-
 choly instance of sagacity in animals, is
 yet exceeded by that which follows, which
 is told by an Italian author of credit, and
 is affirmed to be strictly true.

A FRENCH

A FRENCH officer, more remarkable for his birth and spirit than his riches, had served the Venetian republic with great valor and fidelity for some years, but had not met with preferment adequate, by any means, to his merits. One day, he waited on an "Illustrissimo," whom he had often solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying; the Noble turned his back on the necessitous veteran, and left him to find his way to the street, through a suite of apartments magnificently furnished. He passed them, lost in thought, till casting his eyes on a sumptuous sideboard, where stood on a damask cloth, as a preparation for a showy entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glass, polished and formed to the highest degree of perfection: he took hold of a corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful English mastiff who always accompanied him, said to the animal, in a kind of absence of mind, "There! my poor old friend!

“ friend! you see how these scoundrels enjoy themselves, and yet how we are “ treated!” The poor dog looked up in his master’s face, and wagged his tail, as if he understood him. The master walked on, but the mastiff slackened his pace, and laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull, brought all the side-board in shivers to the ground, and deprived the insolent Noble of his favorite exhibition of splendor.

THE extreme attachment which the fair sex have sometimes shown to domestic animals, has seldom produced an odder advertisement than the following, which appeared in the Daily Advertiser, during the course of the month of November, in the year 1744, and which is now in the Editor’s possession.

“ An Exceeding small Lap Spaniel.

“ Any one that has (to dispose of) such
 “ a one, either dog, or bitch, and of any
 “ colour,

“ colour, or colours, that is very, very
 “ SMALL, with a very *short round snub nose*,
 “ and good ears;

“ If they will bring it to Mrs. Smith, at
 “ a coach-maker’s, over against the Golden
 “ Head, in Great Queen Street, near Lin-
 “ coln’s Inn Fields, they may (if approv-
 “ ed of) have a very good purchaser.

“ And to prevent any farther trouble, If
 “ it is not exceeding SMALL, and has any
 “ thing of a longish peaked nose, it will
 “ not at all, do.

“ And nevertheless, after this advertise-
 “ ment is published no more, If any per-
 “ son should have a little creature, that an-
 “ swers the character of the advertisement,

“ If they will please but to remember
 “ the direction, and bring it to Mrs. Smith,
 “ the person is not SO provided, but that
 “ such a one will still at any time be, here-
 “ after, purchased.”

A beautiful little “barbet,” being very
 ill treated by a large cat, the following
 Epigram, by way of warning, was made
 extem-

extempore by a relation, to the owner of both :

Notre Chate ! Qu'il vous souviene,
Que si vous battez not' Chienne,
Vous ferez bientôt le Manchon
De notre petite Fanchon.

Mark my words, Grimalkin gruff !
Leave that pretty dog at peace,
Else your skin shall make a muff
To adorn my little niece.

A R T.

THE two following instances of laudable art are taken from Fuller's Worthies of England. When Mary Queen of Scots was in custody of George Earl of Shrewsbury, the Countess, knowing the suspicious temper of Elizabeth, contrived a method of relieving her Lord from a trust both odious and dangerous. "Madam," said she to the Queen, "I begin to grow jealous, my husband is so familiar with his Royal Prisoner." This hint succeeded, and Mary was ordered to another keeper.

THE great Sir Edward Coke was dreaded by the court of Charles I. as a powerful opposer in the house ; and to prevent his standing to be chosen in Parliament, he was marked down to serve as sheriff of his county, (Buckingham). Coke objected that he could not in conscience take the usual oath, which binds the sheriff to destroy and root out all *Lollards*. His objection was over-ruled, and he was made to serve.

THE desire of gain will sometimes inspire with dishonest cunning the illiterate savage. After a successful attack on the Royal party in 1745, a highlander had gained a watch, as his share of the spoils of the vanquished. Unacquainted with its use, he listened with equal surprise, and pleasure, to the ticking sound with which his new acquisition amused him ; after a few hours, however, the watch was down, the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with any satisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to dispose

of it, to the first person who offered him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer, but, at parting, he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed, "Why, she died last night."

CHRISTINA of Sweden is reported to have been never better pleased with a story, than with that of a Norman Curé's artifice to save the reputation of his Seigneur, who had the misfortune to be broken alive on the wheel, at the "Greve," for two or three robberies, and a murder. "We pray thee, O Lord, (said the cunning ecclesiastic) for the soul of ——, Seigneur of this parish, who has lately died *of his wounds* at Paris."

WE are told by Busbequius, that while he was apparently, an ambassador, but really, a prisoner at Constantinople, he made an exceeding artful, though justifiable, use of the Turkish aversion to every thing of the hog kind. His narrative shall appear in the words of the translator. "This
C "humour

" humour of theirs being known, we put
 " a pretty trick upon them. When any
 " body had a mind to send me a secret
 " message, he would include it in a little
 " bag, together with a roasting-pig, and
 " sending it by a youth, when my chiaux *
 " met him, he would ask, what he had
 " there? Then the boy being instructed
 " before, would whisper him in the ear,
 " and say, that a friend of mine, had sent
 " me a roasting-pig, for a present. The
 " chiaux thereupon would punch the bag
 " with his stick, to see whether the boy
 " spake truth, or no, and when he heard
 " the pig grunt, he would run back as far
 " as ever he could, saying, " Get thee in
 " with thy nasty present." Then spitting
 " on the ground, and turning to his
 " fellows, he would say, " 'Tis strange to
 " see how these Christians do dote on this
 " filthy, impure, beast! They cannot for-
 " bear eating it, though their lives lay at
 " stake." Thus he was handsomely

* A guard set over Busbequius, by the Turkish govern-
ment.

“ choused, and the boy brought me what
“ secret message was sent me.”

THE Editor begs leave to close this article with an instance of the effect of ardent, juvenile, curiosity, in producing extempore address. Two comrades of his early days, chanced in a vacant hour to stray into the kitchen of a public house. They found a large, blazing fire, and a box containing, as appeared by the inscription, a Welch-fairy, but no living creature besides. The boys, eager to view the dwarf, but by no means willing, or probably, able, to pay for the sight, laid their heads together how to unkennel her. Had they possessed the strength and agility of Phædrus's eagle, they would probably have taken *his* method of opening inclosures. But they had no wings. The lock too being on the inside, they could not force the door. What could they do? They hit on a stratagem which might have done honour to Polyænus. By joint efforts of strength, they shoved the box so very near to the fire, that the dwarf,

from the increased heat of the climate, was obliged to open the door, and favor them, gratis, with her wished for presence.

B A T H O S.

WHEN Achilles, in the last book of the Iliad, moved by the distress of Priam, endeavours to give him consolation; in order to tempt him to partake of some refreshment, he tells him,

—— “ νυν δὲ μνησάμεθα δ' ὄρεα,

“ Καὶ γὰρ νυκομος Νιοβὴ ἐρυησατο σίτη,

“ Τηπερ δώδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ὀλοντο.” *

Had Ovid introduced this supper of Niobé between the death of her children and her own metamorphosis into stone, he

* “ Now let us think about supper, for the fair-haired
“ Niobe did not forget her meals, although she had a
“ dozen children lying dead in her palace.”

Our favorite novelist, Henry Fielding, has a humorous dissertation in his Tom Jones, tending to shew the necessity of eating heartily, notwithstanding the utmost energy of the tender passions.

would

would have furnished us, with a compleat instance of the Bathos, and might have quoted the Prince of poets as his authority.

DECIMUS BRUTUS, one of the chief conspirators against Julius Cæsar, presents us by his conduct, in his last moments, with a striking example of the same figure : he was betrayed into the hands of the opposite party, and the Executioner, after having made many attempts to cut off his head, (which had been all frustrated by his unmanliness, in withdrawing his neck,) was obliged to remonstrate with him, on the useless cowardice of such behaviour. " Let me die," said the confused Roman, " if I will not, *this time*, stretch out my neck." * Thus far Valerius Maximus. But Seneca adds a grotesque circumstance, which, if delicacy permitted it to be told, would render the Bathos still more perfect.

IN an account of the siege of Gibraltar, written by a French officer, and published at

* " Ita vivam! dabo."

Cadiz, 1783, the author thus expresses himself, when speaking of the honors conferred on General Elliot and on Lord Howe :

“ Je suis loin de reclamer contres ces
 “ honneurs accordée à deux grands Gene-
 “ raux, par un Roi & par un Peuple. Je
 “ fais que Elliot se defendit bien, incendia
 “ deux foix les lignes, & brula 13
 “ prames ; Je fais que Howe ravitailla Gib-
 “ raltar, & combattit l’armee combinée,
 “ Tous deux eurent de grand succés, & le
 “ dûrent à leur talens ; mais qu’on y re-
 “ flechisse, l’un employa des boulets rouges,
 “ & l’autre avoit des vaisseaux doublées de
 “ cuivre ! Tels furent les instrumens de
 “ deux hommes celebres.” * What can

* “ I mean not to lessen the merit of two heroes, who
 “ deserved so well of their King and country, and who
 “ have received great honors in consequence. I acknow-
 “ ledge, that Elliot defended himself well, set fire twice
 “ to his enemies works, and burnt the fireships sent
 “ against him ; and that Howe relieved Gibraltar and
 “ fought the whole combined fleet of France and Spain.
 “ But then we must consider that the one made use of
 “ red hot balls, and the other of copper bottomed ships.
 “ Such were the instruments which contributed to the
 “ glory of these great men !”

this

this singular Historian have in his imagination? He probably would have thought it more heroic, had Elliot cooled his furnaces previous to the grand attack. And he would have wished Howe to have put in at Lisbon, and there to have stripped his ships of their copper sheathing!

AN unlucky name will sometimes lessen, if not annihilate the effect of a well deserved eulogium. Cambden in his Annals of our great Elizabeth, speaking of a gallant officer (who alone of all the English perished in that sea fight, which is said to have cost every noble family in Spain, either a son, a brother, or a nephew,) praises him nearly thus, "In suâ, inter
" hostes, naviculâ, cum laude periit solus
" Cockus, Anglus. *"

* "The only Englishman, of any distinction who perished, was Cock, who, gallantly fighting in his little
" bark, was surrounded by the enemy, and lost."

B O O K S.

MENAGE tells us that the tutor of a young French nobleman, as he was playing at tennis one day, at an estate near Saumur, casting his eyes on the racquet in his hand, saw some writing on the parchment which covered it, and having perused it with attention, found it to be part of one of the lost books of Livy. He immediately enquired for the racquet-maker, but found, to his great mortification, that what he had seen, was the last remain of a collection of manuscripts, which were all made up for racquets, and dispersed all over the kingdom.

THERE are wanting, of the works of Cicero, two books, "De Gloria," and two "De Legibus." As to the latter, we know of our loss only by the means of Macrobius, who quotes the *fifth* book "De Legibus," (in the sixth of his Saturnalia,) although

although we have but *three*. As to the treatise on Glory*, Franciscus Philelphus, is accused by Menage of having found the MSS. and destroyed it, after having transplanted into a book, which he published as his own, as many passages as he thought he might venture without being discovered. But Varillas, that French historian so famous for his blunders†, from whom Menage copies this accusation, destroys his own evidence, by afterwards charging Petrus Alcyonius, an Italian physician, with the very same piece of literary treason. That worthless parasite, he says, being obliged to write somewhat for the consolation of the Provéditeur Cornaro, (who was in exile for having been, though not dishonorably, beaten by the Turks) composed a book, which he entitled “De fortiter toleranda exilii fortuna,” and into which he introduced many ill-adjusted sentences from Tully’s treatise

* Cicero in his 27th Epistle to Atticus, says “Librum tibi celeriter mittam “De Gloria.”

† See Dr. W. King’s “Reflections on Varillas,” wherein, with great humor, he exposes his almost incredible ignorance of history.

De Gloria, which MSS. he afterwards burnt, to prevent the discovery of his plagiarism. Nothing however, seems certain concerning this much wished for work, except what Petrarch tells us, in one of his epistles, viz. That Raimond Sorenzo, a celebrated lawyer at Avignon, gave the two books "De Gloria" to him; that he studied them perpetually, but that having lent them to an old man, who had been his preceptor, want had tempted the borrower to pawn them; and, after his departure from the country, Petrarch could never discover them.

M. LE DUCHAT asks this singular question. What is become of the book on "The admirable Power of Art and Nature," attributed to Bacon, in the Dedicatory Epistle of the 14th book of Amadis? Qu. Has this query ever been answered?

THOSE who have collected books, and whose good nature has prompted them to accommodate their friends with them, will feel the sting of the answer which a man
of

of wit made to one who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes which he had lent them. "Sir," said he, "Your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves, than what is contained in them."

THERE is reason to believe from what Machiavel has said, and Cardan has supported, that Pope Gregory the Seventh destroyed many MSS. of the Classics, which were stored in the Vatican Library. The reason which has been given for this most illiberal conduct, seems as uncouth as the deed itself. Among the pieces which suffered, were many books of Varro. Now Gregory having a great respect for St. Augustine, and knowing the free use of that Roman author, which the Saint had made in his most celebrated work, chose rather to destroy Varro, than to have the good father convicted of gross plagiarism. Should this story be true, one must have a
farther

farther intimacy with St. Augustin's works than what one can gain from Lipsius,* or from Gabriel Naudé, before one can allow that either his decency or his delicacy merited such a sacrifice.

SENECA, in his consolation addressed to Helvius, makes mention of a treatise on Virtue, by Brutus. Menage doubts whether this be not the same with one that is spoken of by the grammarian Diomedes, under the title of a book "De Patientia;" however, it is utterly, and probably irrevocably, lost to our age.

BRANTOME asserts that the Emperor Charles V. wrote a Commentary (in the French language) of his own actions. His Commentator adds, that among the printed "Lettres de Belle-forest," there is one from Ruscelli, who asserts that he has seen the work in question, translated into Latin by Guillaume Marindo.

* Note on Seneca de beneficiis, Lib. 4. Cap. 8. De nomine Dei Libeti.

POPE Sixtus IV. although he encreased the Vatican Collection with many valuable MSS. and though he encouraged the historian Platina, by making him its librarian, had, yet, very little taste for science. His ambition to be ranked with the Medicis family, among the encouragers of learning, supplied the place of the love of literature. The following story will justify this sentiment. Theodore Gaza, one of those literati who had fled from the barbarous conquerors of Constantinople, presented to him a translation of Cicero's works into the Greek language. The Pope, who, having been a Cordelier full fifty years, had more pleasure in the questions of Scotus, than of Tully, received the books coldly, cast them carelessly into a corner, and ordered his chamberlain to give the author a sum by way of reward, which would scarcely reimburse him for the money he had laid out in the parchment his work was written on. " Fool that I was," said the irritated Greek in his own tongue, " to think that such an ass had a relish for any other food
 " than

“than thistles.” Luckily for the proverbialist, the good Pope knew nothing of the Greek language.

THE library at Florence, collected by Lorenzo de Medicis, was so great and valuable, that after it had been pillaged and dispersed by the army of Charles VIII. of France in 1494, (when its owner Pietro scandalously abandoned his party, by a precipitate flight,) its relics, collected by the infinite pains of Catharine de Medicis, still form the most respectable part of the “Bibliothèque du Roi,” at Paris.

THERE is said to be in the Bodleian library, a treatise by Sir Robert Dudley, entitled, “*Del Arcano del mare.*” It abounds with schemes, plans, and useful projects*.

SIR W. MONSON’S “*Naval Tracts,*” which are printed in Churchill’s Collection of Voyages, are very little known, or noticed, in comparison of their merits.

* Some account of this work will be given in the Appendix.

IN the days of our great Selden, the sources of literary intelligence seem to have been few, in comparison to their present state, if we may reason from his own words—" Popish books teach and inform ;
 " what we know, we know much out
 " of them. The Fathers, Church-story,
 " schoolmen, all may pass for Popish books.
 " And if you take away them, what learn-
 " ing will you leave ?"

DR. WARTON, in his Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, observes, that the dialogue in the Essay on Criticism, between the Dramatic Poet and the Mad Knight, is not taken from the Don Quixote of Cervantes, but from one that is commonly called a continuation of that inimitable romance, and which was in fact written *after* the publication of the first part, and *before* the second part appeared. For this reason, and some others which will be mentioned, this performance, though infinitely inferior to the work of Cervantes, deserves more attention than is usually given

given to it. It is said to have been written by a person named Alonso Fernandes d'Avellanada ; but Don Gregorio Mayan-fiscar, in his life of Cervantes, supposes this to be a fictitious name. This book was translated into French by the celebrated Le Sage, a proof that he thought it not destitute of merit : there is likewise an English version by one Baker ; and Cervantes himself alludes to it, several times, in the second part of his own *Don Quixote*, particularly in chapters LIX. and LXXII. One circumstance, indeed, renders this book a literary curiosity, viz. The great probability that it caused Cervantes to make his *Don Quixote* a different character in his second part, from what he was in the first. In the first part, it is true, he is not drawn as an absolute maniac, when he is not discoursing of knight errantry ; but all his conversation is tinged with singularity, and the pertinent things he says are incoherently arranged, and themselves out of place ; as for instance, his long speech to the goat-herds on the golden age ; but in the
second

second part he is made a man of sound judgment, and elegant literature, when the subject of his madness is not immediately touched upon. Now this seems to have arisen from a desire of Cervantes to shew he could, in every mode of writing, excel his rival, who had made the character of his Don Quixoté a vehicle to convey his own learning to the public, a circumstance, of which the passage quoted by Pope is a striking instance. We may add to this, that Cervantes would not perhaps have ever written a second part, had he not been provoked to it by finding the subject taken out of his hands by one so much inferior in the art of novel-writing; and he certainly killed his hero at last, for the same reason which moved Addison to slay his amiable Country-Knight, Sir Roger de Coverly, viz. that he might not be made a fool of, by getting into other hands.

C O A C H E S.

HACKNEY coaches were first introduced into Paris by Nich. Sauvage, in 1650. They obtained the name of Fiacre, either from the inventor residing at a hotel of that name, or from the image of that saint (a favorite one with the people) being painted on the pannels.

But by a letter in Strafford's Collection, dated April 1, 1634, it appears that hackney coaches were then to be hired in London at their stand, at the Maypole in the Strand, or elsewhere; it is added, "Every body is much pleased with it. "For, whereas before, coaches could not "be had but at great rates, now a man "may have one much cheaper."

Logicians hold that the minor is included in the major; our legislators, in forming the hackney-coach laws, seem to have determined the contrary.

The fare of a coach from any of the inns at court to Westminster-hall, is one shilling;

ling; and four attorneys or barristers, with their bags, may be transferred from Gray's or Thavie's Inn, to that place, for three-pence each; but should these good people attempt to convey themselves from Gray's Inn to Great George-street, the driver of the coach would levy eighteen-pence on them, although the distance be less. All other distances, except these, which the gentlemen of the long robe took under their peculiar care, are determined by mensuration.

A coachman is exposed to a penalty for not having a check-string; but it was not till long after that regulation, that a law was made to oblige him to take hold of said check-string. A driver may have, with impunity, broken windows, that admit the wintry blast to the neck of an invalid, or a step insufficient to support the weight of a corpulent man, and liable, by giving way, to fracture a leg or a thigh.

If then hackney coaches are thus badly regulated, how much worse are those, travelling the short stages near the metropolis,

which are neither by law or interest, subject to any regulations at all? The coachman, more absolute than the Great Turk, thrusts into his carriage as much live lumber as it will hold, and, at his discretion, loads the outside, till the centre of gravity rises so high as to render the coach liable to upset on the slightest inequality of ground. Being thus critically balanced, if that great man should choose to get blind-drunk, who shall prevent him? Or, if in consequence of such drunkenness he break the legs and wings of half-a-score passengers, how is he to be punished? Or indeed, what recompense for their anguish and cost, will it be to the sufferers, if he were to be chastised? It would be much better to prevent such misfortunes. But all folks think not so; for although some years ago, two or three odd, fusty, country-gentlemen in parliament, (who absurdly conceived it improper that a stage coachman should without asking leave, risque the lives and limbs of a score of his Majesty's liege-subjects, at his will and pleasure, and for his

profit,)

profit,) brought a bill into the house for restraining in some measure, the power and avarice of that haughty Lord of the Whip, that useful law was so much enervated as to be robbed of every effective sting, before it was permitted to pass; - for what signified it how many of the canaille were crippled? No *gentleman* rides in a stage. Besides the usual passengers conveyed in these vehicles, the coachman ekes out his profits by carrying down in a hamper, the body of some executed criminal, for the use of the young surgeons of the village, a felon from Newgate under the escorte of a couple of thief-takers, to his trial at Kingston, Croydon, or some of the neighbouring assizes, or an inoculated patient covered with pustules. It signifies nothing to object, or to remonstrate. From the authority of the coachman, there lies no appeal.

We have heard of an itinerant showman who contrived to convey a sick tyger-cat as an inside passenger, in the stage-coach from Conway to Holy-head. But since this was done with the consent of the

passengers, fraudulently obtained for said tyger-cat, under the denomination of "Miss Jenny," it must not be insisted on as an instance against the driver *. G.

* The Editor takes the liberty to illustrate the foregoing complaint, by an incident which really fell out in an Essex stage-coach a few years ago. Two passengers set out from their inn in London, early on a December morn. It was dark as pitch; and one of them, not being sleepy, and wishing for a little conversation, endeavoured, in the usual travelling mode, to stimulate his neighbor to discourse. "A very dark morn, Sir." "Shocking cold weather for travelling." "Slow going in these heavy roads, Sir." None of these questions producing a word of answer, the sociable man made one more effort. He stretched out his hand, and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed—"What a very comfortable coat, Sir, you have got, to travel in!" No answer was made, and the enquirer, fatigued and disgusted, fell into a sound nap, nor awoke until the brightest rays of a winter's sun accounted to him for the taciturnity of his comrade, by presenting to his astonished view a huge bear, (luckily for him, muzzled and confined) in a sitting posture.

COMPLAINT.

IN the 8th of Edward III. there was a petition of Wm. de Spersholt, sheriff of Oxford, and warden of Oxford castle, stating, that the Chancellor of the University committed so many clerks, prisoners to that castle, on account of disputes with the University, that said castle was greatly surcharged, and endangered, and praying that no clerks might be committed thither by him, but such as were felons, or disturbers of the peace.

Answered—"It was not matter for a parliamentary petition."

IN the Rolls of Parliament, A. D. 1445, is a petition from the Commons of two counties, shewing that the number of attorneys had lately increased from 6 or 8 to ^{xx} ~~xxx~~, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by suits. The Commons therefore petition, that it may

be ordained that there shall be no more than six common attorneys for Norfolk, six for Suffolk, and two for the City of Norwich. Any other person acting as an attorney, to forfeit twenty shillings.

The King granted the petition, provided it were thought by the judges, reasonable.

THE whimsical lamentations of M. de Sorbriere deserve to be recorded. Clement the Ninth having been his intimate friend before his elevation to the papal chair, continued, after that event, to behave to him with politeness and great consideration, but took no step towards assisting his private fortune. "He sends," says the irritated Gaul, "sweet-meats to one who wants solid food! Ruffles, to a man that has never a shirt! I wish to heaven that he would but allow me bread, to eat with the butter which he presents me with!"

THE amusing Diderot thus bewails the loss of his old Robe de Chambre—"What could tempt me to dismiss that good old servant!

“ servant! It was made for me: I was made
“ for it. It fitted every turn of my body
“ with its pliable folds. I was easy, and
“ even appeared graceful in it, while my
“ new cumbrous garment renders all my
“ motions stiff and awkward. My poor
“ old friend was ready in a moment, to
“ supply all my wants. Indigence is al-
“ ways so obliging! If a book was covered
“ with dust, one of its sleeves was ready
“ in a moment to wipe it: if my pen was
“ clogged up with ink, how handy was a
“ skirt of my old gown to cleanse it!
“ Abundant were the jetty tokens of its
“ frequent services; those tokens evinced
“ the man of learning, the writer, the
“ laborious author. I have now the air
“ of an opulent idler. I scarce know my-
“ self now. Enveloped in my old gown,
“ I defied my own or my servants awk-
“ wardness; I dreaded neither sparks of
“ fire, nor drops of water. Poor thing!
“ over it I was absolute monarch, but am
“ myself become the humble slave of my
“ *new* habit. Heavens! what ravages has
“ luxury

“ luxury caused in my apartment ! There
“ *was* a time when the furniture of my
“ chamber corresponded well with my
“ good old domestic. A rush-bottomed
“ chair, a deal table, a long shelf for my
“ books, together with a few dingy old
“ prints, formed, in concert with my vene-
“ rable gown, a most harmonious groupe
“ of indigents. Now the sober and edify-
“ ing retreat of a philosopher is made to
“ resemble the gaudy cabinet of a Nabob.
“ Nothing of my laudable mediocrity re-
“ mains, except a venerable mat, which
“ agrees indeed, but ill with the newer
“ part of my furniture : but I have vowed,
“ and here I do vow again, that I never
“ will permit it to be removed. The feet
“ of Diderot were not made to trample on
“ the beautiful pictures of the Gobelins*.
“ No, I will preserve my poor old ragged
“ mat, as the Persian peasant, who, when
“ elevated from his hovel, to the palace of
“ his Sovereign, kept, with care, his original

* The place where the most elegant carpets are woven.

“ wooden

“ wooden shoes, to remind him of his first
“ humble station.”

C O N C E I T.

WHERE it has not pleased Providence to bestow wisdom, wit, or beauty, it sometimes vouchsafes to allow a portion of conceit; and in such case, the parties concerned are far happier than if they actually *owned* those qualities of which they *fancy* themselves possessed.

The real sage may suffer uneasiness by being foiled in debate; the wit, by being baffled at repartee; and the beauty may find in her looking-glass heart-felt agony, in the shape of a freckle or a pimple. But not one of these calamities can appal him who is wise, or her who is lovely only in conceit. None can dispute with him, none can shine with her. As *his* wisdom is not actually existent, it is not open to any common method of attack; and as no arguments can have weight

with a fool, his system, be it ever so absurd, is impenetrable. He ridicules sound reasoning, and frequently, by dint of impudence, actually gets the laugh on his side. The beauty in conceit, is equally happy, the flights she meets with among men, proceed from ill-taste, among women, from envy; and the pimple or the freckle only add grace to her complexion.

AN acute Frenchman has remarked, that the modest department of really wise men, when contrasted to the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation. He might, however, have added, that when the ears are filled with conceit, instead of wisdom, which too often happens, the head is still borne up with all the pride of emptiness.

CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

“ COME on, if you dare, Cuckolds of
“ Abbeville,” cried a man of Amiens, who
had been driven to the gates of his own
city, “ Come on, we are *here*, four to
“ one.”

M. du Belley wrote thus on a lady's dog.

Latratu, fures excepi—mutus, amantes.
Sic placui Domino—Sic placui Dominæ.

The epigram was thus turned into Italian.

Latrai a i ladri—A i amanti tacqui.
Così a Massere e a Madona piacqui.

It may run thus, in English.

At thieves I bark'd and made a fuss,
To beaux I wag'd my tail;
My master, and my mistress thus
To please, I could not fail.

THE humourous Brantome, tells us an
odd tale of a preacher, who having before a
very

46 CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

very elegant audience, severely inveighed against such as from motives of ambition or profit, were mean enough to wink at the infidelity of their fair wives, started forward, and with both his hands extended, each as aiming at a certain mark, cried out, “ And now, with these two stones, I mean
 “ to strike the two most abandoned of the
 “ wretches, against whom I have been ex-
 “ claiming.” On this, says Brantome,
 “ Il n’y eut homme du sermon, qui n’y
 “ baissast la teste, ou mist son manteau, ou
 “ sa cappe, ou son bras, au devant, pour se
 “ garder du coup.” In short, every one in the church tried to secure himself from the impending blow, and the Preacher with some drollery, withdrawing his arms, addressed his congregation, “ I have indeed
 “ been told that I had *two or three* cuckolds
 “ among my hearers, but, for what I can
 “ find, there is *nought else* to be found
 “ among you !”

‘ ONE day,’ says the Dutches D’Orleans, in her letters, ‘ The Marechal de Villars
 ‘ came

‘ came to see me. As he was esteemed a
 ‘ connoisseur in medals, and wished to
 ‘ examine my collection, I sent for Bau-
 ‘ delot, a worthy man who takes care of
 ‘ them for me, and bade him shew them
 ‘ to the Mareschal. Baudelot is no cour-
 ‘ tier, is utterly ignorant of the tales of
 ‘ the day, and of consequence knows
 ‘ nothing of M. de Villars’s domestic un-
 ‘ easiness. He began with acquainting the
 ‘ Mareschal that he had written a disserta-
 ‘ tion to prove a certain antique, horned,
 ‘ bust, was not meant for Jupiter Ammon,
 ‘ but for Pan. “ Ah, sir,” said he, next,
 “ This is one of our most curious coins ;
 “ it is the triumph of Cornificius ; he has
 “ all sorts of horns ; he has the horns
 “ of Jove and of Faunus ; observe him,
 “ Sir ; he, like you, was a great general.”
 ‘ I would fain,’ says the Dutchess, ‘ have
 ‘ turned the conversation, but Baudelot
 ‘ persisted in it, till all the company were
 ‘ forced to leave the room, that they might
 ‘ indulge their propensity to laugh ; nor
 ‘ was it without difficulty, that, after
 ‘ Villars

‘ Villars was gone, I could convince my
 ‘ medalist of his impropriety in talking of
 ‘ horns before so celebrated a cuckold.’

CONTRADICTION.

A MOST eccentric path to the temple of Fame has been attempted more than once within the memory of man, by the road of paradox and contradiction.

Pere Hardouin, a Jesuit, strove, about the middle of the present century, to gain immortality by dispossessing the *Latin* poets, in particular, of their seats on Parnassus. The idea which he wished to propagate was this, that about 300 years ago, when learning was reviving in the north of Europe, a set of literati, all protestants, united to form a body of fictitious poems, congenial to a few which were really extant; to these they prefixed the respectable names of Virgil, Ovid, &c. In short, the good father only allowed as genuine, the Georgics of Virgil, the Epistles of Horace, and a very few more frag-

fragments. Some looked on this strange treatise as the effort of a phrenetic brain, while others, perhaps too refinedly, supposed P. Hardouin to have been encouraged by his brethren in this attack on the pillars of literature, in order that, should he succeed, and introduce again into the world the obscurity of former ages, the clergy might resume that superiority, which the learned will ever be able to support among the ignorant. The cry was, however, so loud against this wild system, that the author was abandoned, and even cried down by his very brethren.

LAUDER, a learned but petulant North Briton, assaulted the reputation of Milton, nearly about the same period, and with the same success; but his motive for the attack, was, avowedly, envy at the preference given by Pope, to that great bard above "one Johnstone," whose works Lauder was concerned in publishing.

AT a very late period, an ingenious, eccentric writer, (a North Briton too,) has attempted to gain two steps towards the steep ascent of Glory, by placing his feet on the *style* of Scripture and the *taste* of Virgil. His feet however have slipped, and his exertions have been damped by oblivion, a fate which there is reason to believe, he looks upon as much more severe than if they had been refuted by argument, or persecuted by detestation.

INDEED the peculiar pleasure of the eighteenth century, seems to have been a constant opposition to the systems, and received opinions of its predecessors.

In medicine.—We have treatises written by eminent physicians, to prove that a salt-meat diet is good for the gout.

That colds do not proceed from damps, or moist clothing.

In horsemanship, we are told, that instead of the steed's sweeping the ground with his nose, as recommended by the Duke

Duke of Newcastle, he should exalt it to the sky.

BUT in the article of history, it is that we meet with the boldest assertions. Our darling, cradle, prejudices are cruelly assailed and put to the rout. A northern antiquarian utterly denies the existence of our beloved Achilles and Hector, completely reverses the interests of the warring parties, and finally expresses his solemn doubt whether the siege of Troy had any actual existence. Another paradoxical hero attacks the fame of Alexander the Great, and diminishes his conquest over Darius, to a successful plundering expedition, against some petty prince, too insignificant to have been heard of at the court of THE GREAT KING. A bold push was actually made, not many years ago, to eradicate the whole system of the Heathen Mythology; but thanks more (perhaps) to our prejudices, than to our reasoning, that plan failed, and Jove still possesses Mount Olympus in security.

WHAT but the true spirit of contradiction could possibly tempt the philosophic, the acute and learned Selden, to stand up in defence of the most ridiculous of all laws, "The Witch Act." His argument, however, is so ingenious, that it would tempt one to excuse the absurdity of the attempt.

"The law against witches does not
 "prove there be any, but it punishes the
 "malice of those people that use such
 "means to take away men's lives. If one
 "should profess, that by turning his hat
 "thrice and crying *buzz*, he could take
 "away a man's life (though in truth he
 "could do no such thing) yet this were a
 "just law made by the state, that whoso-
 "ever should turn his hat thrice and cry
 "*buzz*, with an intention to take away a
 "man's life, shall be put to death."

CONTROVERSY.

NOT being deeply read in Polemic writings, the Editor is not certain whether
 the

the remarkable concession of the great controversialist, Cardinal Perron, has ever been cited on the Unitarians side, "Nous ne scaurions," says he, "convaincre un Arrien par L'Ecriture. Il n'y a nul moyen que par l'autorité de L'Eglise." "We must not pretend to convince an Arian of his errors by Scripture-evidence. We must have recourse to the authority of the Church." This prelate was so well skilled in theologic lore, that one day, having been thanked by Henry III. of France, for having in an eloquent oration refuted every argument which could be alledged in favor of Atheism, he was so much off his guard as to tell the King that if his Majesty would attend to him the next morning, he would engage to convince him that the Atheist had the truth on his side*.

FOR

* It cannot be expected that much strength can accrue to either side from the sentiments of the "Parson Patten," whose sudden effort of honest gratitude is recorded under the article GRATITUDE; but it did happen that he was so much averse to the Athanasian creed, that he never would

FOR the light troops of an anecdote-writer to make incursions into the grave and well defended province of theology, may seem an absurdity in terms. Yet surely, one who though unstudied in controversy has his share of common discernment, may at least lay claim to the honor of being heard on a subject in which he is as much interested as any beneficed divine, dissenting teacher, or methodist demagogue.

THERE never was a period when so many enemies surrounded the Christian faith, and with such refined malice, as the present. *Some* step forward as affectionate friends, and, by painting her doctrines as painful to be followed, and her commands, as impracticable to be obeyed, discourage, and force into Deism, all such as despair

read it. Archbishop Secker, having been informed of his recusancy, sent the arch-deacon to ask him his reason. "I do not believe it," said the priest. "But your metropolitan *does*," replied the arch-deacon. "It may be so," rejoined Mr. Patten, "and he can well afford it. He believes at the rate of SEVEN THOUSAND a year, and I only at that of FIFTY."

of

of attaining to a state of perfection. Others, with a feigned delicacy and respect, trace christianity from its source, and pursue it from its tenderest age to its maturity with cautious sarcasms, and masqued sneers. But the most effectual foes to revealed religion, are a set of Polemics, whom it would be cruel to suppose apprized of the mischief they are doing. Heated by the contests in favor of Trinity or Unity, of Socinianism, Arianism, subscription or non subscription, they scruple not, like Count Julian, King Vortigern, &c. to call in any barbarians to their assistance, rather than give up a syllable of argument, and to permit the empire of Faith to be ravaged by high-flying methodists on the one side, and obdurate Jews, on the other, to the infinite satisfaction of the sneering Deist, who thinks that he gains a great advantage on the side of *natural* religion, as he styles his own system, by merely exposing the various and almost innumerable divisions, persecutions, scurrilities, and anathemas, of those

who have taught and do now teach the precepts of Revelation*.

Were it true that, as Juvenal sarcastically sings—

“ — Obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver
“ More animæ——.”

Which may be translated, “The body and
“ soul of blackguards perish at the same
“ moment.” Were it so, indeed, it would
be of little consequence that a few philosophers should have their systems of religion for some time as it were in abeyance; but surely, since the lowest human beings have souls to be saved as well as their superiors, they ought not to have their

* If Montaigne is right in his quotation from St. Paul, (although, by the bye, the exact words are not to be found in our testaments) controversy was not like to meet encouragement from that clear-sighted Apostle. “Les simples,” dit St. Paul, “& les ignorans s’elevent & se faussissent
“ du ciel, & nous, a tout nostre scavoir, nous plongeons
“ aux abysses infernaux.”

“The simple,” says St. Paul, “and the ignorant rise
“ and seize the kingdom of Heaven, while we, with all
“ our knowledge, plunge into the abyss of Hell.”

happy

happy native prejudices in favor of the established doctrines of their country, shaken, and unsettled, by those very preachers who ought rather by a unanimity of doctrine to confirm them in their belief.

Without entering into a controversy which he has just now condemned, the Editor hopes he may be permitted to remark, that every attempt to dive, as it were, in the counsels of the Supreme, to investigate a mystery which is wrapped up in darkness, and which, were it laid open, would be of no concern to our future happiness, seems an effort not of respectful inquiry, but of petulant curiosity, and as such must probably be displeasing to that Being, who, had he meant the precise nature of his government to be perfectly understood, would certainly have precluded all necessity of the dispute.

C O U N T R Y.

THIS awkward, ungrammatical *adjective*, is seldom used unless by the lower order of tradesmen, when pointing out the formal beauties of their villas to the attentive visitor, “ Le tapis de verdure, coupé d’etroits rubans de sable* ;” he closes each separate description by his favorite question, “ Is not this quite country?”

THOSE whose ideas are unimproved by education, and unopened by reading, are no way capable of forming any idea of what a man of literature means by the *country*. It is not woods, water, or lawns alone. It comprehends them, indeed, in the general idea, but it comprehends also, the manners of the inhabitants: it requires a species of elegant solitude, utterly uncon-

* “ Carpets of turf, intersected by narrow ribbands of gravel.”

ned with that dulness which is often mistaken for solitude. It demands a certain gaiety, which is by no means to proceed from noisy mirth, but rather from the “riante” aspect of the surrounding scenery. The neighbourhood of the metropolis most certainly affords enchanting gardens, and even parks; but no place can deserve the appellation of the country, in the sense above pointed out, unless the owner can step beyond his garden-walls or park-pales, without the dread of being waked from his dream of rural happiness, by volleys of St. Giles’s oaths, wafted by gales impregnated by gin, and interlarded with the forcible tropes of Billingsgate.

THE following Apologue, which appeared in an obscure periodical paper about twenty-five years ago, seems to the Editor worthy of being rescued from oblivion.

“ The Happy Illusion.

“ POLLIO, a gentleman of taste and
“ learning, and possessed of an ample for-
“ tune,

“ tune, a few years ago, quitted the court
“ and town, with all their splendid vices
“ and follies, and retired, with his lady,
“ to one of the finest villas in Europe.
“ *Pollio* was led by inclination and good
“ sense, to exchange the scenes of ambi-
“ tion, hypocrisy, and madness, the regions
“ of dust, smoke, and confusion, for the
“ tranquil pleasures of a rural life; but
“ *Flavia*, (for that is the name of the
“ lady) was compelled by fate, and cruel
“ necessity, to forsake every object that
“ her soul was enamoured of, and to re-
“ tire to the lonely seat of gloom and
“ melancholy.

“ The spring was someway advanced
“ when they reached the country; and
“ *Pollio* was quite enraptured with the
“ beauty, cheerfulness, and elegance of
“ every thing around him: he thanked
“ Heaven, for the happy exchange he had
“ made; and determined, in himself, never
“ more to return to London. Whilst
“ *Flavia* sickened at the sight of all that
“ is desirable, or lovely, in nature; she
“ repined

“ repined at her hard fortune, which had,
 “ at one stroke, robbed her of all her joys;
 “ and cursed her cruel fate, which had for
 “ ever banished her to the mansions of
 “ solitude and sadness.

“ Nothing but this wayward humour
 “ in *Flavia*, could possibly have given her
 “ husband a moment’s uneasiness; and
 “ not all the regard and tenderness of the
 “ most indulgent man on earth, could, in
 “ any degree, lessen the chagrin and dis-
 “ content of *Flavia*;—when, lo! at length
 “ either by the force of a distempered ima-
 “ gination, or by the powers of magic,
 “ the whole face of nature appeared, in
 “ her eyes, to be changed in a moment:
 “ every object, which had before given
 “ her so much disgust, vanished in an in-
 “ stant, and gave place to such engaging
 “ scenes, as could not fail to charm the
 “ breast of *Flavia*; for now, the pure stream,
 “ which ran through the garden, de-
 “ lighted her with the lovely appearance
 “ of Fleet-ditch; the swans, and ducks,
 “ which sailed and sported on its surface,

“ were transformed, in her imagination,
“ to dead cats and puppies, rolling with
“ the muddy tide: the flowers, and shrubs,
“ with which its banks were adorned, ap-
“ peared to her as so many heaps of dirt,
“ ashes, rotten cabbages, and filth of every
“ hue; and she blessed the fragrant scent
“ of honey-suckles, roses, jessamine, and
“ violets, when they saluted her nostrils in
“ the form of thick clouds, and foggy
“ steams, issuing from the tallow-chandler’s
“ shop.

“ The jets and fountains, which played
“ from a fine basin in the garden, and
“ from which *Flavia* was wont to turn
“ away, now charmed her very soul; for,
“ by a slight and easy inversion, they ap-
“ peared as so many spouts, and gutters,
“ shooting from the house-tops.

“ The green-house was no longer odious
“ in the eyes of *Flavia*, for it seemed, at
“ once, transformed into a millener’s shop;
“ the temple, into a round-house; and
“ all the little arbours, grotts, and summer-
“ houses, into watch-boxes.

“ The

“ The lofty pines, rose up in the form
 “ of spires ; and the tops of all the forest-
 “ trees, appeared as so many stacks of
 “ chimneys ; whilst the fruit-trees, in full
 “ bloom and verdure, cheered the very
 “ heart of *Flavia*, with the exact resem-
 “ blance they bore to painted signs.

“ When she beheld the oxen and kine
 “ grazing in the meadows, and the sheep
 “ and lambs feeding and sporting in the
 “ fields, she smiled : for, she took the
 “ herdsmen and shepherds, for black-
 “ guards ; and fancied herself driving
 “ through Smithfield-market.

“ *Flavia* was no longer disgusted, at
 “ the blooming health of the country
 “ lasses ; for, now they all appeared to her,
 “ embrowned with dust and ashes, and
 “ she took them for cinder-pickers ; the
 “ harvesters, were dustmen ; and the gar-
 “ deners, kennel-rakers.

“ Nor was she any longer offended, at
 “ the little songsters of the grove : for now,
 “ the blackbird, seemed to cry—*sweep* ; the
 “ song-thrush—*oysters* ; the sky-lark—*knives*

“ to

“ *to grind* ; the linnet—*matches* ; the
“ nightingales, were *ballad-fingers* ; the
“ cuckoo, *talked slander* ; the magpies,
“ rooks, and daws, were, *agreeable com-*
“ *pany* ; and the owls—*watchmen*.

“ When the stars shone out in all their
“ beauty and splendour, she took them
“ for goodly rows of lamps, and viewed
“ them with the greatest pleasure.

“ The glory of the sun, no longer of-
“ fended the eyes of *Flavia* : she no longer
“ repined and fainted, at the sweetness and
“ serenity of the air ; for now, she seemed
“ for ever wrapt in one impenetrable cloud
“ of smog, dust, and fog.

“ Surrounded with so many agreeable
“ objects, *Flavia* could not fail of being
“ in constant raptures ; in short, she fan-
“ cied herself in London ; and thus hap-
“ pily deceived, she resumed all her wonted
“ sprightliness and good-humour : whilst
“ *Pollio*, who knew himself to be in the
“ country, was doubly blest.”

C R E D U L I T Y.

SIR JOHN RERESBY in his memoirs, gives a strong instance that good sense is not always incompatible with an attachment to the most gross absurdities which can be gleaned from the nursery.

After he has spoken of a witch, of whose person, he, as governor of York, had the custody, he modestly hints that he was not fully persuaded of her guilt, although the court had condemned her, but at the same time thinks it right to tell a story which appears to have staggered him, and which he recites upon the credit of a centinel, who was on duty before the door of said witch's dungeon. "One of my soldiers," says Sir John, "being upon guard, about eleven at night, at the gate of Clifford Tower, the very night after the witch was arraigned, he heard a great noise at the castle, and going to the porch, he there saw a scroll of paper
F "creep

“ creep from under the door, which, as he
 “ imagined, by moonshine, turned, first,
 “ into the shape of a monkey, and thence
 “ assumed the form of a turkey-cock, which
 “ passed to and fro, by him. Surprised at
 “ this, he went to the prison, (where the
 “ witch was confined) and called the under-
 “ keeper, who came and saw the scroll
 “ dance up and down, and creep under the
 “ door, where there was an opening of the
 “ thickness of half-a-crown.” Here, Sir
 J. Reresby breaks off his narrative, leaving
 this extraordinary story, as he justly calls it,
 and which, he says, he had from the two
 parties who were present, “ to be believed
 “ or to be disbelieved as the reader shall
 “ be inclined this way or that.”

CUSTOMS AND INVENTIONS, ANTIENT AND MODERN.

IT was somewhat singular, although not unjust, that formerly by custom, the river Meander in Ionia might be indicted (as we

are informed by Strabo) for all mischief done to the neighbouring lands by its floods, and particularly when its banks were undermined and fell into the stream. If any damages were granted against the river, they were paid by those who rented its ferries.

THERE cannot be a stronger proof that the bulk of mankind have had nearly the same ideas in all ages, than that *Idyllium of Theocritus*, adapted to modern times, by the ingenious Robert Lloyd *. Whoever will take the pains of comparing the two poems, will find that the chit-chat of two Grecian women of a middling rank, the adventures they meet when in pursuit of a fine fight, their distresses, escapes, observations and return homewards, are, with hardly any alteration, the same in London in 1788, that they were in Egypt some hundred years before the Christian æra.

* St. James's Magazine. 1762.

IT was the custom of Charlemain to affix to the treaties which he consented to, a waxen seal impressed by the pommel of his sword. "And with the point," added the Emperor, "I will support it."

To ride a white horse was formerly an emblem of dominion. Manuel, Emperor of the East, and Sigismond, of Germany, who visited Paris, in the reign of Charles VI. although they were treated with respect and munificence, yet had only black horses allotted them to ride on. Charles the Fifth was mounted in the same manner when, in 1539, he was hospitably entertained by Francis. And we are told by Froissart, that our Black Prince when he entered London in triumph, after the glorious battle of Poitiers, gave a white courser to his Royal captive, King John, while himself rode "a little black hobby," beside him.

IN the Isle of Minorca, we are told by Armstrong, that it is usual, during their
dances,

dances, for an inhabitant to say to a dancer—"Why do you not say something gallant to your partner?" To which the polite reply always is this—"What should I say to her, but that she has the face of a rose?"

It is remarkable enough that the custom of placing grotesque figures like the Chinese Mandarins, with ductile heads on chimney-pieces, should have prevailed among the Greeks, yet the following quotation from Alciphron's *Haleuticon* shews it. "Ὡς περ τὰ πρόσωπα τὰ κῶφα αἱ ἐπὶ ταῖς καμινάδαις ἰστάμενα ὁρῶμεν προτφιλῶς ἐπινευόντες. 'As we see the figures placed on chimneys, though they cannot hear what we say, nod to us in a friendly manner.'

Neither Pancirollus, in his *Treatise on Lost Inventions*, nor Dutens, in his ingenious work on the Ancients acquaintance with many of those arts which are supposed to be modern, have mentioned hot-houses and conservatories. Yet that these

F 3

were

were used by the Romans is evident from two epigrams of Martial.

Pallida ne Cilicam timeant pomaria brumam
Mordeat et tenerum fortior aura nemus
Hibernis et objecta Notis, specularia puros
Admittunt soles, et sine face diem.

L. viii. Ep. 14.

Left wintry frosts should blast the shrinking fruit,
Or winds too piercing nip the tender shoot ;
Thro' lucid walls that check cold Eurus, play
Sol's purest rays the genuine warmth of day.

Invida purpureus urat ne bruma racemos,
Et gelidum Bacchi munera frigus edat
Condita perspicuâ vivit vindemia gemmâ,
Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet.

L. viii. Ep. 68.

On Bacchus' gifts left envious winter prey,
And blast the purple produce on the spray,
Beneath the crystal roof the vintage glows,
And screen'd, not hid, the happy cluster grows. P.

THE oath used among the Highlanders,
in judicial proceedings, contains a most
solemn denunciation of vengeance, in case
of

of perjury, and involves the wife and children, the arable and the meadow-land, of the party who takes it, all together in an abyss of destruction. When it is administered, there is no book to be kissed, but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated.

To prove the superior idea of sanctity which this imprecation conveys to those who have been accustomed to it, it may be sufficient to relate the expression of a Highlander, who, at the Carlisle assizes, had sworn positively, in the English mode, to a fact of consequence. His indifference during that solemnity, having been observed by the opposite party, he was required, to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. "No, no," said the mountaineer, in the Northern dialect, "Do not you ken that " thair is mickle odds betwixt blawing on a " buik, and damning anes ain faul?"

THE punishments used in the early ages were savage as the people. Maiming,
F 4 putting

putting out of the eyes, &c. were so common, that it used, during the reigns of the successors of Charlemain, to be a part of each vassal's duty, and of his oath of allegiance, "To defend the person of their Lord, and never to consent that he should be maimed as to any part of his body."

THE horrid custom of tying a criminal to an unbroken horse, who was then driven, full speed, through brakes and forests, was actually inflicted on Brunehaut or Brunechild, a very wicked Queen of France*, somewhat earlier than the æra above-mentioned.

This strange event was confirmed by the examination of her tomb, in the Abbey of St. Martin, at Autun, in 1632; one thousand years after her death. In it were found the remains of her bones, and the rowel of a spur, which it was formerly the

* Wicked as she was, she might boast of being the daughter, sister, aunt, wife, mother and grand-mother, &c. of kings.

custom to fix on the sides of horses used in such executions, in order to render them more furious *.

THE punishment of breaking on the wheel was used in Paris, as early as the year 584, when Fredegonda, the wife of King Chilperic I. obliged many persons, and those of her own sex, too, to submit to this dreadful manner of execution, on pretence of their having betwitched to death the Prince Thierri, son to Childebert II.

GONTRAN, one of the Princes of the Franks, having, in 585, overthrown the army of a Duke Mummol, found among the plunder, a large quantity of plate, appropriated to household uses. This he ordered to be broken to pieces and to be distributed to the poor, reserving for the service of his palace, only two silver dishes, " which," he observed, " were as many as " could well be wanted."

* Mod. Univ. Hist. Vol. 23.

THERE were, as early as the year, 634 improvifatores *, who attended on princes and great men, for the reward of their talent. One of thefe, chancing to meet King Dagobert, of France, juft as he was on the point of mounting his car, which was drawn by two oxen, the King promifed him both his beafts, provided that he would exprefs what was going forward, in verfe, before he fhould be placed in his feat. In a moment, the Bard fecured his prize, by repeating,

“ *Ascendat Dagobert ! Veniat bos unus & alter.*

Let Dagobert his lofty car ascend !

And let each docile ox his King attend !

THE firft mention of an organ which we find (in our Northern histories at leaft) is in the annals of 757, when Conftantine Cupronymus, Emperor of the eaft, fent to Pepin King of France, among other rich prefents, a mufical machine, which the

* Extempore poets, fuch as abound in Italy, and, according to Baretti, in Spain.

French writers describe to have been composed of pipes and large tubes of tin, and to have imitated sometimes the roaring of thunder, and sometimes the warblings of a flute. A lady was so affected by hearing it played on for the first time, that she fell into a delirium, and could never afterwards be restored to the use of her senses.

It was usual in time of war, formerly, for each party to have what was called "a cry," on the hearing of which, the soldier either advanced, or rallied, according to circumstances. Five of these national "cries," are reported by Menage from an old romance.

Francois crie, "Montjoie," & Normans "Dex-aie"
 Flaman crie "Arrai," & Angevin, "Rallie."
 Et le cuens Thiebaut, "Chartre & Passavant" crie.

BRANTOME says, that it was customary, about his time, for every great commander to have his favorite execration.—La Trimouille was called, from his beloved oath, "Le vraye Corps Dieu." Bayard swore
 "Feste-

“Feste-Dieu Bayard.” Bourbon called on Ste. Barbe. Orange on St. Nicolas. M. de la Roche swore “Teste Dieu, pleine de Reliques!” “Où diable,” says Brantome, “avoit il trouvé celui là *?”

BEFORE gunpowder was brought into common use, all ways of annoying an enemy, whatever, seem to have been permitted. When Charles of Durazzo besieged the celebrated Joan of Naples, in the Castella Nuova, he was in great haste to possess the fortrefs, and to reduce it the sooner, made use of a species of ammunition which would now appear extraordinary. He cut to pieces his prisoners of war, and having kept their fragments somewhat longer than in a hot climate was pleasant, he flung, by means of catapults, whole barrels full of

* It is an odd circumstance, that the ridiculous oath, ‘Ventre Saint Gris!’ which has no meaning, was actually taught to Henry of Navarre (afterward Henry IV.) by his mother, Jane D’Albret, to prevent him from learning any of those profane execrations, so common in the mouths of the courtiers, and of Charles IX. of France.

limbs into the besieged place. These, bursting by their fall, disclosed to the defendants, objects equally hideous and offensive to two of their senses.

THE laws and customs of war must have been very different, even so lately as the middle of the sixteenth century, from what they are at present, since Brantome, in his "*Vies des grands Capitaines*," tells the following story, without passing any censure on what we now should call a most infamous murder. "The gallant Mar-
" moldo, as soon as his general * was slain,
" had Ferucci, a Florentine, (the leader of
" the enemies party which had done the
" deed) brought into his presence, and
" after having caused his person to be dis-
" armed, he ran him through the body
" with his sword, and left the affair to be
" finished by his people, looking upon it
" as improper that he should outlive the
" prince, and that it was but reasonable

* Philibert, de Chalons, prince of Orange, killed fairly in a skirmish with the Florentines,

" that

“ that he should be sacrificed as a memorable victim to the manes of that gallant commander.”

CARDS are said to have been invented in the year 1390, to divert the melancholy of Charles VI. of France. The four suits are supposed to represent the four orders of the state. *Hearts*, cœurs, which should be *chœurs*, choirmen, the church, the Spaniards represent copes, or chalices instead of hearts. *Spades*, in French, piques, pikes; in Spanish swords, *spada*, the military order or nobility. *Diamonds*, carreaux, on Spanish cards *dineros*, coins, the moneyed or mercantile part. *Clubs*, trefoil in French, in Spanish *basta*, a club or country weapon, the husbandman or peasantry.

It is a little odd, that in the days of modern refinement, no embellishment has been added to the figures on cards.

By a letter from Sir John Paston to his brother, written April 30, 1466, it appears that

that oil was at that period used in eating fallads, as it is now *.

DWARFS too, (and probably giants) were to be viewed as fights, at the same æra. A little Turk † is spoken of in particular. He is said to be forty years of age, but his stature is only described by comparison with the letter-writer's children. He was viewed by the King, and told him, "that he had children, as hyghe, and as lykly, as the kynge himselfe."

THEY boasted in that age too of "Bucks of the first head," for the pranks recorded of "Yonge William Brandon ‡," would make our modern bloods "hide their diminished heads."

FRUIT seems to have been very scarce in the time of Henry the seventh. In an original MSS. signed by himself, and kept in the remembrance office, it appears that apples were paid for at a high rate, not less

* Paston's Letters. Vol. I. p. 288.

† Ibid.

Vol. II. p. 32. ‡ Vol. II. p. 274.

than

than one or two shillings a piece; that "a red rose," cost two shillings, and that a man and woman had eight shillings and fourpence for strawberries. At the same time the gay arts were not neglected: as for example:

To "a strange taberer," were given 66s. 8d.

To "a strange tumbler," 20s.

And to "Master Barnard, the blind poet," 100 shillings.

THE custom of our admirals always engaging in the largest ships, and mixing in the battle themselves, instead of attending solely to those under their command, as is the practice by land, puts them exactly in the same situation with Homer's heroes, who are all represented not only as the bravest, but the strongest men in the army, and who act indeed as generals, by arranging the troops previously to the commencement of the battle, but afterwards mingle in the combat, and by their own personal exertions contribute chiefly to decide the fortune of the day.

NAUDE' affirms that linen was so rare in the reign of Charles VII. (who lived about the time of our Henry VI.) that the Queen, alone, could boast of *two* shifts.

POWDER was first used for the hair, towards the close of the last century, and then, for some time, it was only worn upon the stage.

THE first padlock was invented by Hans Ehrman at Nuremberg, in 1540.

CHIMES were first used at Aloft, in Flanders, A. D. 1587.

D E R I V A T I O N.

THE etymology of words is very uncertain, and except a person is acquainted with the change of letters which usually takes place in deriving one language from another, he may be often led into error

G by

by similarity of sound. This cannot have a better illustration than by the Spanish word *Hijo*, a son, which appears to be derived immediately from the Greek *ἥϊος*, *Hyios*, and not to bear the least resemblance to the Latin *Filius*, from which, however, every person will see it is directly formed, who knows that the Spaniards often change the Latin initial *F*, into *H*, as *Ferrum*, *Hierro*, *Formosus*, *Hermoso*, and that in the middle of words, they sometimes substitute the *J*, for *L*, as *Folium*, *Hojo*.

WE are often misled in seeking the etymology of a word, by mistaking the language whence it takes its rise. For instance:

Few have ever looked to the French word, "*Allons*," for the derivation of the English, "*Along*," "*Come along*," yet it is the same in sound and meaning.

WERE the right language thought on, it would appear clearly that the interjection

tion "Gadso!" has not a shadow of *prophaneness* in its etymology.

THE Editor, at the risque of raising a smile at his own expence, ventures to bring forward an etymological conjecture. Those who may think lightly of the derivation, may yet be amused with the anecdote, which stands on as good a foundation as to authenticity, as any of its cotemporaries.

In the Pontificate of Hugh, the 37th, Bishop of Mans (for such is the species of date which is given to the tale) Dangerose, a lady so fair that she was commonly styled, "La Belle Fille," or "La Belle Nymphe," resided at the castle of Chemiré le Gaudin, in Maine, (which to this day retains the name of "Le Chateau de Belle-fille;") she was courted by Damase, lord of Asnieres, but he being too near a kin to obtain her in marriage, the lady's delicacy yielded to her attachment, and they lived together in an illicit alliance. The pious bishop of Mans, after in vain attempting to dissolve

the union, launched the bolts of excommunication, in the most awful manner against the seducer. But Damase, who seems to have been much too powerful a baron to think about religion, ridiculed the good prelate's menaces, and said vauntingly, that "Fire and water would stand him in
"stead, as much as ever, in spite of the
"Bishop," who, in his turn, replied,
"That fire and water would avenge the
"cause of Heaven, on the haughty lord,
"within six months, unless he repented."

The Baron, continuing obstinate, one day, as he was hawking, was obliged by a violent storm, to betake himself, with his falconer, to a little boat, that by crossing a river he might gain a place of shelter. A flash of lightning, however, falling on him and his vessel, before he had passed the stream, he died half burnt and half drowned; and though the falconer's body was soon found, that of Damase could never be heard of. The fair Dangerose, terrified at the fate of her paramour, threw herself at the feet of Bishop Hugh, lamented her sin, and

with-

withdrawing to a remote part of her estates, spent the rest of a long life in unceasing penitence. After this alarming interposition of providence, the example of Dangerose's misfortune being in every one's mouth, those who are acquainted with the French language, will know that, "Ceci sent la Dangerose," was a natural expression for all the neighborhood, when any thing which drew peril after it, was spoken of: this expression, probably extended itself to the English provinces, in the vicinity of Maine, and from hence the French, "Dangereux," and the English, "Dangerous." Let our great Johnson's history of the word Danger be examined before this etymon be condemned.

"*Danger, n. f. (danger, Fr.) of uncertain derivation. Skinner derives it from damnum, Menage from angaria, Minshew from davos, death, to which Junius seems inclined.*"

Let the impartial critic now judge between the four words proposed by different

persons, as roots for Danger or Dangerous. Dangerose, Damnum, Angaria, or *δαρος*.

THOSE perilous rocks, on the western coast of our island, called "The Bishop and his Clerks," are said to derive their name from an incident which happened near 200 years ago. A fleet of merchantmen, coming from Spain were shipwrecked upon them, and only Miles Bishop, with John and Henry Clarke, were preserved on the fragment of a mast. Hence the appellation takes its rise.

IN the borough of Southwark, is a sign on which is inscribed,

"THE OLD PICK MY TOE."

probably set up in the room of the representation of the Roman slave, who being sent on some message of importance, would not stop to pick a thorn out of his foot, until he had completed his commission.

A GOOD etymologist ought (as was said of Menage, with respect to his "Origines")

“ to find out, by every means, not only
 “ whence a word comes, but whither it
 “ goes.”

E R R O R S.

NOTWITHSTANDING the perpetual complaints of writers suffering under the lashes of periodical censure, it yet appears probable that establishments at Rome, similar to our present boards of criticism, might have prevented many inaccuracies, even among the most elegant classic writers, and at the same time, spared more than half the labor to modern commentators, by pointing out errors, and obscurities, while the authors were at hand to illustrate them.

Under such a judicature even the accurate Horace would have been told of his having mistaken the sense of Euripides, who makes the divinity Bacchus say to Pentheus—

“ Λύσειμ’ ἃ δαίμων αὐτὸς, ὅταν ἐγὼ θέλω.”

which Horace translates—

“ Ipse Deus, simul atque volam, me solvet—

and *explains* thus—

“ Opinor

“ Hoc sentit; Moriar. Mors ultima linea rerum est.”

Now this sense, although applicable to the purpose of the Latin Poet, could not, without a gross absurdity, be given to the words of Bacchus, who, knowing himself to be an *immortal* Deity, could never mean that *death* would release him from the tyrant's power. The “ *Ipse Deus*,” was certainly *himself*, who, although unknown to Pentheus, could in an instant assume divine authority, and confound his enemies.

Nor would this prince of lyric poetry have escaped uncensured for admitting one indelicate line—

“ Sed nimis arta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.”

which

which deforms the most elegant dinner-invitation which was ever written *.

Nor would he have dared to insert without alteration in a second copy of his MSS. the 13th Ode of his 4th Book; which, though abounding with beautiful thoughts, is a production unworthy of a gentleman. It is, indeed, the indelicate triumph of an old rake over a superannuated courtesan, who, in the decay of her beauty, had taken to drinking. The subject was surely beneath a man of honor, especially one who owned that he had formerly doated to madness—

— “ Quæ me supererat mihi — ”

on the poor wretch whom he so wantonly insults.

Virgil, perhaps, had he stood in awe of these critics, would have been rather more

* It must not be concealed, that Dean Swift, far from joining in sentiment with the Editor of this work, has translated this line with all its strength, in his exquisite imitation of this Epistle; but then that great bard never piqued himself on delicacy of diction.

attentive to dates, in forming the plot of his exquisite *Æneis*. To his irregularities, however, we Britons, who glory in our Shakespeare, must not object. Nor must our neighbors of Germany, who have very lately written and acted with applause, at the courts of Vienna and Berlin, two tragedies *, each of whose scenes of action comprehend a space of thirty or forty years.

Who shall presume to be severe on those who err in points of history, when we find the great, the pointed Seneca, in his third book "*De Ira*," speaking of Antigonus, the father of Demetrius Poliorcetes, as uncle to Alexander the Great? Or who shall expect exactness, as to chronology, in a poet, when the precise, and terse Juvenal can write—

“ Si prægustaret *Atrides*
 “ Pontica ter victi, cautus, medicamina Regis?”

That is to say—“ If Agamemnon had secured himself from poison, by taking

* Viz. *Gatz de Berlichingen*, and a tragedy, translated into the French language, under the title of “*Les Voleurs*.”

“ Mithri-

“ Mithridates’s antidotes.” When Mithridates lived many ages after the son of Atreus.

IN Beaumont and Fletcher’s “ Humorous Lieutenant,” a play in which Antigonus and Demetrius Poliorcetes are the heroes, and where, of consequence, the scene must be laid many years before the Christian æra, Demetrius is introduced discharging a *pistol*: an anachronism so very ridiculous, and inconsistent with the genius and learning of the two dramatic bards, that one commentator, fired with the true spirit of attachment to his authors, has ventured to assert, that the blunder was introduced on purpose to render the comedy still more burlesque! “ Absurdum per absurdius.” There seems to be a palpable obscurity about Demetrius Poliorcetes; his chronology has misled a philosopher, two poets, and one critic!

HIMERIUS, the sophist, speaking of Abaris the Scythian, says, that—“ he was
“ a Bar-

“ a Barbarian only in his dress. For he
 “ spoke Greek, and when he opened his
 “ lips, the auditors imagined they were
 “ hearing an oration in the Academy, or
 “ the Lycæum.” This, as Bayle observes,
 as Plato and Aristotle founded their schools
 long after Abaris’s time, is a very gross
 blunder.

ALTHOUGH it has been generally agreed
 among the learned, that the *laurus* of the
 ancients was not that shrub which we
 usually call the laurel, but the bay, which
 our botanists call *laurus*, and the Italians
alloro, yet from a passage in Virgil’s *Geor-*
gics this appears very doubtful. Speaking
 of the ‘*mala medica*,’ which is supposed to
 be the citron, the poet describes it thus—

——— “ *Faciem simillima lauro,*
 “ *Et si non alium late jactaret odorem,*
 “ *Laurus erit.*”

Now there is not much resemblance be-
 tween the bay and any of the orange tribe ;
 but

but the plant we call laurel is so much like them, that a nosegay composed of the *styrax* blossom, and laurel leaves, is often worn as a substitute for a sprig of orange flowers; and the citron is still more like the laurel than the orange, having a larger leaf.

THE following lines of a Latin Poet, Palladius, seem to corroborate this opinion—

“ *Inferitur lauro cerasus, partuque coacto*

“ *Tingit adoptivus virginis ora pudor.*”

Now this is exactly the case of the common laurel, which is for that reason classed by modern botanists with the cherry, and is called by them *lauro-cerasus*, as it used to be styled in English, the cherry-bay; but the common bay is quite of a different family. Pliny also describes the laurel, as having very large berries, ‘*maximas facies*.’

Some modern writers have made a distinction between the laurel and the bay,

as if the first was the reward of heroes, and the last of poets; but this error seems to have originated from Thomson, who speaks of Sir Philip Sidney as meriting the warrior's laurel, the lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay. But Ovid puts this matter beyond dispute—

— “ Te citharæ, te nostræ, Laure, pharetræ,
 “ Te ducibus Latiis aderis, cum læta triumphum
 “ Vox canet——”

Our Spencer also says—

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
 And poets sage——

POMPEY has always been esteemed the champion, and Cæsar the enemy of Roman liberty. But it seems an error to suppose that Rome would have been more free had Pompey been conqueror at Pharsalia.

We take our notions on this subject from the writings of Tully, and the opinion of Cato. But Pompey was praised by the friends of liberty, at Rome only, because he was the chief of their party against Cæsar;

Cæsar; yet Octavius was in exactly the same predicament against Antonius, and is as highly commended by Cicero, whose private opinion of Pompey was not very favorable, as appears from several of his epistles.

Lucan, who was a determined enemy of Cæsar, gives the following character of both chiefs—

‘Nec quenquam jam ferre potest, Cæsarve priorem,
‘Pompeius ve parem.’

‘But Cæsar, now, would no superior bear,
‘Nor Pompey, empire with an equal share.’

Here Cæsar has the character of a jealous republican, Pompey of a tyrant.

It is a mistake to suppose that all wolves were eradicated from England by King Edgar. The following extract from Rymer’s *Fœdera* will show that those unpleasant natives kept their footing in the island to a much later date.

ANNO

ANNO 9. Edw. primo. The King sent an injunction to the sheriffs of Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire, reciting that he had directed Peter de Corbet to hunt and destroy wolves, in the forests of those counties, with men, dogs, and snares, and enjoining said sheriffs to give him all possible assistance.

NAUDE' informs us, that during the civil contests of Italy, two little towns, Brisiguella and Imola, both in the district of Bologna, were remarkably incensed against each other, although near neighbors. Those of the former place, not being very great proficient in the Latin tongue, were peculiarly disgusted with the compliment which they apprehended was partially paid to their adversaries, in the daily service, "*Qui Immolatus est nobis* *," and with great patriotism decreed that in lieu of this offensive passage, the priest should chant—" *Qui Brisiguellatus est nobis.*"

* "Who was sacrificed (or immolated) for us."

DURING the horrors occasioned by the civil war of the League, in France, the fanatical ecclesiastics of Paris armed themselves, ridiculously, as half soldiers and half monks*, and paraded with a bishop as colonel, and two parish priests as adjutants, on the Pont Neuf. There they gave a volley, by way of salute, to their general, the Papal Legate. But unluckily being but young in the profession of arms, many of them fired with ball. And the Legate seeing his chaplain fall dead by his side, found the action grew too warm, and made haste to give his benediction and to dismiss his awkward recruits.

LOUIS XI. of France, one day, observing among the crowd who assembled to see him dine, an officer whom he disliked, made a private sign to Tristan L'Hermite,

* “ Le 3 de Juin 1590, Capucins, Minimes, Cordeliers, Jacobins, Carmes, Feuillans, tous la robe retrouffée, la cuirasse sur le dos, l'épee a coté, & le mousquet sur l'épaule, le Rev. l'Eveque de Senlis à leur tete, avec un esponton, marchoient quatre à quatre.”

SUPP. DE L'ÉTOILE.

his "Grand Prevost," to put him out of the way. Tristan, well accustomed to the signal, but unluckily mistaking the man alluded to, accosted a well-fed monk who stood in the same line with the captain, allured him into the palace-yard, thrust him into a sack, and threw him into the Seine. Next day Louis hearing that the proscribed officer had been seen posting towards Flanders, reproached Tristan with his neglect. "To Flanders!" said the Grand Prevost, "Your Majesty must be in an error. The monk has got half way to Rouen by this time; I sent him adrift, tied up in a sack." "What monk?" "Him, your Majesty pointed at." "Hah, Pasque Dieu!" said the King, with his usual oath, "You have drowned me the best priest in my kingdom. It cannot be helped now, so we will have half a dozen masses said for his soul; but it was that dog of a *captain*, not the poor *monk*, that I meant *."

* Brantome. Vie de Don Juan D'Autriche.

IF Brantome's account of D. Carlos, Prince of Spain is to be credited, the world has been led into a gross error as to his character. Far from being that promising youth which dramatists and anecdote-writers have painted him, he was a most abandoned profligate, an insulter of every thing which was modest and decent, and the young nobility who kept company with him were notorious for the wretched lives they led, and the miserable ends to which they were brought in time. The account given by the facetious Frenchman, of that Prince's rambles through the streets of Madrid, is more diverting than edifying.

WHEN Selden speaks of the great error which Charles I. committed in drawing his powerful friends about him, at Oxford, where they were not in their proper sphere of service, he makes use of the following homely, but nervous comparison. "It is
 " as if a man should have use for a little
 " piece of wood, and he runs down into
 H 2 " the

“ the cellar, and takes the spiggot; in the
“ mean time all the beer runs about the
“ house.”

ABOUT the year 1759, a remarkable adventurer, named Amine or Immen, found his way from India to London. His story, though very curious and interesting, is too well known, to be a proper object for minute narration in this work, and it is only touched upon here, in order to introduce the account of a laughable error into which his ignorance of the English language betrayed him. Although descended from an opulent family, a wild effort of juvenile patriotism had incited him to work his passage to Britain, in search of military knowledge, and experience. He found his way, after many distresses, to Wapping; he met with still more distresses there; but at length his persevering spirit surmounted all obstacles; he became known and regarded; he received supplies from his father; and he rendered himself master of the science in the pursuit of which he set out.

In

In the hours of his gaiety, the Editor, who was introduced to him, has heard him with great humor relate the following tale: On his first landing in Wapping, the landlady desired to know his name; this puzzled him. His own country name, he thought might sound ill in English ears; he therefore determined to give in that appellation by which the sailors had called him during the whole voyage, and which he supposed, though he did not comprehend it, must be entirely applicable to him. So he innocently told the landlady that his name was "Cock-eyed-fon-of-a-b-tch," that having been the term bestowed on him, in the ship, by his marine associates.

AMONG the many whimsical events to which the transactions of the South Sea year gave rise, as well in France as in England, the following odd mistake is recorded in the "Lettres de Mad. Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchesse D'Orleans." A celebrated physician, named Chirac, was called to the assistance of a sick lady, just as he had heard

a melancholy tale of the lowering of the Mississippi stock, in which he had large concerns. Full of this interesting intelligence, he entered the sick lady's chamber, and feeling her pulse, muttered to himself—
“ Ah! heavens! How they sink! Down,
“ down, down! Terrified at these ominous words, the poor lady screamed out, rang her bell, and summoned all her people about her. “ I am a lost woman,” said she, in tears, “ the doctor has told me that
“ my pulse is sinking down to an extreme.”
“ Pardon me, Madam,” said the physician,
“ I spoke of the actions*; your pulse is in
“ an excellent state, and you will be well
“ by to-morrow morning.”

THERE are few studies more uncertain than verbal criticism, and yet we know of none whose professors are so positive in their assertions, or so angry with those who have the misfortune to differ from them in opinion. What havock has Bentley made with the classics, and Warburton with

* The term used for the public funds, in France.

Shakespeare, by indulging this propensity? The Editor has been taught moderation in this respect, by what happened to a friend, while he was learning Italian. On looking over the names of the months in Veneroni's grammar, the student found them all correspond with the Latin, English, and French, except July, which was written Luglio. Here was the clearest proof of a false printing; one letter only made the mistake, which he immediately rectified by turning the *L* into an *J*, saying at the same time in his mind—" *Sic corrige, meo periculo.*"

IN the Tragedy of Hamlet, when that Prince is questioning Horatio and Marcellus about the Ghost, and they tell him it was armed from head to foot, he says—

‘ Then, saw you not his face?’

To which Horatio replies—

‘ O yes, my Lord, he wore his *beaver up*.’

Here, wearing the *beaver up*, plainly signifies its being so placed as not to hide the

H 4 face.

face. There is, however, reason to believe, that wearing the *beaver up*, is the proper expression for its covering the face: for in a note on Mrs. Macauley's History of England, Vol. III. page 437, Chap. V. quarto edition, where some authority is quoted, giving an account of Lord Brooke's being killed, it is mentioned as extraordinary, because 'his *beaver was up*, and he was armed to the knee.' Dr. Franklin, in his tragedy of Matilda, has followed the historian:

- ' He wore his beaver up, nor could I see
- ' His face.'

No man is supposed to have understood the passions incident to humanity better than Otway, yet few have committed greater errors in the expression of those passions. One or two instances, taken from his most admired works, will sufficiently illustrate this observation.

THE scene between Jaffier and Belvidera, in the middle of the fourth act of Venice Preserved, is strangely managed. The lady,

lady, who herself, had instigated her husband to give evidence against the conspirators, instead of soothing and softening the anguish of his heart, when he flies to her for comfort, aggravates his distress to the most agonizing pitch, by acquainting him with the tortures which his betrayed friend Pierre is to suffer. And after having displayed bleeding bowels, broken limbs, racks and torments, with the utmost horrors of eloquence, and even goaded the wretched man, by asking him how he shall be able to bear the sight of all this? she wonders that he should, “look so terribly” upon her! Is this nature? Or could the vilest and most unprincipled of women have taken a more judicious method of driving a man of any sensibility, to despair and suicide, than the way pointed out by the tender and faithful Belvidera?

Is the cool, the indulgent reply of Monimia, to the insulting, loose, and unmanly speech of Polydore, at the close of the first act of the Orphan, natural?

What

What can have less resemblance to nature, than the uncouth melange of politics, irony, wit, and profligacy, in the last advice which Acasto, (who believes himself actually on the threshold of death,) seriously, and soberly, gives to his children?

As to the brutal and insolent treatment which the worthy and inoffensive, but dependent, clergyman, meets with, in the same tragedy, from his patron and his patron's visitor, whatever may be said against it, it is most certainly not to be criticised on, by any means, as *out of nature*.

Otway, however, was not the only dramatic poet of eminence who could err against nature and propriety. Even Farquhar might fall under the same censure. The speech which he puts in the mouth of Archer, in the last scene of the *Beaux Stratagem*, "And the lady if she pleases, "may go home with me," is at once one of the grossest violations of decency and common sense. Mrs. Sullen, although separated

parated from her husband, had still a character to preserve, and, to add to the absurdity of the proposal, the words are spoken in the presence of her mother-in-law, her sister-in-law, and of *her own brother*, Sir Charles Freeman.

THE continuation of Scarron's Comic Romance, and which is always printed with it, is one of the strongest instances of the grafting of dulness on genius, that has ever occurred. Besides leaving the story as unfinished as he found it, the continuer had not discernment to see, that Scarron intended to make *Destiny* turn out to be the young earl of Glaris. That such was the author's design, is surely, sufficiently obvious from the following passage. 'My father and mother,' says Destiny, 'loved him tenderly, and had an aversion to me, though I was the more hopeful boy of the two. There appeared nothing but what was mean in *him*. As for *me*, I seemed to be what I was not, and rather an earl's son than Gariquet's.'

WHEN the celebrated opera of Artaxerxes first came out, the last chorus was sharply censured by the reviewers. As nearly as can be recollected, the stanza objected to was thus :

Live to us, to Empire live,
Great Augustus, long mayst thou
From the subject world receive
Laurel wreaths to grace thy brow.

The reviewers, justly remarked, the great absurdity of styling a king of Persia, Augustus, and crowning him with laurel. However, on referring to Metastasio, it appears, that the opera of Adriano in Siria, immediately follows Artaserse, in the first volume of his works, which very properly opens with this chorus.

Vivi a noi, vivi all' impero
Grande Augusto, e la tua fronte
Su l'Oriente prigioniero
S'accostumi al sacro allor.

The ingenious translator, probably not liking Metastasio's finale, almost literally
3 translated

translated the first chorus of the next opera, to supply its place.

F A M I L Y.

SUCH remarkable ill fate has attended some families, that none of the elder branches have escaped a violent end. The successors of Charlemain, in his French dominions, were examples of a melancholy destiny. His son, Louis Le Debonnaire, died for want of food, in consequence of a superstitious panic. His successor, Charles the Bald, was poisoned by his physician. The son of Charles, Louis the Stutterer, fell also by poison. Charles, King of Aquitaine, brother to Louis, met with his death by the ridiculous circumstance of being desperately wounded on the head by a lord, named Albuin, whom he was endeavoring, by way of frolic, to terrify, in disguise. Nor less strange, though rather more picturesque, was the cause of destruction to Louis III. successor to Louis the Stutterer. This gallant prince, having
cast

cast his eyes on a handsome girl, (the daughter of a citizen named Germond,) as he was riding through the streets of Tours, pursued her, instantly, with infinite agility. The terrified girl took refuge in a house, and the King, thinking more of her charms, than of the size of the gateway, attempting to force his horse after her, broke his back, and died. He was succeeded by Carloman, who fell by an ill-directed spear, thrown, by his own servant, at a wild boar, although the dying prince had the generosity to charge the beast with his death. Charles the Fat, perished, of want, grief, and poison, all together. His successor, Charles the Simple, died in prison of penury and despair. Louis the Stranger, who succeeded him, was bruised to death as he was hunting. Lotharius and Louis V. the two last Kings of the race of Charlemain, were both poisoned by their wives, to whose little indiscretions they had taken too much attention.

Of the whole line, after a revolution of 230 years, there now remained only Charles,

Charles, duke of Lorrain, and he, after an ineffectual struggle in defence of his rights, against the ambitious and active Hugh Capet, sunk beneath the fortune of his antagonist, and ended his life, and the family of Charlemain, in a lonely prison.

It is an observation of the French historians, that the epithets given to the princes of Charlemain's race, were, almost all, expressive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom it reigned.

IN our own island, we can produce in the royal line of Stuart, a race as steadily unfortunate as ever were recorded in history. Their misfortunes have continued with unabated succession, during 390 years.

Robert III. broke his heart, because his eldest son Robert was starved to death, and his youngest, James, was made a captive.

James I. after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his
own

own uncle, who was tortured to death for it.

James II. was slain by the bursting of a piece of ordnance.

James III. when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage, into which he had been carried for assistance.

James IV. fell in Flodden field.

James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army, at Solway Moss.

Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was assassinated and then blown up in his palace.

Mary Stuart was beheaded in England.

James I. and VI. died, not without suspicion of being poisoned by Lord Buckingham.

Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

Charles II. was exiled for many years.

James II. lost his crown and died in banishment.

Ann, after a reign, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her favored servants.

The

The posterity of James II. have remained wretched wanderers in foreign lands.

THE family of Lorges, Sieurs de Montgomeri, were singularly unfortunate. They were loyally attached to the crown of France, yet, it chanced that within the space of forty years, two Kings of that nation suffered, the *one* a severe wound, the other, death, at their hands. It was in 1521, that Francis I. amusing himself by attacking a house with snowballs, was wounded in the head by a firebrand, incautiously thrown from within by the "Capitaine de Lorges," so severely, that he was obliged to wear his hair short for so considerable a time, that it became a fashion at court. Afterwards in 1559, Le Comte de Montgomeri, slew Henri II. at a tournament. And although this unhappy event was every where acknowledged to be purely the effect of accident, nevertheless Catherine de Medicis, widow of the deceased King, pursued Montgomeri fifteen years, with active vengeance; nor ever ceased

I

from

from the chase, until she had actually brought him to the scaffold, and had caused his family and children to be declared infamous. "Let them submit to the sentence," said the dying soldier, "and I am ready to join in their degradation, if they do not assert their claim to nobility by deeds worthy their ancestry."

M. DE BENSERADE, was desired by a lady to translate for her the motto, "Fundulo, sed avito," which had been taken by one of high birth, but small fortune. It means, said he, "I am a beggar by hereditary right."

ALMOST as many cities have contended about the birth of Judas Iscariot, as for that of Homer; the isle of Corfu seems to have the strongest claim, as within the last century, a family, there, affirmed themselves to be descended from that renegade apostle. Pontius Pilate, too, has handed down his name and race to almost our own times; since in the time of
of

of Louis XIV. a gentleman whose connections were at Vienne in Dauphine, owned that unsteady magistrate for the stock whence his family were sprung, and produced a tolerably probable pedigree. It was this Viennois, of whom it is recorded, that he thus addressed a stranger who happened to be riding with him near a crucifix. "That worthy gentleman," said he, pointing to our Savior, "was very ill treated by an ancestor of mine, some years ago."

THE Editor will not presume to alter a word in the following story, it is so well related by Dr. Fuller, in his "Worthies of England." "It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, was lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a laborer's son in that county was pressed into the wars, as I take it, to go over with Count Mansfield. The old man, at Leicester, requested his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who, by his industry, maintained

“ him and his mother. The Earl de-
 “ manded his name, which the man for a
 “ long time was loth to tell, (as suspecting
 “ it a fault, for so poor a man to confess
 “ a truth) at last he told him that his name
 “ was Hastings. “ Cosen Hastings,” said
 “ the Earl, “ we cannot all be top branches
 “ of the tree, though we all spring from
 “ the same root. Your son, my kinsman,
 “ shall not be pressed.” So good was the
 “ meeting of modesty in a poor, with
 “ courtesie in an honorable person, and
 “ gentry, I believe, in both.” What the
 acute Dr. Fuller emphatically styles *courtesie*,
 seems to have ever been an hereditary at-
 tendant on the noble family of Hastings.

AN ingenious French writer observes,
 that those who depend on the merits of
 their ancestors, may be said to search in the
root of the tree, for those fruits which the
branches ought to produce.

THE character of the second Dutches
 of Orleans, mother to the celebrated regent
 of

of France, was composed of plain sense, sincerity, great family pride, and a considerable share of credulity. Most of the anecdotes which she relates in her letters to the late Queen Caroline, are fanciful, characteristic, and new. The following story must be allowed a strong proof of her spirit and firmness of mind, and especially when it is considered that Madame de Maintenon was, at the period she speaks of, in the very zenith of her power, and universally believed to be privately married to the King of France.

‘ Madame de Maintenon,’ says the Dutches, ‘ sent for two girls from Strasbourg, made them pass for two princesses of the Palatinate family, and placed them with her own nieces, as waiting women. I knew nothing about this, until the Dauphiness*, all in tears, told me of it. “ Be easy,” said I, “ I will set all this matter even, for, when I am in the right, I fear no one.” Next morn I es-

* The Dauphiness was allied to the Palatinate family.

‘ pried one of the nieces parading along the
 ‘ walks, with one of these German at-
 ‘ tendants. I made haste to meet them;
 ‘ I called to the girl, and asked her “ who
 “ she was ?” She had the impudence to
 ‘ tell me “ That she was countess Palatine
 “ of Butzelstein.” “ What,” said I, “ by the
 “ *left hand**, I suppose ?” “ Far from it,”
 ‘ said she, “ the young Count espoused
 “ my mother legally, and she was of the
 “ Gehlen family.” “ But even, *then*,” said
 ‘ I, “ you could not be Countess Palatine,
 “ since so unequal a marriage would not
 “ hold good; but,” added, I, “ thou † liest,
 “ in saying that the Count ever *married* thy
 “ mother, *any way*. *Elle est une putaine,*
 “ *avec qui Le Comte, comme bien des autres,*
 “ *aura pu coucher* : I know well enough
 “ who is the real husband of thy mother ;
 “ he is a player on the hautbois. If ever

* Marriages with inferiors are performed in Germany
 with the left hand, and the woman has not then, equal rank
 with her husband.

† The change from *you* to *thou*, is peculiarly affronting
 in French.

“ here—

“ hereafter thou hast the effrontery to
 “ style thyself Countess Palatine, *Je te*
 “ *ferai couper les jupes au ras du cu**.”

This terrible Dutcheſs proceeds to tell us that the ſuppoſitious Counteſs was taken ill with the fright, and *died* in a few days. That ſhe expected to have been ſeverely reprimanded by Louis, to whom the ſtory was told, but that he only ſaid to her, when he ſaw her, with a ſmile, “ I find, “ madam, it is not ſafe to joke with you “ on the *head of family*.”

M. DE MARVILLE, in his *Melange D’Hiftoire & de Literature*, remarks, that illuſtrious families generally cloſe with ſome very great miſfortune. He brings as examples, the Houſe of Valois, which ended with Marguerite, a woman of a moſt abandoned character †, and that of Longueville,

* The words are coarſe, but a *princeſs* writes them to a *Queen*, and they are *not* tranſlated.

† The Editor takes this opportunity of ſaying a few words in extenuation of the great errors of poor Marguerite de Valois, who although, in general, the moſt

gueville, the last of which name died totally penniless and raving mad. It is in every one's power, by a little recollection, to observe how far the remark holds good.

compassionate, and certainly one of the most accomplished of beings, has hardly yet met with one apologist. Her character as to chastity must be given up; she herself gave it its death's wound, by accompanying the Dutchess de Nevers, (at a very early age,) on a shameful expedition, to fetch from the gibbet the heads of two infamous courtiers, their galants, Coconnas, and La Motte; these they embalmed, and preserved in their cabinets. But notwithstanding this, and many more unbecoming actions, her humanity ought to preserve her memory from detestation. At the horrid massacre of Paris, her intreaties saved the life of her husband, the great Henry IV. of Bourbon, and it has been said of her, by disinterested writers, that she endeavored, during the bloody scenes, which were daily acted before her eyes, to mitigate the horrors of the times, by her intercessions. When Henry became King of France, conscious of her own misconduct, and not ignorant that he would never have made her his wife, unless from a political necessity, she readily agreed to a divorce, that he might espouse a properer consort, and retired contentedly with a small pension, and that but indifferently paid.

FANATICISM.

FANATICISM.

IN the thirteenth century, we are told by Bale (de script. Brit.) that a fanatical impostor pretended to be cured of blindness at the tomb of Henry the Third. But Hugh of Manchester, a learned Franciscan, discovered the cheat, and having composed a treatise on the subject, he intitled it "De Fanaticorum Deliriis," and dedicated it to Edward the First, who received it graciously, (although it deprived his father of the gift of working miracles,) and actually employed the author, afterwards, in an embassy to France.

ON the 5th of October 1403, Agnes du Rochier, a beautiful girl, eighteen years of age, and the only daughter of a rich tradesman, was received with great ceremony, at the church of St. Opportune, in Paris, as "a recluse." Recluses, were at that time so called from their being literally sealed

sealed and shut up by the hands of the bishop, in a small chamber, built for the purpose, close to the wall of some church, with an opening inwards, that the recluse might hear the service, and receive necessary subsistence. In this retreat, Agnes lived to the age of eighty years. St. Foix, who tells this tale, rationally observes, that as she was rich, the disposal of her income for the benefit of the poor, under her own inspection, might have given her at least an equal chance for heaven, with that which she could gain by that indolent plan which she chose to embrace.

AT a period when it was a prevalent fancy among the Italian literati, to adopt favorite names from the Greek or Latin tongues, in preference to their own original ones, Antonius Palearius* chose to signalize his love of the muses by altering his first name to Aonius. Some time after, the freedom of his conversation, and his known attachment to the doctrines of Luther, drew

* A man of elegant literature, in the 16th century.

upon him the resentment of the inquisition, and in 1566, he was strangled and burnt at Rome*. A wretched fanatic, who had taken the name of Latinus Latinius, insults over him in a letter dated at Rome in 1571, and accuses him of having abandoned the appellation Antonius, merely

* A friend of the unhappy sufferer gave a reason for his dislike of the name Antony, almost as fantastical as that alleged by Latinus Latinius, in the following epigram—

Οὐνομαί σα πάρος ηὔ Αντώνιος εἶτα κεκληῖσθαι,
 Ἀονίδας Φιλέων ηθελες Ἀδης.
 Καὶ Φιλέων Κικερωνα, πῖφευγας αὖ ἔνομα κείνῳ
 Ἄνδρος, οὐ Κικερων, τοι φίλος, ἔχθρον ἔχεν.

In English :

Aonius from *Antonius* you became,
 To compliment each bright Aonian dame.
 The name, *Antonius*, you could ne'er approve,
 Abhorr'd by Tully, whom so well you love,

To explain the sting of this epigram, it should farther be observed, that in the time of Antonius Palearius, it was the mode for the literati to profess the most unlimited adoration of Cicero's style, and even to compose whole pieces, in which every word, and every trope, might be found in the works of that great Roman.

that

that he might expel from his name the letter T, which represents the cross. Not content with expressing this wretched conceit in prose, he throws it into a Latin ode, and so cold a one, that Menage thinks it might have chilled the fire prepared to consume the body of the unfortunate Palearius.

IN a book printed at Bourdeaux, and composed to exalt the merit of one set of monks, St. Peter is supposed to ask of St. Michael, "who it is that knocks at the door," the answer is—"A Carmelite." "A Carmelite!" repeats St. Peter peevishly, "A Carmelite! I think we have none at the gate of heaven, but Carmelites, from morning to night. Well, he must stay; I shall not open the gate till there is a dozen together of them."

NONE of the rhapsodies of our modern enthusiasts, wild as they have been, have ever equalled the tale told in the following

extract, from a breviary printed by command of Pius V. at Antwerp, in 1677.

“ Sanctus Philippus Neri, Confr.
 “ Charitate Dei vulneratus languebat jugiter, tantoque cor ejus æstuabat ardore,
 “ ut cum intra fines suos, contineri non
 “ posset, illius finem, confractis & elatis,
 “ duabus costulis, mirabiliter Dominus
 “ ampliaverit. Sacrum, verò, faciens, aut
 “ ferventius orans, in aëra quandoque sub-
 “ latus, mirâ undique fulgere luce, visus
 “ fuit. Egenos et pauperes, omni chari-
 “ tatis officio prosequabatur. Dignus, qui
 “ & angelo, in specie pauperis, eleemo-
 “ synam erogaret, & dum egentibus, noctu,
 “ panem deferret, in foveam lapsus, inde
 “ pariter, ab Angelo incolumis eripietur.
 “ Humilitati addictus ab honoribus semper
 “ abhorruit, atque ecclesiasticas dignitates,
 “ etiam primarias, non semel ultro delatas,
 “ constantissimè recusavit.”

THE vulgarism of modern fanatical preachers has been forestalled by declaimers, both abroad and at home. Cardinal

dinal Perron complains of a spiritual orator of his time, for saying—"Seigneur! Nettoyez moi le bec, de la serviette de ton amour*."

IN our own country, the sermons, and religious treatises of the Puritans, towards the middle of the last century, present us with such a variety of strange, uncouth, expressions, that it is almost impossible for enthusiasts of the present age to light on any new thought. At least they cannot out-do their predecessors in absurdity. The witty author of "Grounds and Occasions of the contempt of the Clergy," has collected an amazing number of these. The Editor would wish to produce a few of them, here, but is puzzled as to the choice, as they are all characteristic, well selected, and well authenticated.

THE Puritans, however, must not have the whole weight of fanaticism heaped on

* Lord! Cleanse thou my lips with the napkin of thy love!

their

their shoulders. Their adversaries must come in for their share; nor can a wilder, more enthusiastic fanatic be found, (not even in the records of 1780,) than Captain Chreighton, a Scots officer of dragoons, employed by the hot-headed northern ministry of Charles II. to discover and seize presbyterian preachers among the highlands. His life and adventures are to be found in one edition only, of the works of Dean Swift, who, great as his abilities were, actually suffered himself to be so far warped by bigotry, as to speak of this wretched tool of persecution, in the highest terms, and even to compare his Commentaries to those of Philip de Comines.

The first exploit this hero boasts, was the seizing with a party of soldiers, one Stobow, a poor non-con teacher, and the leading him to almost certain death, although his daughter offered him a hundred dollars to let her parent escape. He then tells his readers how he and his comrades lived plentifully a whole year, on a contribution raised to recover a horse, which they
had

had literally *stolen* from a lady who attended a conventicle. Soon after, our Philip de Comines, at the head of twelve dragoons, took a very celebrated preacher, and brought him to the gallows. He now believed himself such a favorite of heaven, that he had revelation after revelation, by dreams and impressions on his mind, to tell him the hiding-places of the poor, persecuted Scotsmen, who were certainly by no means greater fanatics than himself. These he loads with all the scurrility of a drunken trooper; they are "rogues, rascals, "rebels, &c." He "rakes hell" to find a foldier that can mimic their clergymen; in short, the whole work, when considered as a performance, recommended enthusiastically by the Dean of St. Patrick's, one of the first prose writers, patriots, and politicians which Ireland ever saw, stands forward as the most extraordinary instance of blind fanaticism, both in the writer, and in the encomiast, that any age ever produced.

THE following particulars relate to one of the most extraordinary of all modern fanatical writers, one who seems so thoroughly persuaded of the truth of what he writes, that he almost persuades his readers to believe him.

Emanuel Swedenbourg* was a Swedish nobleman of good fortune, well skilled in metallurgy. He frequently visited England, for the space of ten years, remaining here a year or two at a time. He was not particular as to his lodgings, since a gentleman*, who went to pay him some money, found him in a garret, in or near Salisbury-court, Fleet-street.

His table was covered with written papers, but he had no printed books. He had not, he said, read a printed book for 30 years past, having in his younger days, laid in a sufficient store of learning.

He died in London, in the beginning of 1772. He found himself indisposed, but would not listen to any idea of his

* The late Gustavus Brander, Esq.

disorder becoming dangerous; he assured his friends that it was revealed to him that he should not die out of his own country. However, in this he was mistaken. He was 84 years of age, when he died, and was buried in the Swedish church, Prince's-square, Ratcliffe Highway. He was a middle-sized man, remarkably sober. He never married.

F E A S T I N G.

THE natural tendency of mankind towards joy, has been frequently the occasion of great irregularities during those feasts which the rules of almost every religion have not only permitted, but actually ordained. Even in the purest ages of the Christian Faith, one may find in holy writ, complaints of such trespasses on decency on these occasions, as it would be indelicate to relate. And most certainly the discontinuance of those love-feasts, which were formerly celebrated by all good Christians,

tians, was owing to the improper proceedings to which they gave occasion. In vain did Tertullian affirm that * “ Non tam *cœnam* cœnant quam *disciplinam*,” still a feast is a feast ; nor do the modern monks enjoy their excellent repasts with less gusto, because they are obliged to hear a lecture recited during the meal, by one of their brethren. Even the Jews, whose attachment to ceremonies, separates them from every other inhabitant of the earth, cannot bear to have the luxury of a pleasant collation at their passover, diminished by the commanded mixture of bitter herbs ; and have actually contrived, (as their own antiquarian, Maimonides, allows,) to convert those bitter herbs into a very pleasant species of pickle, which probably is as grateful to their palates, with their paschal lamb, as the mint and sugar used by British epicures, as a relish to the same dish †.

THE

* They feed less on their meat, than on the instruction they receive.

† Selden writes that “ our tanfies at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs ; though at the same time, it

THE quaint Bulwer, in his "Anthropometamorphosis," particularly recommends to all lovers of feasting, the following three rules*:—"Stridor dentium—"Altum silentium—Rumor gentium." This, as he observes, "adjourns discourse until the belly be full, at what time, men are at better leisure, and may more securely venture upon table-talk, the observation of which natural rule might have saved Anacreon's life, who endangering himself this way, died by the seed of a grape."

FREE-THINKING.

WITHOUT entering into the dull and odious field of controversy, one stricture, with respect to free-thinking, may be properly made, as it occurs every day to common observation.

"was always the fashion, for a man to have a gammon of bacon, to shew himself no Jew."

* Thus translated by a humorist—"Work for the jaws —A silent pause—Frequent ha-has."

Although free-thinkers are perpetually found, who wish to make converts of mankind in general to their principles, by means of writings, which they disperse as widely as possible, yet none take particular attention to the conversion of their wives or their daughters, of their servants or their poorer neighbors. A believer might be tempted by this to suppose, that even by sceptics, it is allowed that revealed religion is of some use to the peace and honor of families, and to the security of property *.

GALANTERIE.

NOT many years ago, a fête, expressive of the truest gallantry, was given by a person of fashion, in, or near Paris. The mothers and chaperons gaily dressed, were the only dancers, the young ladies were all

* This idea, as far as it refers to female honor, is beautifully illustrated by the story of Fidelity, in the *Adventurer*, No. 77-8-9.

fitters by, and had on grave and plain dresses, as mothers of the families. A particular air was composed for the purpose. The words were well adapted to the subject, and the chorus was—

“ *Enfans de Quinze Ans,*

“ *Laiffiez dancer vos Mamans.*”

THE spirited and almost romantic expedition of Prince Charles, into Spain, that he might see his destined spouse, the Infanta Maria, before the match should take place, roused the poetic fire of the celebrated Poet, Lope de Vegas, to the composition of a sonnet, supposed to be repeated by the prince. The first stanza was thus—

Carlos Estuato foy,

Que siendo Amor mi guia,

Al cielo d’Espana voy,

Por ver mi estrella Maria.

The prince appears to have paid very little attention to the Spanish etiquette in the article of courting, for Howel informs us
that

that “ understanding that the Infanta was
“ used to go some mornings to the Casa del
“ Campo, a house which the King hath on
“ the other side the river, to gather May-
“ dew, he rose betimes, and went there,
“ taking * your brother with him. They
“ were let into the house, and into the gar-
“ den, but the Infanta was in the orchard;
“ and there being a high partition-wall,
“ between, and the door doubly bolted,
“ the prince got on the top of the wall,
“ and sprung down a great height, and so
“ made towards her. But she spying him
“ first of all the rest, gave a shriek, and
“ ran back: the old Marquis, that was then
“ her guardian, came towards the prince,
“ and fell on his knees, conjuring his High-
“ ness to retire, in regard he hazarded
“ his head, if he admitted any to her
“ company. So the door was opened,
“ and he came out under that wall, over
“ which he had got in.” This anecdote
is dated from Madrid, July 10, 1623.

* The brother of Captain Leaf, to whom Howel address-
ed the letter.

SIR JOHN RERESBY commemorates a similar frolic of the Prince of Orange, in 1670, when he was in London, paying addressees to the Princess Mary. "One
" night at a supper, given by the Duke of
" Buckingham, the King made the Prince
" of Orange drink very hard. The Prince
" was naturally averse to it, but being once
" entered, was more frolic and gay than
" the rest of the company; and now the
" mind took him to break the windows
" of the chambers belonging to the maids
" of honor; and he had got into their
" apartments had they not been timely
" rescued. His mistress, I suppose," continues Sir John, "did not like him the
" worse for such a notable indication of
" his vigor."

GAMING.

G A M I N G.

“No!” said an Italian gamester, after an intolerable run of ill-luck, “no, thou jade, Fortune! Thou mayst, indeed, cause me to *lose* millions, but I defy thy utmost power, to make me *pay* them.”

Two gamesters had deposited a very large stake, to be won by him who threw the lowest throw, with the dice. The one thought himself secure of success, on finding that he had thrown two aces. “Hold,” cried the other, “wait for *my* chance.” He threw, and with such dexterity, that by lodging one of the dice on the other, he shewed only one ace on the uppermost of them. He was allowed by the company to have won the stakes.

NONE fight with true spirit, who are overloaded with cash. A man who had been fortunate at cards, was applied to, to
act

act as a second in a duel, at a period when the seconds engaged as heartily as the principals. "I am not," said he, "the man for your purpose, just at present, but go and apply to him, from whom I won a thousand guineas, last night, and, I warrant you, he will fight like any devil!"

A POLITICAL presence of mind fixed the celebrated Ruy Gomez in the favor of Philip II. of Spain. They were playing at Primero, and, at a time when a vast stake was on the board, the King cried out in ecstasy, that he had the game in his hand, Ruy Gomez had superior cards, but flung up his cards, and acquiesced. The next day, the other players told Philip how the affair had passed, and the King not only made Gomez a liberal amends for what he had given up, but took him into his counsels, and intrusted him with his most secret plans*.

* Brantome, Vie de D. Juan d'Autriche.

GOOD OLD TIMES*.

THE glorious days of our Edwards and Henrys have been, and are still, a favorite subject of invidious comparison, with the declaimers of modern times. With how much propriety, let the present age judge, after taking into consideration first,—The behaviour of foldiers in country-quarters.

HOLLINGSHEAD, after describing a horrible tempest in the year 1380, in which a fleet, with a large body of English troops on board, destined for the coast of France, was very severely treated, and wherein more than a thousand men lost their lives, and the residue nearly perished, by hunger, cold, and fatigue, proceeds to say—"Some writers impute this calamitie to light on the
 "said Sir John Arundell, and his companie,
 "for the lascivious and filthie rule which
 "they kept before their setting forth, in
 "places where they laie, till their provision

* See the Appendix, for Good Old Times in *France*.

“ was readie, who not content with that
 “ which they did before they took ship, in
 “ ravishing mens wives, maids, and daugh-
 “ ters, they carried them aboard with
 “ them.”

“ *Sæva libido furens, quid non mortalia cogis*
 “ *Pectora? Quid ve tuo non est violabile telo?*”

“ And yet when the tempest rose, like
 “ cruel and unmerciful persons, they threw
 “ them into the sea, either that they would
 “ not be troubled with their lamentable
 “ noise or crying, or for that they thought
 “ so long as they had such women on
 “ board, whom they had abused so long,
 “ God would not cease the rage of the
 “ tempest *.”

NEXT, as to the security of property, let us hear the account which the antiquarian John Stow, gives of the state of affairs under Henry the Eighth. “ A garden-

* By the good leave of our worthy chronicler, the last reason is the most extraordinary one which ever entered into the mind of man.

“ house,

“ house, close to his father’s south pale, or
 “ wall, stood somewhat in Sir Thomas
 “ Cromwell’s way, and obstructed his
 “ convenience. Therefore, without any
 “ more ado, or having the leave of the
 “ proprietor, his workmen loosed it from
 “ the foundation, and bare it upon rollers,
 “ and ran it two-and-twenty feet into Mr.
 “ Stow’s garden, before he heard any
 “ thing of it. Who afterwards speaking
 “ to the surveyors of Cromwell’s works,
 “ had nothing but this answer given him,
 “ That Sir Thomas commanded them to
 “ do it. And none durst argue the matter.
 “ Notwithstanding, his father was forced to
 “ pay his old rent, without abatement for
 “ his garden, though half of it was in this
 “ manner taken away.” Contention in
 those times with the great, was like
 that described by Juvenal in his third
 satire.

———Libertas pauperum hæc est
 Pulsatus rogat, et pugnīs concisus adorat
 Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.”

These

These amends for the needy, when cudgell'd, remain,
 To beg of his Honor, in pitiful strain,
 His leave to retire, (ere of sense he's bereft him)
 With the very few teeth which his Honor has left him.

G R A T I T U D E.

A SINGULAR and solemn instance of grateful respect, occurs in the conduct of that band of warriors, rapacious, profligate, and cruel as they were, who, under the conduct of the Constable de Bourbon, had with success assaulted the walls of Rome. They had, during his life-time, adored him as the divinity of war, and had endured every hardship which fatigue, hunger, cold, and want of pay, united, could bring upon them, during their march through Italy, to the gates of its metropolis, not indeed without murmurs, but with murmurs easily quelled, upon their general's representation, that his own poverty and distress of every kind, fully equalled theirs*.

After

* The attachment of these bold adventurers to their commanders, may be judged from their songs, extracts of which

After his decease, which happened in the moment of triumph, they retained their regard

which are preserved by Brantome. A celebrated one began thus—

“ Calla, calla, Julio Cefare, Hannibal y Scipion.

“ Viva, viva, la fama de Bourbon.”

“ Let Hannibal, Scipio and Cæsar retire,

“ The fame of Bourbon flies a thousand times higher.”

It proceeded—

Dezia le, “ mis Senores, yo soy pobre Cavallero

“ Y tambien, como vos otros, no tengo un denero.”

He said, “ Brother foldiers, I mean not to wrong you,

“ But, trust me, I’m poor, as the poorest among you.”

In this place, the Editor wishes to introduce another camp-song, chaunted by the same army in praise of Philibert, Prince of Orange, successor to Bourbon; in this, as Brantome remarks, the rhyme is less attended to than the meaning.

Quand le bon Prince d’Orange]

Vit Bourbon qui etoit mort,

Criant, “ Saint Nicolas!

“ Il est mort, Sainte Barbe!

“ Jamais plus il dit mot

“ A dieu, rendit son ame.

“ Sonnez, Sonnez, Trompettes!

“ Sonnez tous, a l’assaut!

“ Approchez

regard for their departed General's poor remains. And when, fatiated with the exercise of every species of rapine, violence, and cruelty, on the wretched Romans, during many months, they marched away from that devoted city, they carried with them the body of Bourbon, and in the face of a superior force, commanded by Lautrec,

“ Approchez vos Enseignes,
 “ Abattez ces murailles,
 “ Tous les biens des Romains
 “ Je vous donne en Pillage.”

When the good Prince of Orange
 Saw Bourbon lie dead,
 In vain every Saint
 He invok'd to his aid.
 Convinc'd of his loss, then
 Full loudly he calls,
 That the trumpets should sound
 An assault on the walls.
 “ Advance now your banners !
 “ These gates break asunder !
 “ The goods of the Romans
 “ I give you as plunder.”

However untuneable these scraps of poetry may sound to a delicate ear, they are curious, and, from the circumstances which attended their composition, in some measure valuable.

styled

styled by Brantome "Un des plus vieux
" routiers, & capitaines renommez de
" ce temps," they conveyed it safely to
the strong fortrefs of Gaieta. And this
they did, lest the Romans, after their de-
parture, should insult the body of one who
had brought such exquisite wretchedness
upon them. After this, the soldiers built
a beautiful monument over their leader,
and leaving a garrison strong enough to
maintain the castle, they marched on to
Naples, where being besieged, famine and
other casualties of war nearly destroyed all
those whom diseases, incurred by the most
abandoned profligacy, had spared.

THERE is a species of grateful remorse,
which sometimes has been known to ope-
rate forcibly on the minds of the most
hardened in impudence. Towards the
beginning of this century, an actor cele-
brated for mimicry, was to have been em-
ployed by a comic author, to take off the
person, the manner, and the singularly
awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr.

L. Woodward,

Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character *. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he said attended on his wife. The physician heard with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. For, since the actor's greatest wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company, as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity, which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, being become completely master of his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape, made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy pa-

* Dr. Fossile, in 'Three Hours after Marriage.' The player's name was, to the best of the Editor's recollection, Griffin. The anecdote was a favorite one with Dr. Campbell.

“ tierce too, with such a bundle of diseases
“ tied to thy back.”

The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die, than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity, a public laughing-stock.

A MORE grotesque instance of the sudden power of gratitude, may be adduced in a modern Kentish anecdote, perfectly well attested.

A parson Patten, of Whitstable, was well known in his own neighbourhood, as a man of great oddity, great humor, and equally great extravagance. Once, standing in need of a new wig, his old one defying all farther assistance of art; he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the business, to make him one.

The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honor of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner, a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend guest, with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist, saying he should not make his wig. "Why not," exclaimed the astonished host, "have I done any thing to offend you, Sir?" "Not in the least," replied the guest, "but I find you are a very honest, good-natured, fellow; so I will take *somebody else* in. Had *you* made it, you would never have been paid for it." G.

H A R S H

H A R S H S O U N D S.

THE French have a good word to express harsh sounding sentences, "Cacophonie," and an example is afforded in the order given by an "Echevin," to strain the chains across the street, the roughness of which can scarce be equalled in any language. "Qu'attend on donc tout? Que ne la tend-on donc tout*?"

In English, we can furnish some tolerable examples, even in poetry. Even our Drayton, who was no bad poet, made very rough work of proper names in verse. But a translator of Horace, about the time of Charles II. (who takes for his motto "Carmina defunct," which may be well construed, "you will meet no poetry here,") has gone the greatest lengths in the cacophonie. He renders "Vile potabis" thus—

* "What do they wait for? Why do they not strain it?"

“ Thoust bouze cheap Sabine, in small cup,
“ Which in Greek butt, myself daub’d up.

Again he translates, “ O sæpe mecum”—

“ O thou reduc’t oft to extremest thrall.”

What would that French poet have said to this, who, as we are assured by La Mothe, spent twenty-four hours in agonies, because he could not contrive to avoid the hissing sounds of “ Ce seroit ?” Or what would Metastasio say, who in his Preface to “ Catone,” intreats leave, for the sake of melody, to use the softer sounds of “ Emilia” and “ Arbace,” for those unmusical words “ Cornelia” and “ Juba ?”

It is indeed hard to say what sounds are sufficiently soft for the delicate ears of Italy ; for, little as the anecdote is known, it yet appears true, that Petrarch’s mistress’s real appellation was “ Lauretta,” which not appearing to the poet sufficiently harmonious, he substituted the celebrated name Laura. See his fifth sonnet.

H E R A L D R Y.

It is probable that no science on earth conveys to its votaries a greater degree of enthusiasm than that of heraldry. One instance, at least, can be brought, unmatched in any other.

The passage is taken from a scarce treatise in quarto, entitled "The Blazon of Gentry," (a book recommended by Peacham in his "Compleat Gentleman," as a book to be bought at any rate,) and runs thus—
 "Christ was a gentleman, as to his flesh,
 " by the part of his mother, (as I have
 " read) and might, if he had esteemed
 " of the vayne glorye of this worlde
 " (whereof he often sayde his kingdom
 " was not) have borne coat-armour. The
 " apostles, also, (as my authour telleth me)
 " were gentlemen of bloud, and manye
 " of them descended from that worthy
 " conqueror, Judas Machabeus, but through
 " the tract of time, and persecution of

“ wars, poverty oppressed the kindred, and
 “ they were constrained to servile workes.”

P. 97.

In the same book we find the exact arms, properly blazoned, of Semiramis, Queen of Babylon.

A SANGUINE Frenchman had so high an opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the study of Heraldry, that he used to lament, as we are informed by Menage, the hard case of our forefather Adam, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science, nor that of genealogy.

H E R M I T S.

THE pleasing idea of a solitude devoted to religious studies, and works of benevolence, naturally connects itself with the term hermit: unfortunately, however, the race of that name have generally distinguished themselves by qualities far distant from the meekness and temperance which

we

we are led to expect from the humble recluse. A few instances shall be given of hermits, who have been celebrated in history.

Romuald, born at Ravenna, of noble parentage; embraced, towards the middle of the tenth century, the state of a hermit, under the direction of a solitary, whose severity at least equalled his piety. Romuald bore for a long time, without a murmur, the repeated thumps which he received from his holy teacher, but observing that they were continually directed to his *left* side, "Honor my *right* ear," my dear master," said he, meekly, "with some of your attention, for I have nearly lost the use of my *left* ear, through your partiality to that side." Romuald, when he became master of his own conduct, shewed that he could on occasion copy the rigor of his preceptor, for hearing that his own father, who had embraced a monastic life, entertained thoughts of re-entering the world again, he hurried to the monastery, and by the rhetoric of a very hearty drubbing,

bing, brought his unsteady parent over to a more settled way of thinking.

THE rare qualities of the celebrated hermit, Peter; who, in 1096, led out fools and knaves by tens of thousands, to the destruction of themselves and of the countries through which they passed, are too well known to need a place in this work.

AMADEUS, Duke of Savoy, took upon him in the fifteenth century to become a hermit; with how much abstinence and moderation, he demeaned himself, may be judged from this circumstance, viz. that the French make use of the expression "*faire ripailles*," when they would speak of giving way to every indulgence and enjoyment; a term which they take from "*ripailles*," the name of this pious recluse's hermitage. Besides his attachment to every possible luxury, this holy anchoret had a peculiar pride in his beard, which was singularly fine and picturesque. Political motives made the cardinals seek him in
his

his retreat, to confer on him the dignity of Pope ; but no persuasions, nor representations would make him consent to part with that favorite beard, until the ridicule, which its preposterous appearance under the tiara, occasioned, brought him to agree to its removal. Even the pomp of the papal-chair could not long detain him from Ripailles. He soon quitted the triple crown, that he might repossess his beloved retreat.

FAR different in disposition, from the solitaries hitherto recorded, must have been he, who formed the sad and solemn lines beneath.

A Hermit's Meditation.

In lonesome cave
Of noise and interruption void,
His thoughtful solitude
A hermit thus enjoy'd :

His choicest book
The remnant of a human head
The volume was, whence he
This solemn lecture read.

‘ Whoe’er,

“ Whoe’er thou wert,
 Partner of my retirement now,
 My neareft intimate,
 My beft companion thou !

On thee to mufe
 The busy living world I left ;
 Of converse all but thine,
 And filent that, bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
 The idol of a gazing croud ?
 Wert thou the great,
 To whom obsequious thousands bow’d ?

Was learning’s ftore
 E’er treasur’d up within this fhell ?
 Did wifdom e’er within
 This empty hollow dwell ?

Did youthful charms
 E’er redden on this ghafteful face ?
 Did beauty’s bloom, thefe cheeks,
 This forehead ever grace ?

If on this brow
 E’er fat the fcornful, haughty frown,
 Deceitful pride ! where now
 Is that difdain ? ——— ’tis gone.

If chearful mirth
A gayness o'er this baldness, cast,
Delusive, fleeting joy!
Where is it now? ——— 'tis past.

To deck this scalp
If tedious long-liv'd hours it cost,
Vain fruitless toil! where's now,
That labor seen? ——— 'tis lost.

But painful sweat,
The dear earn'd price of daily bread,
Was all, perhaps, that thee
With hungry sorrows fed.

Perhaps but tears,
Surest relief of heart-sick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
These sockets us'd to flow.

Oppress'd perhaps
With aches and with aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'st
A few, and hoary, hairs:

'Tis all perhaps!
No marks, no token can I trace
What, on this stage of life
Thy rank or station was.

Nameless,

Nameless, unknown !
Of all distinction stript and bare,
In nakedness conceal'd,
Oh! who shall thee declare ?

Nameless, unknown !
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice,
No human visage see.

From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone ;
Nor yet have either lost
What we could call our own.

What *we* are now,
The great, the wise, the fair, the brave,
Shall all hereafter be,——
All hermits in the grave.

JEU DE MOTS.

PUNNING was, at least, no *crime* in the days of the first of the Stuarts, nor Kings nor nobles were above it. The great Lord Bacon was reduced to such extreme poverty towards the latter end of his life; that he wrote to James I. for assistance in these words. "Help me, dear sovereign
 " Lord and master, and pity me so far, that
 " I who have been born to a *bag*, be not
 " now in my age forced in effect to bear
 " a *wallet*. Nor that I, who desire to
 " live to study, may be driven to study to
 " live." Those who may be disposed to excuse this "Jeu de mots," may not perhaps be so indulgent to a former letter of the same great man, to Prince Charles, wherein he hopes, that "as the father
 " was his *Creator* the son will be his *Re-*
 " *deemer*."

A PERSON told M. de Sorbriere that he was fond of books in *folio*; "There," said

Sorbiere, "I differ from you, I like them
"best in *fructu*." The idiom of our language prevents the possibility of a translation.

M. DE MENAGE, one day found himself so entangled with the carriage of a gentleman who chanced to owe him a thousand crowns, (*mille ecus*) that he could not pass for some time. "Mille excuses, Monsieur, "mille excuses *," cried the debtor to Menage, which Menage answered by "Mille ecus, Monsieur, mille ecus †."

As we have dipped into the subject of punning, the following very antient and equally whimsical capriccio may hope for a little indulgence.

The Conjugal Banquet.

Twelve sorts of meats my wife provides,
Nor fails me of a dish,
Four are of flesh, of fruit are four,
The other four of fish.

* "A thousand excuses, Dear Sir, a thousand excuses."

† "A thousand crowns, Sir, a thousand crowns."

For the first course, she stores my board
With birds that dainties are,
And first, a quail *, and next a rail,
A bittern and a jar †.

With these my appetite when cloy'd,
For fish she renders sharp,
And serves me up a lump, a pout ‡,
A gudgeon, and a carp.

Then the desert with fruit abounds,
All fitting well the season,
A medlar and an artichoke,
A crab, and a *small reason*.

Now can a man have such a wife,
And not upon her doat,
Who every day provides him fare,
Which costs him not a groat?

As the Editor is conscious that to some
he may seem to merit reproof, for having

* Quail for Quarrel, or rather Quell. See Johnson's Dictionary.

† Jar, an old word for the Ruff and Ree, from their quarrelling.

‡ A whiting pout.

M

bestowed

bestowed a page or two on a subject so generally undervalued and ridiculed, as the practice of playing on words, he begs leave to offer a few modest arguments, in defence of this unkindly-reprobated species of humor. Its antiquity is indubitable, and were it not that the ignoble term, a pun, would sound ill when connected with apostolic characters, he *could* produce authority, highly respectable, indeed, in its favor. The Grecian oracles had lost their credit, long before their cessation, had not punning stood them in stead. To reckon up antient punsters would be an endless task. Plautus loved quibbling as much as Shakespeare did. Even the antient sages of the law could not refrain from punning; and we have as many quibbles of Cicero, nearly, as orations. He was not unhappy in his choice of puns, and among the rest, "Hoc est, verè, sepulchrum patris, colere," (which he said of a man who through avarice ploughed up the burying place of his family,) may take rank nearly as a bon-

mot. Almost the whole artillery of those wits, who adorned the centuries before the last, was supplied from the abundant magazine of puns; and the great restorer of Italian poetry, the celebrated Petrarch, not contented with punning on his mistress's name, in almost every one of his hundreds of sonnets, takes that beloved word into pieces, in his fifth, and puns upon every separate syllable; and this not contenting him, he drags in Homer, (literally) by the head and *shoulders*, and puns upon *him* too.

Punning is treated with an unequalled species of cruelty—It is abhorred even while it amuses; and the very horse-laugh which it seldom fails to raise round the convivial board, is almost always accompanied by detractions exclamations of “ Oh, “ oh, this is *too* bad.” “ I am *ashamed* of “ this,” &c. &c. &c. while the blushing punster, actually shrinking from the mirth which he has created, feels himself hurt at each burst of laughter, and generally takes great pains to convince the company, that

he never punned before, nor will ever pun again. Yet a pun never loses a friend, nor, except in awkward hands, tinges the cheek of innocence. No families are set at variance by a pun, no reputations lost, no female honor tainted. The Editor here rests his feeble effort towards the defence of an unoffending, humble branch of wit, and only wishes that that defence had fallen to the lot of a more able advocate.

INCONSISTENCY.

CONSTANCE, wife to Robert, King of France, accompanied her husband in 1012, to Orleans, in order to crush a set of heretics, who had lately made their appearance in that city. The populace were so exasperated against the new religionists, that it was with difficulty that they were prevented from tearing them to pieces, even before they were judged. The Queen, struck with horror at such barbarity, advanced

vanced to repel these bloody-thirsty bigots, but at the same time happening to espy a priest, who had been her own confessor, led away among the impenitent heretics, her sweetness of temper suddenly gave way, and with a cane she thrust out one of her old acquaintance's eyes, as he passed before her.

THE subsequent extracts from Sir John Reresby's memoirs, will serve to evince that tyranny and cruelty may reside in the same heart, with the extremes of frivolity and wanton caprice.

1685. " A few days afterward, I dined
" with the Lord Chancellor, (Jefferies)
" where the Lord Mayor of London was a
" guest, and some other gentlemen. His
" Lordship, having, according to custom,
" drank deep after dinner, called for one
" Mountfort, a gentleman of his, who had
" been a comedian, an excellent mimic,
" and to divert the company, as he was
" pleased to term it, he made him plead
" before him in a feigned cause, during

“ which he aped all the great lawyers of
“ the age, in their tone of voice, and in
“ their action, and gesture of body, to
“ the very great ridicule, not only of the
“ lawyers, but of the law itself, which, to
“ me, did not seem altogether so prudent in
“ a man of his lofty station in the law.

“ To resume the Lord Chancellor once
“ again. He had now like to have died of
“ a fit of the stone, which he virtuously
“ brought on himself by a furious debauch
“ of wine, at Mr. Alderman Duncomb's,
“ where he, the Lord Treasurer, and
“ others drank themselves into that height
“ of frenzy, that, among friends, it was
“ whispered they had stripped into their
“ shirts, and that had not an accident pre-
“ vented them, they had got up on a sign-
“ post to drink the King's health, which
“ was the subject of much derision, to say
“ no worse.”

UNDER what head, except that of in-
consistency, can the strange, paradoxical
character

character of Catherine de Medicis be introduced? Its features are so peculiar, and its parts so disproportioned, that the Editor trembles when he attempts its delineation.

The abilities of this celebrated lady, had nearly been confined to a much smaller field than that of France, for had not Philibert de Chalons, Prince of Orange, been slain at the siege of Florence (after his exploits at the sack of Rome, and the defence of Naples,) he meant to have married her, young as she was*, and to have made himself Duke of Tuscany, under the protection of the Emperor Charles V. Notwithstanding the unlucky fate of her husband Henry II. she continued to govern the kingdom of France, during the reigns of Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III. Her beauty, wit, and taste could lure from his army, a rival prince, who knew her to be his bitterest enemy†. Indifferent to religion, except as it suited her ambitious purposes, she was, yet, credulous to the most absurd

* Brantome, in his "Hommes Illustres."

† Sully's Memoirs.

degree, and the woman who could coolly say, on hearing that the Huguenots had gained an advantage, "Well then! we must say our prayers in French!" was actually the architect of a hollow column*, built expressly for the purpose of examining the stars, that she might judge the better of their influence. Though delicate as to the ornaments and nicety of her person as a Messalina, she could yet give way to a passion for hunting with such eagerness, that she often received bruises, once broke her leg, and another time fractured her skull in so dreadful a manner, that she was obliged to be trepanned. Her inquisitive disposition went hand in hand with her fortitude, and she had courage enough to listen with calmness, through a tube which she had contrived for the purpose, to a conference between the King of Navarre, the Duke of Guise, and the Marechal St. André, wherein she heard one of the

* Now standing before the new "Halle aux bleds," where, although irregularly placed, it is permitted to remain, from respect to old times.

three maintain, that the best way, for the peace of France, were, to tye her up in a sack privately, and throw her into the Seine. A proposal which she found was negatived by a very small majority*. To sum up her character, we will take the words of a favorite servant of hers, who had just been endowing her with every virtue and every grace, “† Non e perque sto, “ che anco tra tanta eccellenza di virtu, “ non germogliasse il solito loglio della im- “ perfettione mondana. Percioche fu te- “ nuta di fede fallacissima, conditione assai “ commune di tutti i tempi, ma molto pe- “ culiare di quel secolo. Avida, o piuttosto “ sprezzante del sangue humano, piu assai “ di quello che alla tenerezza del sesso fe- “ minile si convenga, e apparve in molti “ occasione, che nel conseguire i suoi fini, “ quantunque buoni, stimasse honesti tutti “ quei mezzi che li parivano utili al suo “ disegno, ancorche per se medessimi fu- “ rono veramente iniqui & perfidiosi.”—

* Brantome. Vie de C. de Medecis.

† Davila, Lib. 9.

“ Some

“ Some weeds were to be found among this
 “ harvest of divine virtues; indeed she was
 “ reckoned perfectly faithless (a very com-
 “ mon fault, particularly in that age) and
 “ greedy, (or rather, thoroughly regardless)
 “ of human blood, much more than suited
 “ with the natural tenderneſs of her ſex.
 “ Nor did ſhe ſcruple any means, however
 “ wicked and perfidious, to gain thoſe ends
 “ which appeared to her deſirable,”

IN the memoirs of Captain Carleton, (a
 book deſerving credit, as the author was a
 veteran, of good family, and irreproach-
 able character) remarkable teſtimony is given
 to the bravery of James Duke of York,
 particularly in the celebrated fight of May
 28, 1672; in which he was obliged to
 change his ſhip ſeveral times, “ Never-
 “ theleſs,” ſays the author, “ on his en-
 “ trance upon the London, which was the
 “ ſhip I was in, and on our hoifting the
 “ ſtandard, De Ruyter and his ſquadron
 “ ſeemed to double their fire upon her, as
 “ if they reſolved to blow her out of the
 “ water.

“ water. Notwithstanding all which, the
 “ Duke of York remained all the time on
 “ quarter-deck, and as the bullets plentifully
 “ whizzed around him, would often rub
 “ his hands and cry, “ *Spragg, Spragg,*
 “ *they follow us still.*” He adds, “ I am very
 “ sensible later times have not been over-
 “ favorable in their sentiments of that
 “ unfortunate prince’s valor, yet I cannot
 “ omit the doing a piece of justice to his
 “ memory, in relating a matter of fact of
 “ which my own eyes were witnesses, and
 “ saying, that if intrepidity and undaunted-
 “ ness may be reckoned any parts of courage,
 “ no man in the fleet better deserved the
 “ name of courageous, or behaved himself
 “ with more gallantry than he did.”

And yet this very Duke of York, when
 become King of Great-Britain and Ireland,
 could demean himself so far as to desert
 his friends and his troops after the battle of
 the Boyne, at a period when his army
 might have been recruited with ease, and
 when affairs were in such a situation in
 Great-

Great-Britain *, through the cabals of the profligate great, that a little steadiness and a moderate exertion of personal courage, must have insured him an easy restoration.

INHUMANITY.

It seems strange that a passion for the arts should more than once have been made a pretext for the most exquisite barbarity. The story of Giotto and his dying Christ, is within every one's reading: that of Parrhasius, the Athenian painter, which seems

* This assertion supposes that the account of court-intrigues, brought forward by Mr. M'Pherson, and by Sir John Dalrymple, is grounded on facts. This is, 'tis true, a painful supposition, but the degrading story has never been controverted by any descendants from the noble families whose ancestors it covers with indelible disgrace. Among other paradoxical affirmations, in the books alluded to, the most striking perhaps, is, that admiral Russel was under an engagement to restore King James, at the very time when he defeated the French fleet. One would think that the charge of so palpable an inconsistency might have been easily overturned; but no pen has stirred on the occasion. Nor has any one attempted to defend John Duke of Marlborough, from the charge of having betrayed the expedition against Breff, in May 1694!!!!

to have been Giotto's model, is not so universally known. When Philip of Macedon had taken Olynthus, and had consigned the inhabitants to slavery, Parrhasius, who had resided in the Macedonian camp, walking among the ruins of the place, was struck with the exquisite expression of sorrow which agonized the features of an old captive, a man of some rank, whose children had been just torn from him, and exposed to public sale. He purchased him, immediately; carried him to Athens; and whilst he made the wretched Olynthian perish under every torment which art could inflict, he drew, from the writhings of his tortured frame, a Prometheus, under the beak and talons of the vulture, which was allowed to be a master-piece of art. If any circumstance could add to the horrors of this story, it is, that Olynthus had actually suffered in the cause of the very city in which Parrhasius acted this detestable scene of cruelty. The piece was given by the artist to the temple of Minerva, in Athens; and Seneca coolly argues the point,

point, whether or no, it ought to be received, there, from his hands.

AN act of more unfeeling inhumanity has seldom been perpetrated than that of the Cardinal de Lorraine, who being at the head of the counsel, under Francis II. and finding the avenues of Fontainebleau thronged with wounded officers, and with the widows of such as had lost their lives in the King's service, had the brutality to erect a gibbet, "in order to get rid of the beggars," as he expressed himself, and, by sound of trumpet, proclaimed, that whosoever of the petitioners should not be gone, within twenty-four hours, should be executed, without mercy, upon the same*.

The same age, however, produced instances of cruelty almost beyond belief, and from their abundance, it should seem that they did not strike the minds of men with that degree of horror which they would

* Brantome.

raise at a milder period. Coconnas, an Italian of rank, having been executed in the reign of Henry III. of France, on suspicion of treason, the King rendered him the following, public testimony of his character. "Coconnas was brave enough, but he was one of the wickedest fellows in my realm. I have often heard him boast of having, at the massacre of St. Barthelemy, purchased upwards of thirty Huguenots out of the hands of their enemies, merely for the sake of killing them in a more cruel method. He began with making them renounce their religion, and then he tortured them to death, by slow degrees." To this eulogium, the tender-hearted prince added—"I never *liked* Coconnas, *thoroughly*, after I knew this story, and am not sorry for the end to which he has brought himself*."

ALL is not inhumanity which goes under that name. It is true, the effect is

* Journal de Henri III.

the same to the sufferers, but the motive is less detestable.

The cook-maid who weeps at a tale of woe, although, as a poet sings—

“ All the while she skins live eels,”

is by no means to be blamed for inconsistency. The same tenderness which makes her weep at a melancholy narrative, would interest her in favor of the wretches whom she tortures, were but any one kind enough to reason with her, on a barbarity, in which she is hardened by custom*, and to acquaint her that by putting the animal's head in boiling water, she might shorten its pains.

THE drayman who cruelly lashes the poor animals trusted to his care, thinks himself only chastising them for their perverseness. For, ridiculous as it may ap-

* “ They be used to it,” was the excuse made by a thoughtless fair one, to a friend of the Editor's, who began an argument on the subject.

pear, there is no doubt but he believes that they *might* comprehend all he says to them, if they pleased. Listen to a carter, who thinks himself not over-heard; he will talk to his fore-horse; he will give his orders to him in a language which he thinks very intelligible. The horse turns this and that way, but unhappily cannot hit the right species of obedience. Then the driver, after, with the strictest impartiality, blasting the horse's eyes and limbs, and his own too, begins to use his whip, and actually believes himself only chastizing an obdurate rebel. These mistaken men ought surely not to be punished merely for doing what appears to them to be just. No, they should be sent to Bridewell, as to a school, there they should be ordered in the *Latin* language to perform some task, and should be heartily flogged, not for idleness, but for not comprehending the directions of their teachers.

MAY the Editor be indulged with the repetition of a juvenile tale? When a boy,
N he

he was charmed with the tricks which an itinerant rat-catcher had taught to a beautiful white ferret. “But what mean those bloody marks round his mouth?” “Why, that is where I fows up his chaps, that he ma’ant bite the rabbits in their berries.” “How can you be so barbarous to so tame and so lovely an animal?” “Laud, master, a’ likes it. A’ will hold up his chaps to be sewed!”

THAT species of cruelty which has given occasion to so many elegant effusions of poetry, has scarcely ever been more beautifully lamented than by the celebrated Buchanan, in the following epigram—

*Illa, mihi semper presenti, dura, Neæra,
Me quoties absūm, semper abesse dolet.
Non desiderio nostri, non mœret amore,
Sed se non nostro posse dolore frui.*

LIB. i. EPIC.

*Neæra, present, to my vows unkind,
When absent, still my absence seems to mourn;
Not mov’d by love, but that my tortur’d mind
With anguish, unenjoy’d by her, is torn.*

INTEMPERANCE.

THE merry sin of drunkenness has met with so many, not only apologists, but even panegyrists, that every thing which can now be brought forward on the subject, must have been long anticipated. That poets should have ranged themselves under the banner of Bacchus, cannot be wondered at. Their jovial and easy manners suit well with those of *his* worshippers. Anacreon, who was one of the heartiest friends to the cause, after describing the elevation of spirit which his wine had blessed him with—

πατῶ δ' ἅπαντα θυμῶ *,

proceeds to make a very simple excuse for losing his senses by too much liquor—

Μεθυοῦντα γὰρ με κρῖσθαι

Πολυ κρῖσσων ἢ θανόντα †.

* “ I kick the world before me.”

† “ Say, is't not better far, dead-drunk to fall

“ Than to expire, and not revive at all ?”

HORACE, who did every thing with grace, makes a most elegant eulogium on wine in the 21st ode of his 3d book, and in his epistles, in order completely to unite poetry with drinking, after having denied all possibility of fame to water-drinking bards, he intimates that the muses themselves had no objection to the flowing bowl.

“ *Vina fere dulces oluerunt manè Camenæ **.”

Many philosophers have taken the tipplers part. Seneca even carries his complacency so far, as to advise men of high-strained minds to get drunk now and then—

“ *Non ut mergat nos, sed ut deprimat †.*”

DE TRANQUILLITATE ANIMÆ.

He adds, soon afterwards, “ Do you call Cato’s excess in wine, a vice? Much sooner

* “ It appeared, by the favor exhal’d from their lips,

“ That each Muse, in the morning, had taken her sips.”

† “ Not that it may overpower us, but only relax our over-
“ strained faculties.”

“ may

“ may you be able to prove drunkenness
 “ to be a virtue, than Cato, to be vici-
 “ ous.”

The grave Lucretius must have been pretty well acquainted with good liquor, to have so perfectly described its effects.

—————“ Cum vini vis penetravit.

“ Consequitur gravitas membrorum, præpediuntur

“ Crura vacillanti, tardescit lingua, madet mens,

“ Nant oculi, clamor, singultus, jurgia gliscunt *.”

LUCRET. L. 3.

THE humorous French philosopher, Montaigne, adduces a thousand arguments in favor of wine, although he professes himself not to be attached to it. “ Lucius Piso,” he remarks, from Seneca, “ and Cornelius Cossus, were successively entrusted with secrets of the utmost importance; the first by Augustus, the other

* “ When once their pates with wine are fraught,

“ Their limbs begin to totter,

“ Their speech is check'd, confus'd each thought,

“ Each passion, too, grows hotter ;

“ With stuttering tongue, and staring eye,

“ They hiccup mutual wrath and obloquy.”

“ by Tyberius. These, they were never
 “ known to betray, although each was
 “ noted for such excess in wine as to have
 “ been carried from the Senate-house, re-
 “ peatedly, in a state, which we should
 “ call, dead-drunk.”

“ Hesterno inflatum venas, de more Lyæo*.”

VIRGIL,

The Germans always loved the pleasures of Bacchus: it was one of them, either the celebrated Daniel Heinfius, as Menage † tells us, or Petrus Paganus, Poetical Professor, at Marpourg, in Hesse, according to Duchat,

* “ Their veins still swell’d with wine of yesterday.”

† The facetious Frenchman, however, carries his ardor as an apologist *too far*, when he deigns to misquote Juvenal, Sat. 15. l. 47. And instead of

“ Adde quod & facilis victoria de madidis,”

chuses to read—

——— “ Nec facilis victoria, &c.”

this totally alters the sense and meaning of the Poet’s expression, which was by no means intended to exalt drunkards into warriors.

that

that was the author of a well-known comic distich, which attempts to stutter and stagger like its author.

“ Sta, pes! Sta, mi pes! Sta pes! Ne labere, mi

“ pes!

“ Ni steteris, lapides hi, mihi lectus erint.”

Which may be thus attempted in English—

“ How you totter, good feet! Have a care of my

“ bones!

“ If you fail me, I pass all the night on these

“ stones.”

ONE might presume that the Zaporavian Cossacks were truly addicted to the pleasures of the table, since their chief magistrate, chosen by themselves, is not (as Bell informs us) called their Prince, or Duke, or General, but *Casha-var*, which literally signifies, Chief-cook*.

WERE our honest countryman, Howel's remedy against the love of drinking effectual, it might be of service to the world to repeat it. But although its success be doubt-

* The cooks among the Janizaries, is an high rank.

ful, its oddity may entertain. “ The German mothers, to make their sons fall into hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put owls eggs into a cup of rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which twingling in the wine, while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor, and have an antipathy to wine, all their lives after.”

THE following passage is quoted from Hollingshead, ‘ As for drink, it is not usually set on the table in pots or cruses, but each one calleth for a cup of such as he listeth to have, or as necessity urgeth him, so that when he hath tasted of it, he delivereth his cup again to some one of the standers by, who making it clean, restoreth it to the cup-board from whence he fetched the same. By this occasion much idle tippling is cut off.’

It is singular that the same custom should still continue to distinguish the meals of the English from those of their neighbours, though perhaps not always with

with the effect mentioned in the last sentence.

It is true of late it has become the fashion to put wine on the table during meal time in England, but it has not long been introduced, and the custom is very far from being general.

THE elegant, polished females bred in the court of Louis XIV. were far less scrupulous in point of temperance than we should readily believe, had we not so indisputable an evidence as the Duchefs of Orleans, (Charlotte Elizabeth) in a letter dated May 21, 1716. "The Duchefs of Bourbon* (daughter of Madame de Montespan, can drink a vast deal without having her senses disordered. Her daughters wish to follow her example, but they have not heads strong enough to bear so much liquor." The Editor of

* Madame Desnoyer, in her 'Lettres Galantes,' recites many humorous stories of this lady. Her frolics seem to have been tolerated by Louis XIV. for the sake of the wit and good humor which accompanied them.

those letters remarks, that about this period, the practice of hard-drinking prevailed much among women of the best education and highest rank.

AN article chiefly dedicated to bacchanalian subjects, cannot be more properly closed than by those laws of conviviality which Lipsius has handed down to the present age,

Vinum, purum, putum, puer infundito—
 A fumno ad imum, more majorum, bibunto—
 Decem Cyathi, summa potio, sunt—
 Musis nonum—Decumum Appollini libanto—
 Dominan si quis habessit, indicium facito—
 Rixæ, clamor, contentio, ad Thracas
 Abligantor—Eorum vice, carmen
 Aliudve quid musæum, proferunto.

Fill out, my lad, pure, brilliant, generous wine,
 Like those of old, the flowing bowl we'll drain,
 Ten cups be each man's due, the muses nine
 Of these demand—Apollo then will deign
 To hail the tenth—Then let each fighting swain
 His mistress own—All noise be driven away,
 All clamor and contention hence to Thrace,
 While mirth and poetry supply their place,
 And chearful sonnets crown the pleasures of the day.

L A W S.

L A W S.

THE celebrated answer of our old barons, when it was proposed to introduce some part of the Roman laws, ‘*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare,*’ is by no means so strongly adverse to innovation, as an institution of Charondas, legislator of Thurium, a city of Magna Græcia. Whoever proposed a new law, was obliged to come into the senate house, with a rope about his neck, and remain in that situation during the debate; if the law was approved, he was set at liberty, but if it was negatived, he was immediately strangled*.

“SILENCE! keep silence in the court!” said, one day, an angry judge, “Why will you not keep silence? Here we have judged a dozen causes, this morning, and have not heard a word of one of them.”

* Diod. Sic. Hist. Lib. XII.

THERE

THERE is among the Jews, a law concerning jealousy; and the rabbis have written comments upon it, and argue the point with such nicety, that the exact number of minutes is allotted which a married lady may spend with a gentleman, before her husband has any right to suspect her. It is, those precise casuists determine, just as long as it takes to boil an egg, and to swallow it.

IT should seem that the principal advantage which we receive from the institution of juries, is the certainty that it is next to an impossibility to corrupt twelve persons, all dwelling at a distance from each other, and all set to their task of judgment, very soon after they are appointed. It is this circumstance, and not their being "Pares," or "Similar in condition to the culprit," which gives to Britons a right to glory in their constitution, as to the safety of life and property. Look to the contrast which our neighbours, the French, afford. With them the whole issue
of

of each suit rests in the judge; and while human nature is subject to frailty, that judge will be somehow accessible. Let his turn be ever so little avaricious, ambitious or amorous, the purse, the feather, or the "Pair of black eyes,"

—"Will kick up the balance of Justice."

CYMON.

AN address from a magistrate to a fair client, produced by a French writer, as a specimen of elegant wit, contains a bitter satire on the jurisprudence of his country.

*Si je ne gagne mon procès,
Vous ne gagnerez pas le votre.
Vous n'aurez pas un bon succès
Si je ne gagne mon procès.*

*Vous avez, chez moi, libre accès *;
J'en demande chez vous, un autre.
Si je ne gagne mon procès
Vous ne gagnerez pas le votre.*

* The word "accès," is a technical law term, which doubles the wit, though not the delicacy of this morceau.

If,

If, fair one, you *your* suit would gain,
My suit to *you*, I must obtain.
My favor on your cause attends:
 Favors, from *you*, will gain your ends.

Access to *me*, you freely have;
 Access to *you*, is what I crave.
 But, fair one, if your suit you'd gain,
My suit to *you* I must obtain.

L A Z Y M O N K S.

MOST prejudices are absurd, and the longer hold they have had, and the deeper root they have taken on the mind, generally the more absurd they are. Among the foremost of these, stands that which consigns to detestation, and contempt, the whole tribe of ecclesiastics from the fifth to the fifteenth age of the Christian æra, under the designation of “Lazy Monks.”

To these very persons, however, are owing every spark of learning, which the present age enjoys. For manuscripts of Grecian and Roman authors could in the ages of Gothic plunder, have found refuge
 from

from the barbarity of the times, no where, but in the libraries of those very monks, whom custom has taught us to abuse. It were indeed to be wished, that those who declaim most loudly against cloistered indolence, would give themselves the trouble to reflect in what manner these "Lazy Monks," employed their time and revenues.

That they were the patrons of agriculture, none can deny: the extensive marshes, the barren heaths, which under their direction, and at their cost, were rescued from sterility, indisputably prove the claim of those indolent priests to that honor. And let any one who hesitates to allow them taste, nay splendor, in the line of architecture, compare the places of divine worship lately raised for the convenience of the titled inhabitants of Grosvenor Square, Portland Place, &c. with the meanest of that infinity of abbeys, cathedrals and churches, which have owed their existence to the science, the zeal, and the purse of these "lazy monks."

BUT

BUT when these wretched drones (as we are used to call them,) were not employed, in overseeing buildings, which could not have been planned without their art *, nor executed without their money, or in rendering fruitful desarts, which, but for their skill and labor, would have at this æra disgusted the eye, where it now meets flourishing meadows †, how at such seasons of leisure, did they spend their hours? The answer is simple, and highly to their credit; they busied themselves in forming materials of the most important kind, for the history of their country. Materials without which the story of Britain would have been wrapt up in the darkest mists. For had not these lazy monks composed chronicles of their own days, the deeds of our ancestors must have been almost universally buried in utter oblivion; nor would the accuracy of Rapin, the penetration of Hume, or the genius of Lyt-

* See the account of the repairing, burning, and rebuilding the cathedral of Canterbury.

† Glastonbury meads, &c. Crowland, Hales-Owen, &c.

telton, have availed them in composing the memoirs of past time, had they not had the inexhaustible reservoir of monkish records, to supply them with authentic information, instead of the vague and uncertain reports of tradition, which otherwise would have been their only resource.

But we are not to suppose that agriculture and architecture, were the only arts which took up their residence in convents. Poetry, physic, and painting owned no other home. That they throve not in these nurseries is too well known to be denied, yet, most assuredly, the protection which they there received, kept them from utter extirpation, and preserved them in such a state as enabled them to throw out vigorous roots and branches when transplanted, in the sixteenth century, into a more favorable soil.

L I B E R T Y.

ODD as the assertion may appear, yet it may be reasonably said, that by observing the manner in which the high roads of a country are laid out, a strong presumption, at least, may be formed with respect to the nature of that country's government. In Denmark, where despotism is prevalent, we are told of high roads through the state, formed for the King's use, to the exclusion of every subject. In France, where policy goes hand in hand with arbitrary power, the highways are well contrived for the purposes of commercial vehicles, but the foot passengers are utterly neglected; and in the streets of Paris, they are left as beings not worth a thought, to be terrified and crushed by every hurrying 'fiacre' or 'diable.' It is in Britain alone, with conscious pride we say it, that the convenience and safety of the lowest order of foot travellers, are as much

con-

consulted, as the profit of the trader, the pleasures of the man of fashion, or the dignity of the Sovereign.

FREEDOM, in Britain, can never be eradicated by the open efforts of any external foe, or internal tyrant. She may be forced from her seat, perhaps, for a little while, but her natural elastic spirit will always insure her return to her antient residence. There may be found, however, a way to dethrone this beloved sovereign; she may be ruined by pretended admirers, who by artful contrivances may, by degrees, render her odious to the people; and when once she is no longer considered as their friend and protector, they will part with her without reluctance.

This maxim points most particularly at the liberty of the press; a privilege which must ever flourish among Britons, while used with even tolerable discretion. But should the peace of private families be perpetually violated, should harmless characters be dragged from their retirements,

and exposed, for party purposes, to obloquy or ridicule, so general and well grounded a resentment might arise, that the people might be deprived of a most inestimable blessing, by their own actual suffrage. This idea would not appear by any means chimerical, were it but remembered what was universally believed, at the time when the act for licensing theatrical performances was passed, viz. That the farce, called "The Golden Rump," the representation of which, brought forward the law in question, was actually the work of a person, who was induced by those in power to write somewhat which might give a plausible pretence for fixing irrevocable fetters on the dramatic branch of liberty *.

By the same chain of reasoning, we may plainly infer, that the licentious are the greatest and most dangerous enemies

* It will appear not a little extraordinary, that the Emperor Claudius, one of the greatest tyrants that ever disgraced the human species, enacted, or proposed to enact, the most remarkable law in favor of liberty, that ever came into the mind of man. This will, however, appear to any one who will examine his life in Suetonius.

to liberty, in every one of its branches. The quiet man, who finds himself not safe in his own house from the insults of a disorderly populace, will be apt to cast an eye of desire towards the ignominious security, of those who live under the noxious shade of despotism. Huzza! Liberty, liberty, for ever, Huzza! Put out your lights! Put out your lights! exclaim a mob, met to testify their approbation of a man, who has, perhaps, insulted the religion, laws, and government of his country. These advocates for liberty, think it right to force a poor tradesman to burn half a dozen pound of candles which he can ill afford to purchase; now should he neither have them in the house, nor be able to procure credit for them, why then, out of their regard for the liberty of the subject, they instantly break him five guineas worth of windows, and in consequence of their own attachment to dear liberty, possibly find him lodgings in a jail. G.

M E D I C I N E.

THERE was a time when physicians were bound to a strict attention towards the welfare of their patients, by somewhat besides the consideration of their own credit and future profit, for we find, that at Dijon, in 1386, a physician was fined by the bailiff, fifty golden franks (besides being imprisoned) for not having completed the cures of some persons, whose recovery he had undertaken *. And, the beautiful Austrigilda, consort to Gontran, King of Burgundy, had, in the sixth century, been permitted by her husband, in compliance with her dying request, to have her two physicians slain, and buried with her. But whether from attachment to them, or by way of punishment for their ill success in her case, is not said by M. de St. Foix, who records the fact.

THE common jocular advice given to persons who are sick from the effects of

* Dacatiana.

intoxication,

intoxication, the night before, is “to take
 “a hair of the same dog that bit them
 “last night,” i. e. to set to drinking again.
 This saying seems to be derived from a ridiculous mode of cure, prescribed to persons bitten by a mad dog, in a French treatise, entitled “*La Medecine aisée*,” written by “*M. Le Clerc, Conseiller-médecin du Roy*,” published at Paris, 1719. In page 103, we read “*Pour la cure de la playe, mettez dessus du poil du chien qui a mordu. C’est le remede de Paré.*”

THE art of examining and curing wounds, was by writers of romance, allotted to princesses, and damsels of high birth. In later days, Buchanan writes, that the Scots nobility were remarkably dexterous in the surgical art; and he says of James IV. of Scotland, “*Quod vulnera sciētiſſimé tractaret* *.

“ARE you out of sorts,” says the facetious Montaigne, “that your physician has
 “denied you the enjoyment of wine, and

“That he was very skilful in the management of
 “wounds.”

“ of your favorite dishes? Be not uneasy ;
“ apply to me, and I engage to find you
“ one of equal credit, who shall put you
“ under a regimen perfectly opposite to
“ that settled by your own adviser.” “ So
“ very fantastical is the practice of physic,”
adds our humorist, “ that I have seen a man
“ starve himself until he actually fainted,
“ from mere inanition, to get rid of a dis-
“ order, and afterwards be bitterly ridiculed,
“ by a different physician from his own, for
“ having, by his painful abstinence, actually
“ increased the disorder he had hoped to
“ cure, at the cost of such severe self-
“ denial.”

IN 1393, physicians were so low in esteem at the French court, that they were actually superceded in their attendance on the unfortunate Charles VI. of France, by a professed Necromancer. Mad. de Luffan tells us, and the story, strange as it is, is confirmed by good authorities, that the unhappy prince's health was entrusted to the care of one Arnaud Guillen, who undertook to restore him to his senses, by dint of
200 magic.

magic. This wizard, vaunted the possession of a book entitled "Smagorod," which, he said, the Almighty had given to Adam, to console him for the death of Abel, whose fate that unhappy parent had unceasingly lamented during one hundred years. He failed, however, as every physician had failed before him. "He had found a charm," he said, "which oppressed the royal understanding; but it was too powerful for his spells to remove." He was driven from the court with disgrace, but his doctrine, as to the cause of the King's malady, gained ground among the people.

TOWARDS the close of the fifteenth century, Lorenzo de Medicis, of Florence, died of a disease, which it is said might have been cured, had not Leoni, a celebrated physician of Spoleto, left too much to nature, and avoided to use any medicine whatever. Lazaro, an inhabitant of Pavia, equally celebrated for medical skill with Leoni, having made this error publicly known, raised the resentment of the deceased prince's friends to

to so high a pitch, that it proved fatal to the mistaken physician. For Pietro, son to Lorenzo, a youth who, though aged only seventeen years, was able to foil the most expert wrestler, happening to meet the unfortunate Leoni near the brink of a deep well, grasped him with such adroitness and force, that he sent him headlong into the water, where, being old and feeble, he was suffocated, although he received speedy assistance.

MARVILLE remarks, that no persons are so apt as physicians, to quit their profession, and follow different walks of literature, and confirms his observation by producing a very long catalogue of men, of various nations, who have resigned the study of medicine, for that of geometry, of medals, of poetry, &c. &c. &c. He reasons upon the point, and accounts for it ingeniously enough, from the vast extent of reading, through which physicians must of necessity pass, and which is likely to set before them objects, much more pleasing than those of which they are in search.

JACQUES

JACQUES COETIER, a physician, was the only person who could keep in awe the turbulent, uneven, spirit of Louis IX. of France. He governed him by making a proper use of that dread of death, to which he knew the King was subject to a degree so ridiculous, that he once actually stopped a priest, who after having prayed for the health of his body, was beginning to implore heaven for his *future* welfare. "Hold! Hold!" cried he, "you have gone far enough for once. Never be tiresome in your address to God Almighty. Stop now, and pray for my *soul, another time.*" Coetier, thoroughly acquainted with this infirmity, used to say to him, "One of these days, you will send *me* packing, I suppose, as I have seen you act by your other servants; but, mark my words, if you *do*, by —, you will not live eight days after it." By repeating this menace, he not only kept himself in his station, but persuaded the pusillanimous King to appease him with great and valuable presents.

On

On his part, he certainly paid great attention to the condition of his royal master's mind, which was frequently almost in a state of phrensy. To amuse him during his long indispositions, he contrived to have rural dances performed under his chamber-window ; and to make up for the King's inability to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, the ingenious physician collected cats and huge rats, and diverted his dying patient, by letting him see combats between these discordant animals.

IN the sixteenth century, the Jews were looked upon to be more expert in the art of medicine than any other persons. Francis I. of France, being exceedingly ill, and finding no relief from his own physicians, sent to his old rival and enemy, Charles V. for one, of the Hebrew race. The Emperor sent him one who had been converted. This did not satisfy the French monarch ; he applied to the court of Constantinople, for an obstinate, unbaptized Israelite. One such,

such, accordingly attended on him, and by the help of asses milk, effected his cure.

It is asserted in a French book entitled, “*Le nouveau Cours de Chimie*,” that the discovery of the powers resident in antimony, was owing to the celebrated Basilus Valentinus, who finding that it had the property of fattening pigs, tried it, (heaven knows with what connection of ideas) on a convent of monks. Unluckily, instead of improving the condition of these holy men, it killed them by dozens, whence it obtained the name of “*Anti-moine*.” Paracelsus attempted to bring it, notwithstanding this misadventure, into credit, but he, too, failed, and it was not, until very late times, that the virtues of that very useful medicine were universally allowed.

FEW medical people have acted so fairly by their patients, as “*Dr. Anthony Storck*, “*aulic counsellor and chief physician to the Empress Queen*,” who, before he recommended the use of the Meadow-saffron root,

root, (a known poison) to those afflicted with the dropfy, and other diseases, tried it upon himself in a crude state, until he was brought to the door of death; he then having with difficulty, recovered, and having found a method of checking the poisonous qualities of the root, by infusing it in vinegar, made another experiment on himself, and finding no evil consequences, administered the decoction with success to others*.

LA MOTHE LE VAYER, observing that Pherecides, (preceptor to Pythagoras) Anaximander, and Abaris, foretold earthquakes, asks this humorous question, “ If we consider the earth as a huge animal, had not these the art of feeling its pulse, and thereby of foreseeing the convulsions it would be troubled with?”

THE celebrated Florentine physician, Andrea Baccio, who has been styled the

* Gentleman's Magazine. 1764.

Italian Radcliffe, for his astonishing penetration as to diseases, resembled that singular man, also, in the blunt method of delivering his sentiments. He was one day called to attend on a woman of quality. He went, felt her pulse, and asked her "how old she was?" She told him, "above fourscore." "And how long *would* you live?" said the cross physician, quitting her hand, and making the best of his way out of her house.

"YOUR unchristian virulence against me," said a Huguenot who had been persecuted for preaching, "shall cost hundreds of people their lives." This menace brought the author into trouble; he was cited to a court of Justice, and was charged with harboring the most bloody designs against his fellow subjects. "I am innocent," said he, "of all you lay to my account. My only meaning was, that I meant (since I could not act as a minister) to practise as a physician."

THAT

THAT pleasant philosopher, Montaigne, must be once more introduced, under this head, for the sake of the whimsical consolation which he kindly offers to those afflicted with gout, gravel, rheumatism, &c. "These," he says, "are symptoms of a long life, just as heat, cold, rain and hail are the attendants on every long journey."

ALTHOUGH our modern quacks take a very large range, as to the disorders which they assert their power of curing, there are yet, in the Editor's possession, advertisements, (for which, he is indebted to the original edition of the Spectator, which was first printed as a newspaper) that lay claim to the extirpation of three complaints which now bid defiance to "tinctures," "confects," and "electuaries."

"AN incomparable pleasant tincture, to restore the sense of smelling, though lost for many years, a few drops of which being snuffed up the nose, infallibly cures those

“ able to utter a sentence without hesita-
 “ tion. Its stupendous effects, in so
 “ quickly and infallibly curing stuttering,
 “ stammering, and all disorders of the
 “ voice, and difficulty in delivery of the
 “ speech, are really wonderful. Price 2s.
 “ 6d. a pot, with directions. Sold only at
 “ Mr. Osborn’s toyshop, at the Rose and
 “ Crown, under St. Dunstan’s Church,
 “ Fleet-street.”

“ Loss of memory, or forgetfulness,
 “ certainly cured, by a grateful electuary,
 “ peculiarly adapted for that end: it strikes
 “ at the prime cause, which few apprehend,
 “ of forgetfulness, makes the head clear
 “ and easy, the spirits free, active, and
 “ undisturbed, corroborates and revives all
 “ the noble faculties of the soul, such as
 “ thought, judgment, apprehension, reason
 “ and memory, which last in particular it
 “ so strengthens, as to render that faculty
 “ exceeding quick, and good beyond ima-
 “ gination; thereby enabling those whose
 “ memory was before almost totally lost,
 “ to

“ to remember the minutest circumstance
 “ of their affairs, &c. to a wonder! Price
 “ 2s. 6d. a pot. Sold only at Mr. Payne’s
 “ at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul’s
 “ Church-yard, with directions.”

To the preceding advertisements, the
 Editor begs leave to add another, from
 the same respectable paper, which prescribes
 for a complaint, more certain and more pa-
 latable remedies for the which, may be
 found at the hospitable table of the country
 squire, the companies feasts of the citizen,
 or at the equally sociable and charitable
 parties in favor of hospitals, &c. at the
 London Tavern.

“ An assured cure for *leanness*, which
 “ proceeds from a cause which few know,
 “ but easily removed by an unparalleled
 “ specifick tincture, which fortifies the
 “ stomach, purifies the blood, takes off
 “ fretfulness in the mind, occasions rest,
 “ and easy sleep, and as certainly disposes
 “ and causes the body to thrive and be-

“ come plump and fleshy, if no manifest
 “ distemper afflicts the patients, as water
 “ will quench fire. It is also the best re-
 “ medy in nature for all chronic diseases,
 “ that take their rise from a bad digestion
 “ in the stomach, which this specific
 “ tincture infallibly rectifies, and thereby
 “ cures. It is pleasant to taste, and is sold
 “ only at Mr. Payne’s toyshop (as before)
 “ Price 3s. 6d. a bottle with directions.”

IN a pamphlet published by Sir Stephen
 Theodore Jansen, Bart. in 1767, the
 respectable author affirms, that a morbid
 substance, “ which had lodged *seven*
 “ or *eight* years, in a building at South-
 “ ampton, infected some hundreds of
 “ persons, one half of whom miserably
 “ perished.”

THE following story, which is really
 authentic, and was delivered to the Editor,
 immediately from the *inferior* of the parties
 concerned, is at least interesting, as it ex-
 hibits

hibits an exalted character in a much more familiar and pleasing light, than that in which it has been generally seen.

About five-and-thirty years since, a very worthy man, and one whose word may be relied on, went to St. James's Palace to visit one of the pages, whose apartment was two pair of stairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and stepping back unadvisedly, (on his friend's shutting the door after him) he half slipped, and half tumbled, down a whole flight of steps, and probably, with his head burst open a closet-door. We say *probably*, because the unlucky visitor was too completely stunned with the fall, to know what had happened. Certain it is, that he found himself on his recovery, sitting on the floor of a small room, and most kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully washing his head with a towel, and fitting, with infinite exactness, pieces of sticking plaster to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt visitor's un-wigged pate. For some time his sur-

prise kept him silent, but finding that the kind physician had completed his task, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his battered head, he rose from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profusion of thanks for the succour he had received, and enquiries into the manner of his mishap. These were however instantly checked, by an intelligent frown, and by a significant wave of the hand towards the door of the closet. The patient understood the hint, and retired, taking more care of his steps downwards for the remainder of the staircase, and wondering how so much humanity, and so much unsociableness, could dwell in the same breast. His wonder (which like all other wonder, was connected with folly,) ceased, when he found, on describing to a friend the situation of the closet, that he had owed the kind assistance he had received, to the first man in the kingdom, who, after having exercised the humanity of the *fellow creature*, found too much of the *monarch* about him to support a familiar

con-

conversation with the person he had relieved.

N A M E S.

SCALIGER had a most ridiculous aversion to the name of Harlai, and thus he expresses himself in a Latino-gallic jargon *. “ Omnes Harlæi sunt bizarres, “ sunt quinque familiæ, & omnes avari.” He proceeds to specify instances of their avarice, and closes his sarcasms with the character of † “ Dominus de Saint Aubin, “ qui est unus ex Harlæis, Gubernator de “ Saint Maixent, semper vivit in hospitio, “ ne cogatur amicos excipere. Plus con- “ fumo in uno anno quam ille.” M. de Monglas, one of the Harlai family, who had a particular esteem for Scaliger, hap-

* “ All the Harleis are queer; there are five different “ families of them, and all of them miserly.”

† “ The Sieur de St. Aubin, who is one of the Harlais, “ and governor of St. Maixent, always lives at an inn, that “ he may have an excuse for not entertaining his visitors. “ Even I spend more in a year than he does.”

pening to light one day on this ill-tempered, weak paragraph, very naturally flung the book into the fire, and discarded its writer from his friendship.

IT was customary among the antients to write names, whether of the Gods, or of their friends, in a circle, that none might take offence at seeing another's name preferred to his own. The cordeliers have formerly been known to have paid the same attention to delicacy, and when a Pope has demanded the names of some priests of their order, that one might be raised to the purple, they have sent those names written circularly, that they might not seem to recommend one, more than another. The race of sailors are the only people who preserve this very antient custom in its purity, for when any remonstrance is on foot among them, they sign it in a circle, and call it a *Round Robin*.

TOWARD the middle of the fifteenth century, it was the fancy of the wits and
learned

learned men of the age, particularly in Italy, to change their baptismal names for classical ones. As Sannazarius, for instance, who altered his own plain name "Jacopo," to "Actius Syncerus." Numbers did the same, and among the rest, Platina the historian, at Rome, who, not without a solemn ceremonial, took the name of "Callimachus," instead of "Philip." Pope Paul the Second, who reigned about that time, unluckily chanced to be suspicious, illiterate, and heavy of comprehension. He had no idea that persons could wish to alter their names, unless they had some bad design, and actually scrupled not to employ imprisonment, and other violent methods to discover the fancied mystery. Platina was most cruelly tortured on this frivolous account; he had nothing to confess, so the Pope, after endeavoring in vain, to convict him of heresy, sedition, &c. released him, after a long imprisonment.

THE origin of names, is a subject which seems to have been, hitherto, rather superficially treated; and there is not wanting reason to believe, that from the surname may be drawn very probable conclusions respecting not only the trade or profession of the family's founders, but also their bodily peculiarities, qualities, accomplishments, or defects, and the degree of respectability in which they were held; remarkable accidents which have happened to particular persons, are also frequently recorded in their surnames. Those resulting from personal description, are probably, much older than those from trades or professions, these not having been regularly exercised by particular persons, until nations were considerably advanced in civilization; for before that period, every man was his own smith, carpenter, mason, &c. and every man made his own clothes and shoes. But from the earliest times, it was necessary to distinguish one man from another, which could only be done by pointing out personal qualities, or places
of

of residence. For *John, the son of John, or William*, would suit more than one; but John Crookshanks, the son of John, could only suit a bandy-legged man; and thus Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Golightly, Mr. Swift, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Jumper, drew their names from the bodily agility of the first bearers; and Mr. Heavysides, Messieurs Saunter, Onslow, and Waddle, from the contrary quality. The Pains, Akinheads, Akinfides, Anguishes, and Hedacres, owed their appellations to the dolorous sensations of their ancestors; while the Wilds, the Sangwines, the Joys, the Merrys, and the Bucks, announce their descent from a set of happy, thoughtless sinners of the earliest ages.

Several respectable families seem to have originated with foundlings, and their names may possibly point out the places where they were exposed. Among these are Townsend, Lane, Street, Church-yard, Court, Stair, Barn, Stables, Grange, Orchard, &c. We must not, for fear of an action, trace back the ancestry of Mr. High-

Highwayman, but that of Mr. Gentleman, would probably do him credit.

Bastards have not only their birth indicated by their surnames, but also the degree, rank, or station of their parents, thus, Misson, Goodyson, Mollyson, Anson, Jennison, Bettison, and Nelson, were called after their mothers names, those of their fathers being unknown. But Misson, and Goodison were visibly the produce of the faux-pas of Miss, and of Goody; whereas, Jenni-son, Nel-son, Bet-son, &c. were the slips of dairy and milkmaids, or other girls in low stations. The like distinction may be traced in illegitimates, whose *fathers* were known. Master-son and Steward-son, shew the children of the master and steward, while Jackson, Thomson and Wilson, were the misbegotten offspring of hinds, servants and laborers.

Surnames sometimes help us to guess at the place where the heads of particular families were born. Probably the name of Perry, was given to some pleasant, brisk Worcestershire lad, and that of Perkin,

kin, to one of a like description, born in one of the cyder counties, of a weaker frame of body.

It seems difficult to account for some extraordinary names: many of them are probably corrupted from foreign ones. Such as Mr. Bomgarten, Mr. Higgenbottom, and divers others. The first is the German name for a tree-garden, i. e. an orchard, and the latter signifying in the same tongue (Icken-baum), an oak-tree.

In process of time, when men began to attach themselves to particular callings, professions, and trades, they likewise began from them to apply the surnames of Smith, Butcher, Baker, &c. &c. in the manner still practised in large public-houses, where we may daily hear persons called by the additions of their offices, as John-Ostler! Betty-Chambermaid! Jenny-Cook! Will-Drawer! and Sam-Boots! G.

NATIONAL REFLECTIONS.

GENERAL, or national reflections, are the peculiar province of the vulgar, and with *them* they are characteristic; when, however, they are thrown out by men of any pretensions to literature, they confer indelible disgrace on the work which contains them; Guy Patin, is an example to this purpose. He acquired in his time, by dint of audacity, and particularly by forcing his correspondence on men of eminence in literature*, a kind of character in science, of which an accurate perusal of his works, will, in the eyes of discerning readers, utterly deprive him.

This man honored England with his enmity, and an enmity so savage, so brutal, that it can only be paralleled by the effusions of Hyder Ally's Jemmatdhars†. “Moy qui

* Ducatiana, p. 52.

† History of the War in Asia.

“ hay naturellement les Anglois, je ne
 “ pense qu’avec horreur de cette nation *.”

“ Hoc mihi sunt, inter homines, Angli,
 “ quod sunt inter brutas animantes, lupi †.”

These were the sentiments which G. Patin blushed not to avow. The extent of this man’s *knowledge in history*, may be judged from his affirming that, “ Lord Darnley
 “ was murdered by the Puritans ;” of his *judgement*, by the pains which he takes to prove that “ Mahomet was never a
 “ cardinal at Rome,” and that there are no “ Silver grapes in Hungary.” Vide Patiniana, passim.

His consistency appears, from his positively declaring his disbelief of spectres, and from his telling, in the very same page, the silly story of Bodin’s familiar spirit, in such a manner as would make any of his readers suppose that he gave implicit credit to it. Ibidem.

* As for me, (who naturally hate the English) I cannot think of that nation without horror.

† To me, the English are, among *men*, what wolves are among beasts.

THOSE

THOSE who form their ideas concerning the character of a nation, from the farcatical strictures of their neighbors, will often find themselves greatly mistaken. Such portraits will be much too highly colored to have any general resemblance, although some particular features may afford a likeness. Besides, there is now and then, in a nation, a haughty affectation of some peculiarity, though of no pleasant kind. In the "Life of Duncan Forbes," we are told of a hearty tub of punch, made in such haste, that the barrel not having been cleaned, the scales of the pickled salmon were seen swimming on the surface. This appears to have been a mere affectation of slovenliness, as does also the want of a proper floor, or at least, of a carpet by the side of that bed, which Dr. Johnson's Tour has immortalized.

We are, in the like manner, to guard ourselves against the common error, of granting to our neighbor islanders a monopoly of bulls. The simplicity of the Irish servant, who got rid of a light guinea,

by giving it to a toll-man, between two halfpence, is fully equalled by an English cook, who valued herself much to her lady, at having put off a neck of venison (which had been sent from table to be more roasted another day) to a visitor's servants for mutton. Nor did ever Irishman utter a better bull, than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my soul, I do not yet know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

OUR lively neighbors of France, seem to have preserved some striking features in their character through successive ages. Anna Comnena, the ingenious historian of her father's reign, describes the French knights and warriors, who visited Constantinople, in their way to the Holy Land, as mingling gaiety with warfare, and actually brings to our mind, the *petit-maitres* of the present age, when she describes, with her eloquent pen, her im-

Q. perial

perial father, laboring under the tortures of the gout, and yet obliged to answer the innumerable enquiries, made by his Gallic visitants. Anna Comnena, too, bears witness to the savage fidelity of the John Bulls of her time. She tells us that Alexius Comnenus, her father, meaning to depose Nicephorus Botoniates, the Emperor of Constantinople, sent Cæsar Ducas, in the habit of a monk, to spy how the city was defended. He brought word back, that “ they * must take heed not to assault one particular part, which was guarded by the “ Barangi, †” and that to attempt them by bribery were impracticable. “ For,” says he, “ these battle-ax men, “ adhering firmly to the traditions of their “ own country, think faith to their leaders, “ to be their portion of inheritance.” These Barangi, who were undoubtedly Englishmen, are supposed, by some writers, to

* Μὴτὲ τοῖς Βαράγγοις ἐμβαλεῖν.

† Barangi, i. e. English. See Nicetas Choniates & Fobrati Glossarium, ad Verb. Ἰνγκλινοὶ Βαράγγοι. See also Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

have fled their country, when they found the Normans prevail, and to have wandered as far as Constantinople, in search of a prince, to whom they might, with honor, transfer their allegiance.

THOSE rays which have lately illuminated almost every region of despotism, and which seem to have particularly enlightened almost every nation of late, have so far melted down the prejudices which opposed any amity between Britain and France, that the French now, do ample justice to the British constitution and manners, and appear, virtually, to have abandoned the charge of ferocity and sanguinary violence, which has been brought against our islanders, as strong features in their national character, by Voltaire, and others of their historians. It is in compliment to this growing candor, that the Editor lays aside a plan he had formed, of proving, from the evidence of French writers alone, of Montaigne, L'Estoille, Brantome, D'Aubigny, &c. &c. &c. that the civil wars of

France brought forward in many *single years*, (and some so late as 1621,*) more cruelties, massacres, and execrable violences, than the *whole duration* of the civil wars, between the White and the Red Rose, and between King Charles I. and the Parliament of England. He will only intimate the detestable treatment to which the most amiable part of the creation were perpetually exposed, a horror unknown to English annals. He will barely hint at the letter from the "Baron D'Affier," to the Duc de Montpensier †, and he will only refer the inquisitive reader to Brantome's life of the last mentioned general ‡, for a tale, which is related by that old courtier, as a good joke, and which he declares he heard the D. de Guise, repeat with loud applause, before his own spouse and a brilliant party of women of quality.

* See account of the taking Negrepelisse, in the Mem. de Bassompierre, confirmed, and enlarged on by Dr. Heylyn, in his "Two Journies," p. 236, 237.

† Hist. de L'Ordre de St. Esprit. Tom. I. p. 167.

‡ Brantome. Tom. 8. p. 314, 315. Also the article Babelot in the Gen. Dict.

NATURAL ENEMIES.

ALTHOUGH war is apparently an idea inimical to the precepts of the Christian religion, yet some there are who imagine that it is not only permitted, but even ordained in the general plan of great arrangements for mortals, either as a scourge for the sins of mankind, or as a means of preventing that immense increase of human beings, which otherwise might occasion famine and pestilence, evils more intolerable even than war.

But we ought not, presumptuously, from this cause, to deduce the enmity, which has existed for so many ages between Great-Britain and France. An enmity scarcely lessened even by that general light of toleration which has illuminated mankind within the last century.

Far from being intended by nature for foes, one would rather imagine that the two countries were meant to be in perpetual

tual alliance. Each possesses the very commodities of which the other is destitute. The coal, the beer, the wool of Britain, are as much wanted in France, as the wine, the oil, and the fine linen of the French are wished for in England. We allow too, to each other reciprocally, the most respectable and engaging qualities. We deny not to our Gallic neighbours, gallantry in battle, military science, politeness of behaviour; and, above all, we unanimously allow them pre-eminence in every elegant accomplishment. On their parts, they grant to us sincerity, bravery, and a generous philosophy, which, in all their dramas, where a Briton is introduced, forms the striking feature of his character. Are two nations thus circumstanced with respect to each other, formed to be, “Natural Enemies?” Shame on the expression! It is absurd, unnatural, and little less than blasphemous, as it conveys an idea precisely contradictory to that benevolence in the Supreme Being, which we are bound,

as Christians, to look upon as one of his essential attributes.

Œ C O N O M Y.

THE following letter contains an instance of the most excellent domestic management, which imagination can conceive. It may be depended on, for, facetious as the writer is known to be, he never indulges his humor at the expence of his veracity ; and he avers every circumstance there related to be literally true.

“ You ask me what I have seen, in my
 “ ramble, worth relating. You are no
 “ antiquarian, I will not therefore tease
 “ you with ruined abbeys, Gothic castles,
 “ Roman and Danish camps, or Druidi-
 “ cal circles, but confine my narrative to
 “ a human curiosity. This is a Mr.
 “ Osbaldeston, an attorney’s clerk, and,
 “ spite of the popular prejudices against
 “ his profession, said to be an honest man.
 “ This you will allow to be a curiosity,

Q 4

“ but

“ but that is not all. This honest limb
“ of the law is married, and has, at least,
“ half a dozen children, all whom, with
“ as many couple of hounds, and a brace
“ of hunters, he maintains out of, how
“ much do you think? Guess a little, I
“ pray you. Why then, to support him-
“ self, a wife, six children, twelve dogs,
“ and two horses, he has not a penny
“ more than *sixty pounds per annum!*
“ And, if possible to increase the miracle,
“ he did this in London for many years,
“ paying every body their own, and
“ keeping a tight coat for Sundays and
“ Holidays. But I will try to explain
“ this seeming paradox. After the ex-
“ piration of the time which Mr. Osbal-
“ deston owed his master, he acted as an
“ accountant for the butchers in Clare-
“ market, who paid him in offal; the
“ choicest morsels of this, he selected for
“ himself and family, and with the rest he
“ fed his hounds, which he kept in his
“ garret. His horses were lodged in his
“ cellar, and fed on grains from a neigh-
“ bouring

“ bournig brewhoufe, and on damaged
 “ corn, with which he was fupplied by a
 “ corn-chandler, whose books he kept in
 “ order. Once or twice a week, in the
 “ feafon, he hunted, and by giving a hare,
 “ now and then, to the farmers, over
 “ whose grounds he fported, fecured their
 “ good-will, and permiffion. Befides
 “ which, feveral gentlemen, ftruck with
 “ his extraordinary œconomy, winked at
 “ his going over their manors with his
 “ moderate pack,

“ Accident has, fince, removed this un-
 “ common man to Lewes, in Suffex, where
 “ on the fame ftipend, he continues to
 “ maintain the fame family. Curiofity
 “ led me to vifit this extraordinary party,
 “ about their dinner time. The two-
 “ legged part of it were clean, though
 “ not fuperfluoufly clothed, and feemed to
 “ live like brothers with the furrounding
 “ animals. It looked, in fhort, fomewhat
 “ like the golden age. Mr. O. himfelf
 “ feemed and acted like the father of the
 “ quadrupeds, as well as the bipeds, and

“ as

“ as such, decided with the utmost impar-
 “ tiality, for Master Jacky having taken
 “ a bone from Jowler, he commanded
 “ instant restitution. And, on the other
 “ hand, Doxy having snatched a piece
 “ of liver from Miss Dorothea, was oblig-
 “ ed, on the spot, to restore it to the young
 “ lady.

“ On enquiry, I found that Mr. O.
 “ was the younger son of a gentleman
 “ of good family, but small fortune, in
 “ the north of England, and that having
 “ imprudently married one of his father’s
 “ servants, he was turned out of doors,
 “ with no other fortune than a southern
 “ hound, big with pup, whose offspring
 “ have since been a source of profit and
 “ amusement to him.” F. G.

The writer of the above letter has in-
 formed the Editor, that this very extraor-
 dinary character has lately resided, with
 the same family, at Croydon, in Surrey.

The Editor cannot help wishing that
 Mr. Osbaldeston had fallen in with the
 dispenser of the hand-bill which follows
 this

this paragraph, and which was actually put into the hand of a friend of his, as he was passing the Strand, in March, 1788. The industrious Taylor would certainly have been employed by that incomparable, and *really* respectable œconomist, to regulate the wardrobe of the family.

The Dispensary for disordered Apparel,

“ Either by wear, tear, burn, misfitting, or any
 “ other complaint whatever, the latter being a com-
 “ plaint incident to liveries, frequently occasioned by
 “ the removal of servants, even should they be want-
 “ ing in length and breadth, shall be speedily cured
 “ without blemish, &c. &c.

“ And after the curious manufacturer, by care,
 “ skill and labour, has highly finished off beautiful
 “ and costly ornamental covering for the human
 “ body, it shall not be degraded by being put toge-
 “ ther in a slamakin and bungling manner, but shaped
 “ genteel, free, and easy, and put together with
 “ strength and beauty, so that it shall both do justice
 “ to the manufacturer, and honor to the wearer, having
 “ instruments for that purpose, which are of them-
 “ selves infallible, if not misguided by something
 “ which is mortal, of which all possible care will be
 “ taken to prevent: but to avoid too much quackery
 “ puffing,

“ puffing, will come to ocular demonstration, by
 “ producing some of their performance; viz. a to-
 “ lerable decent suit on his back, made out of two
 “ very ragged old coats, bought in Rosemary-lane for
 “ eighteen-pence, and a coat that will admit of four
 “ different changes of fashions, made out of a much
 “ smaller sized ragged old coat and breeches, bought
 “ at the same place for two shillings; breeches neatly
 “ fitted in the common way without leg-seams, ditto
 “ to wear either side outward, as two pair, either
 “ leather and cloth, or what any Gentleman may
 “ chuse, that can be put on and off without disturb-
 “ ing boots or shoes, even should they be dirty;
 “ and ditto with more conveniences than either, with-
 “ out any seam at all.

“ Ladies riding habits made in the genteelest taste,
 “ and those Ladies who make use of drawers may
 “ have them made on the new-invented breeches plan,
 “ without a seam at all, like a napkin, and with such
 “ conveniences never seen before: Young Gentlemen’s
 “ first clothes made on a useful and diverting hu-
 “ morous plan, never done by any but himself. This
 “ operator will undertake to make a decent coat in
 “ the present taste, which shall be both for service
 “ and beauty, nearly equal to any new coat, out of
 “ (almost) the worst coat that was ever thrown off a
 “ tradesman’s back; many more singular operations
 “ upon coats, can be authenticated by Mr. Babar, at
 “ his hat manufactory, Charing-cross; Mr. Price,
 “ clock and watch-maker and mender, No. 26, St.
 “ Martin’s-lane; Mr. Burford, tobacconist, Little St.
 “ Andrew-

“ Andrew-street, Seven-Dials; Mr. Hutchinson,
 “ linen-draper, No. 1, Berkley-square; Mr. Vose,
 “ peruke-maker, in Bedford-street, Bedford-row; Mr.
 “ Isherwood, at the Fountain, Peerless Pool, in the
 “ City-road; and Mr. Mardle, copper-smith, in
 “ Houndsditch: The above performances are at present
 “ carried on in a three pair of stairs chambers,

“ No. 127, near Exeter-Change, in the Strand,
 “ Number on the door, which is always open in the
 “ day-time, but the business has been much retarded,
 “ for the want of some necessary instruments to carry
 “ it on, notwithstanding neither idleness nor extra-
 “ vagance have had any share in the cause of that
 “ complaint, there not being ten shillings worth of
 “ animal food or liquors of any kind, except mint-
 “ tea, been expended amongst six persons for these
 “ ten months past, four of that number being girls,
 “ and all incapable of earning one penny, the two
 “ eldest by misfortune, and the other two by their
 “ youth. Under this load, together with the narrow-
 “ ness of the present circumstances, it is found to be
 “ too hard a task to rise up in the world; he therefore
 “ flatters himself that by making this his real case
 “ known to the public, that they will, out of huma-
 “ nity, assist his endeavours to support his family, in
 “ a more Christian-like manner than at present, being
 “ more like swine or other beasts, not having six-
 “ pennyworth of linen amongst six persons, and all
 “ other necessaries wanting in like manner; the task
 “ is great! but yet not so great but what numbers
 “ may

“ may conquer, therefore will rest upon faith to be-
 “ lieve that the number of well disposed people these
 “ may fall into the hands of, will never let it be
 “ said that such a tradesman was found starved to
 “ death amongst the rags, (where at present he now
 “ lies,) under the shop-board, whose highest am-
 “ bition is only to live and die on the top of it, and
 “ to be enabled to join temperance with prudence, to
 “ act in conjunction with fortitude and justice, through
 “ the small remaining passage of this life.

“ September 29th, 1786.—Being entered into the
 “ third year of the above mentioned apartments, and
 “ this being the first application, will give a full and
 “ true account of the benefits and progress arising
 “ from these bills, in my next, &c. &c.

“ Your commands will be waited on to-morrow,
 “ or a line will be immediately attended,

“ By your obliged humble servant,

“ JOHN SHAKESPEAR.”

AN extreme attention to the smallest
 points of oeconomy, is said to have been
 ever a striking feature in the character of
 a person, not long deceased, whose memory
 will long be remembered for the distin-
 guished preference which he gave in his
 last will, to public charities, over his nearest
 relations. A very singular and laughable

instance of this is reported. He loved to attend dramatic exhibitions, and, for his health's sake, he chose to take a great coat with him. But where should he leave this useful appendage during the performance? The box-keepers would expect at least six-pence; the orange girls would take little less; and should he leave it at a coffee-house, he must spend three-pence to obtain house-room for it. His invention supplied him with a method cheaper and equally secure. He pawned his garment every evening that he attended the play, at a shop near the door, for a shilling, which he carried back to it, at the close of the play, added *one penny* for interest, and received his great coat again safe and sound, as it had literally been laid up in lavender. G.

Look up at the inscription on that venerable building defaced with plaister. What does it record? "Beautified by Samuel Smear and Daniel Daub, Churchwardens." And so these honest gentlemen
call

call disguising that fine, old, stone building, with a thick coat of lime and hair, or white-wash, *beautifying* it!

What is the history of all this? Why the plain matter of fact is, that every parish officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the hamlet, during his year of power. An apothecary in office, physics the poor. A glazier, first in cleaning, breaks the church-windows, and afterwards brings in a long bill for mending them. A painter repairs the commandments, puts new coats on Moses and Aaron, gilds the organ pipes, and dresses the little cherubims about the loft, as fine as vermilion, Prussian blue, and Dutch-gold can make them; the late church-wardens chanced to be a silver-smith, and a woollen-draper. The silver-smith new fashioned the communion plate, and the draper new clothed the pulpit, and put fresh curtains to the windows. All this might be done, with some shadow of modesty, but to insult the good sense of every beholder with their *beautified*! Shame on them! G.

P A R L I A M E N T.

ARE not they who think they shall do away all corruption, by lopping off those which are called the rotten boroughs, from the trunk of the constitution, extremely deceived? Will it not be, at least, as easy for a Minister to bribe the *elected*, who is *but one*, as the *electors*, who are *many*? Will not the old story of the two broom-fellers illustrate this observation? Said the one to the other, "How can you afford to sell *your* brooms cheaper than I can *mine*. I am sure, I steal the wood, both for the handle and the brush." "But I," answered the other, "steal *my* brooms ready-made."

MAY not Dr. Burney's anecdote of a set of parish officers well typify the modern agitators of a parliamentary reform? They applied to Snetzler (a celebrated organ-builder) to examine their organ, and

R

to

to make improvements on it—"Gentlemen," said the honest Swifts, "your organ be wort von hondred pound, just now—well—I will spend von hondred pound upon it, and it shall then be wort fifty."

It was a humorous thought, and well expressed, by a gentleman (himself a representative for a county) who, when he heard that a bill was directed to be regulated by a committee, consisting of Knights of Shires, and Gentlemen of the long robe, only, "that," said he, "is, in other words, all the knaves and fools in the house."

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

THE opinion of our learned Selden on the subject of this article is as follows.

"We cannot tell what is a judgement of God. It is presumption to take upon us to know. In time of plague, we

"*know*

“ *know* we want health, and therefore we
 “ pray to God to give us health. In time
 “ of war, we *know* we want peace, and
 “ therefore we pray to God to give us
 “ peace. Commonly we say a judge-
 “ ment falls on a man for something in
 “ him *we* cannot abide. An example we
 “ have in K. James, concerning the death
 “ of Henry IV. of France. *One* said he was
 “ killed for wenching, *another* said he was
 “ killed for turning his religion. ‘No,’
 “ says K. James, (who could not abide
 “ fighting) ‘he was killed for permitting
 “ duels in his kingdom.”

The idea of a particular providence
 guiding every human transaction, though
 very pleasing, is of too delicate a nature to
 be clearly admissible in common life. It
 is a doctrine which, although the modest
 religionist uses with discretion, yet is eagerly
 grasped at, and seized with blind violence,
 by the fanatic enthusiast. Some, (and
 those too who ought to be, from their edu-
 cation, superior to such “ miseries”) pro-
 duce alternately, heavy showers, and clear

skies, to aid their preaching labors. They bring their virulent opposers to sudden and uncommon deaths ; and the lower orders of them actually supply themselves with leather breeches *, and their wives with quilted petticoats, all by direction of a particular providence.

AN anecdote which came from the mouth of the late learned and ingenious Dr. Campbell, will point out strongly the impropriety of such a persuasion being trusted to our unsteady imaginations. The late Lord Holland, who loved and valued the Doctor's company, was fitting one morning condoling with him on their mutual infirmities, and lamenting, with a considerable degree of petulance, the inconveniences to which the want of health subjected mankind, when advanced in years. The door opened, and a well known paymaster and contractor entered the room, florid and full of health. They congratulated him on his

* Buckingham's " Bank of Faith."

fanguine looks—"Yes," he said, "Providence had been very good to him, for he had never known a moment's sickness in his life." This declaration by no means softened the asperity of Lord Holland's countenance. The contractor saw all was not right, and took his leave.

"There now, Campbell, there now," said the angry peer, pointing to the door, "You see what providence has been about —taking care of that scoundrel's health, forsooth! and not minding what becomes of your dropfical belly, or of my d—d ringworm!"

P A S S I O N S.

IT has been acutely observed by a periodical writer, that, unless we indulge them, the passions are not by any means so much our masters as we would, too often, by way of excuse, wish them to be thought. Reverence to Heaven, and respect to dignity will prevent the most vio-

lently passionate individual, from giving way to any visible emotions of rage, at church, or at court; and the same self-denial, were we but determined to enforce it, would have equal effect in our own houses and families.

To the two above-mentioned checks on the passions, viz. reverence to our God, and respect to our King, we are happily enabled, by a striking example, to add a third, —zeal for our country. For it is averred from the most indubitable authority, that during a late siege, (which had it a Homer for its historian, would make that of Troy “hide its diminished head,”) although the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, separately, and jointly, exerted themselves unceasingly, and, Heaven be thanked! with success, in the defence of the place committed to their charge; yet, from motives of private disgust, they never once exchanged a single word with each other, throughout the whole duration of the affair, except in councils of war!

LOPEZ

LOPEZ D'ACUNHA, a gallant Spaniard, who lived in 1578, recorded in the Apophthegms of Juan Ruffo, seems to have had the affections of his mind under as good command as the Grecian Epictetus. He was called out from his tent by a sudden alarm. His servants armed him in great haste, and although he told them that his helmet pained him exceedingly, they insisted that it could not be fitted better. The brave Lopez had not leisure to contest the point, he rushed to the combat, fought with success, and at his return, unlacing his casque, and throwing it down on the ground, together with his bloody ear, "There," said he mildly to his awkward valets, "was I not right when I told you how much you hurt me in putting on my helmet?"

THE Mareschal de Ferté, when on his death bed, by no means equalled the calm Spaniard in resignation. His confessor, who knew him to be a man of quick passions, had been some time endeavoring to

rid him of his impetuous warmth, to wean his thoughts from worldly objects, and to fix them on heaven. He already flattered himself with success, and to complete his pious work, he desired the Marechal's valet to bring him a crucifix. The valet and a footman, eagerly ran for it at the same time, and by struggling which should bring it, delayed it so long, that the Marechal, forgetting his newly-acquired habits of patience, hallooed out to the valet, with all the strength he had left, "Morbleu! "Why do you not break that scoundrel's "head with it?"

THE Ducheſs D'Orleans gives two instances of haſty anger in Louis XIV. He once gave a caning to a ſervant, who not knowing him, oppoſed his entrance into a public garden. Another time, chancing to obſerve a thief picking the pocket of the Marechal de Villars, the King fell upon him, and drubbed him ſo ſeverely, that the fellow hallooed out, "Au meurtre,
" Au

“ Au meurtre ! on m’affomme * ! ” to the great diversion of the whole court. Louis, however, as he had punished the rogue with his own hands, permitted him to exchange death for imprisonment.

THE passion of fear sometimes shews itself upon the slightest occasion, and in persons the most unlikely to entertain such a guest. A French author relates a whimsical instance of this kind. Charles Gustavus (the successor of Christina of Sweden) was besieging Prague, when a boor of most extraordinary visage desired admittance to his tent, and, being allowed entrance, offered, by way of amusing the king, to devour a whole hog, weighing two hundred weight, in his presence. The old General Konigsmarc, who stood by the King’s side, and who, soldier as he was, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal master, that the peasant ought to be burnt as a

* Murther ! Murther ! I’m a dead man ! ”

forcerer.

forcerer. "Sir," said the fellow, irritated at the remark, "if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and his spurs, I will eat him before your face, before I begin the pig." General Konigsmarc (who had, at the head of a body of Swedes, performed wonders against the Austrians, and who was looked upon as one of the bravest men of the age,) could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hideous and preternatural expansion of the frightful peasant's jaws. Without uttering a word, the veteran suddenly turned round, ran out of the court, and thought not himself safe until he had arrived at his quarters, where he remained above twenty-four hours locked up, securely, before he had got rid of the panic which had so severely affected him.

IN the extracts from the Duchess of Orleans' letters, we find that Queen Christina of Sweden, (who was as peculiar in her night-dress, as in almost every thing

elfe, and who, instead of a night-cap, made use of an uncouth linen wrapper,) having spent a restless day in bed, ordered a band of Italian musicians from the opera, to approach near to her curtains, which were close drawn, and strive to amuse her. After some time, the voice of one of the performers striking her, with singular pleasure, she suddenly thrust her homely, stern, ill-dressed head from behind the curtains, exclaiming loudly, “ Mort Dieu ! comme il chante bien * ! The poor Italians, not used to such rough applause, from a figure so hideous, were unable to proceed, from the terror which they felt, and the whole concert was at stand, for several minutes.

THE following story, taken from two or three different writers, and certainly to be depended on, affords as strong an instance as ever was given, of cool, deliberate revenge.

* Death and the Devil ! How well he sings !

La mort funeste de Ferrante Pallavicino *, est rapportée par mille gens, mais je ne sache personne qui en a dit tant de particularitez que la relation suivante, que l'on a trouvée manuscrite dans une des plus célèbres bibliothèques de Paris, ajoutée à la fin du volume intitulé “ Le glorie degl’ incogniti di Padoua.” La voici. — “ Carlo di Bresche, conosciuto in Italia sotto il nome di Carlo di Morti, fu figliolo d’uno librario di Parigi, chiamato

* Gab. Naudé and Marville, give the following account of this unfortunate man. “ He was the author of the “ Divortio Celeste,” and, by his bitter and satirical taunts, “ made the Barbarini family his inveterate foes. He was “ enticed from Venice, to which he had retired, by one “ of their emissaries, who, under pretence of guiding him “ into the dominions of France, led him to Avignon, “ where he was seized, and, after lying more than a year “ in prison, without any one stirring in his behalf, he made “ a desperate effort to escape, by setting fire to his prison “ door; but that failing, and his design being discovered, “ he was instantly beheaded. The son of a bookseller at “ Paris, who had betrayed him into the hands of his “ enemies, was, in the year 1646, slain, in cold blood, by “ a cousin of Pallavicino. This Italian had been employed, “ during three years, in watching an opportunity to revenge “ the death of his relation, on his betrayer.”

“ Pietre

“ Pietre di Bresche, costui sen' ando' al
“ viaggio d'Italia, fervendo un cavaliere,
“ il quale essendo morto nel viaggio. Car-
“ lo sene venne da Roma à Venetia. Nel
“ soggiorno che fece in Roma fù presen-
“ tato a i Barberini, come huomo capace
“ d'intraprendere cose di rilievo, ciò che
“ conosciuto, gli fù commessa la ruina di
“ *Ferrante Pallavicino*, mossi a tal risen-
“ timento i Barberini della “ Baccinata,
“ & Divortio Celeste,” compositioni sue,
“ & aggiustarono il prezzo del tradimento
“ in tres miglia doppie; così sene venne
“ Carlo a Venetia, azilo di Ferrante,
“ dove ritrovatolo, fece amicitia seco, &
“ strinsela di modo che vedendolo con
“ dispositione di passare in Francia, per
“ fuggir l'insidie de' suoi malevoli, gli
“ esibì la sua compagnia. Camminarono
“ dunque insieme fin a Orange, città vi-
“ cina a Avignone dieci miglia, di dove
“ aviso Carlo al vicelegato della preda, in-
“ vitandolo a mandargli incontro gente. Il
“ che effeguito, furono ambedue pigliati,
“ condotti in Avignone, & carcerati. Carlo

“ però, effendolo solo *pro formâ*, fù presto
“ liberato, & Ferrante ritenuto, proceffato,
“ & fatto morire. Retornò Carlo poi a
“ Roma, dove ricevene l’infame premio,
“ del fuo diabolico tradimento, parte, in
“ quadri, (i quali furono efposti a vendere
“ in Parigi, in L’Hotel de Fleury, alhora
“ camera locanda, tenuta da una certa
“ donna di Bretagna, chiamata M. Barillon,
“ nella ftrada des Bourdonnois) parte, in
“ contanti. Il Cardinale *Mazarini* fra-
“ tanto portando impatientemente la morte
“ di Pallavicino, al qual voleva del bene
“ affai, fece dar ordine ad’un tale *Gan-*
“ *ducci*, Italiano, di domefticarfi con Carlo.
“ Il che fece cautamente detto emiffario,
“ fimulando di vendere guanti, profumi, &
“ altre galanterie, le quali barattava con
“ Carlo per quadri ed’altra robba. Così
“ avendo ftabilito commercio con effo, era
“ fpeffo di lui, che ftava di cafa in piazza
“ Maubert; dove effendo una mattina a
“ buoniffima hora andato, per i loro ne-
“ gotii communi, fi lamentò con Carlo
“ di qualche ingiuffitia fattagli da effo.
“ lui:

“ lui: ciò che negando Carlo, ch’ancora
 “ era in letto, mosse gli l’altro la cagione
 “ del Petrosello, lanciatosi gli addosso, l’ab-
 “ bracciò seco, & piantogli un stile nelle
 “ reni. Sentendosi Carlo ferito, come
 “ forte & robusto si strinse col sicario, &
 “ dibattendosi cadorno ambedue per terra.
 “ Corsero al rumore quei di casa, & tro-
 “ vato l’uscio ferrato per di dentro via,
 “ chiamarono la giustizia, la quale venuta
 “ & l’apertura fatta della porta, vidde
 “ l’homicidio, fece cacciar prigionie Gau-
 “ ducci nel “ Petit Chatelet,” mentre
 “ Carlo sene moriva. Il che riferito al
 “ Cardinale Mazarini, diede ordine al
 “ giudice criminale di liberare il carcerato,
 “ & fù ubbidito. In questo modo fù rimu-
 “ nerato il scelerato del suo più che bar-
 “ baro tradimento.” Pag. 110 Claudius
 Bebigardus.

PLAYS AND NOVELS.

THE mind of man in every age, has had at times, a wish for some relaxation. Books of the lighter kind have been the general resource on such occasions, to those who could read, and every age has furnished some authors, who have employed their talents for the amusement of the idle, the rich, and the luxurious. The present race of novels, if they excel not in wit or contrivance, are at least, in general, free from the charge of offending against morality. If they are often insipid, they are, commonly harmless. It is true, they abound in number beyond moderation, but those *few* books of the same species of writing, which owed their being to Petronius, to Apuleius, and to Lucian, must have done infinitely more harm to the morals of their age, than all those reams of adventures which the libraries of Messrs. Noble, Hookham, Lane, &c. have ever given to
the

the world. And from the following anecdote, communicated to the Editor, by a clergyman who resided near the spot, we may judge that a small number of books have as many perusers as the largest collection can boast.

The whole library of one of the Scilly isles, consisted, about fifty years past, of the Bible, and the History of Dr. Faustus. The island was populous, and the western peasants being seldom deficient in literature, the conjuror's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments, or his catastrophe, was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made, and unanimously approved, that as soon as the season permitted any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for. A debate now began, in order to ascertain *what* those books should be, and the result was, that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller, at

S Pen-

Penzance, for him to fend them *another Dr. Faustus*.

IT cannot be denied that novels, in concert with plays, or rather, perhaps, farces, hand down to succeeding generations the only just representation of the times in which they are written. None, but the authors of such pieces, will take the pains to describe the manners of their cotemporaries, as such a *serious* narration would be at the time when written, infipid, and totally uselefs. On the other hand, should the dramatic writer, or the novelist, err in his picture of common life, his farce would be hissed, and his tale lie unperused on his printer's shelf. It is to Aristophanes, to Plautus, to Terence, and to Apuleius, not to Thucydides, Livy, or Cæsar, that we must look, for the private fashions and customs of the Greeks and Romans; and it is really affecting to observe the extreme distress to which our own antiquarians are driven, when they
with

wish to make us, of the *present* age, acquainted with the minutiae of those of our ancestors who lived before the stage, and the press, existed to elucidate the future historian. The seals of monastic charters, and even the gaudy ornaments of a royal missal, (the very best guides to the curious on these subjects,) afford little light into the humors of the age, when compared to what our posterity will receive from the dramatic satires of Foote, Murphy, Colman and Sheridan, and the didactic narratives of Fielding, Smollett and Goldsmith.

P O E T R Y.

IN a melange, like that which this work presents, it is presumed, that it cannot be judged improper to introduce a few specimens of verse, (in different languages,) which are not commonly known, and yet have considerable merit in their several lines.

A Description of the Fairy Morgana.

From Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato." Lib: 2.
Cent. 8. St. 5.

Il Conte chi d'entrare avea gran voglio
Senza dir altro, alla fonte tornava
Trovò Morgana, ch'intorno alla foglia
Faceva un ballo, e ballando cantava.
Più leggiere non si volge al vento foglia
Di ciò che quella donna si voltava
Guardando ora alla terra, ed ora al sole,
Il canto suo dicea queste parole.

" Chi

“ Chi cerca in questo mondo aver tesoro
 “ O diletto, e piacere, onore, e stato,
 “ Ponga la mano a questa chioma d’oro
 “ Ch’io porto in fronte, e lo farò beato;
 “ Ma quando ha in in dextro si fatto lavoro,
 “ Non cerchi indugio, che’l tempo passato
 “ Perduto e tutto, e non ritorna mai
 “ Ed io mi volto—e lascio l’uomo in guai.”

The Count, whose mind was bent to enter there,
 In silence turn’d, and sought again the rill.
 Hard by the throne, he found th’ Inchantress fair,
 Who sweetly sang, and gaily danced still.
 See but yon leaf, light floating on the wind,
 So lightly did the graceful fairy bound,
 Now gazing on the Sun, now on the ground,
 And in these mystic words, her song disclos’d her mind.

“ The man who seeks, on earth, for worldly gain,
 “ For joy, for honor, for imperial state,
 “ Let his quick grasp, the golden lock obtain
 “ Which shades my brow—Then will I make him great.
 “ But when this valu’d prize becomes his own,
 “ He must not sleep, for time, which flies amain,
 “ When past, is lost, and ne’er returns again;
 “ Then I, too, turn my back, and leave the wretch
 “ to moan.”

The above translation, has the humble
 merit of being almost perfectly literal, but

the elegant gaiety, sweetness, and spirit of the description of Morgana dancing, are in the original inimitable.

THE following description of a terrifying voice, heard from the top of a vast rock, has certainly some claim to a share in the terrible graces.

La ripa dello scoglio è d'erba priva
Ed ha color, che sembra fiamma viva.
In su la cima, una voce risona,
Mai non udisti la piu spaventosa!
Quel ch'ella dice, non sa dir persona.

Or. Inn. Lib. I. c. 5. St. 14, 15.

No herb can grow on this detested ground,
But flames appear to glimmer all around;
While from the craggy rocks, on rocks uprear'd,
A loud terrific voice is ever heard;
Yet none can comprehend the dire, mysterious, sound.

THE following hyperbole, taken from the same work, (lib. 2. Canto 24. St. 59, 60.) has never been exceeded, if it has ever been equalled, as to its mixture of wit, and

and absurdity. The Poet is speaking of Orlando's celebrated sword Durlindana.

Tanto era nel suo taglio graziosa,
Che quasi insieme tagliava, cuciva,
E'l suo ferire appena si sentiva.

Onde ora avendo a traverso tagliato
Questo Pagan, lo fa si destramente,
Che l'un pezzo, in su l'altro, fuggelato
Rimase, senza muoversi niente:
E come avien, quand' uno e riscaldato
Che le ferite per allor non sente,
Così colui, del colpo non accorto,
Andava combattendo, ed era morto.

So keen the edge of this enchanted steel,
The stroke, its lord had given, it seem'd to heal;
Nor did the wretch who met it, scarce, the anguish
feel.

Thus when Orlando, raging o'er the plain,
Had, at a blow, his foeman cut in twain,
The path his sword had made so nicely clos'd,
That on *one* half, the *other* still repos'd.
And, as, while rage inflates each tumid vein,
The ardent warrior knows no sense of pain,
Still did the Pagan deal his blows around,
Nor, till he fell asunder, knew the deadly wound.

IN the “*Viaggio in Dalmazia, del’ Abate Alberto Fortis*,” there is to be found a poem, unique in its kind, wild as to its plan, but by no means deficient in its story, or in its pathetic powers. The argument is short, and soon told. Asan, a Turkish Bassa (for to the Dalmatians, the Turks are models for politeness, heroism, manners, &c. like the bears to the Kamtschatkans*) has been wounded in a fight, and remains encamped; his mother and sister, with great propriety, attend upon him, but his beloved wife keeps away, being restrained by a species of delicacy, which seems wholly unaccountable. The Bassa, being, very naturally, displeased with her conduct, as soon as he is recovered, sends her a declaration of divorce. She leaves the house in agonies of grief, deploring the loss of five children, with whom she was now to part for ever. Her

* We are told in the last voyage of Capt. Cook, that the savages on the N. Eastern coast of Asia have no other models in dancing, &c. &c. than the sprightly animals, just mentioned,

brother, the Begh Pintorowich, insists upon her immediately marrying the judge of Imoska; she is forced to consent, though yearning after her lost spouse, and family. On her passing the castle of her late husband, in her way to Imoska, her children are sent by her repentant, first husband, to meet her, and she testifies her affection for them, by abundance of presents; but the taking leave of her youngest child, and the distress she feels at hearing the voice of her first spouse, whom she still tenderly loved, are too much for her delicate frame, and she falls dead at the gate of her first spouse's abode. As a specimen of the Morlachian tongue (in which the poem is written) the following lines are given, being the beginning of the piece.

Seto sebjeli u gorje zelenoj?
Alfu snjezi, al-fu Labutove?
Da-fu snjezi vech-bi okopnuli
Labutove vech-bi poletjeli.

THE first lines are picturesque, and found well in the Italian translation, to which we must trust, as the Morlachian language will hardly meet any interpreter in Britain.

“ Che mai biancheggia, là, nel verde bosco?
 “ Son nevi, o cigni?” Se le fosser nevi,
 Squagliate omai farebbonfi. Se cigni,
 Mosso avrebero il volo. Ah! non son bianche
 Nevi, o cigni colà. Sono le tende,
 D’Afono, il duce. Egli è ferito e duolfi,
 Acerbamente. A visitarlo andaro,
 La madre è la sorella. Anche la sposa,
 Sarebbe v’ita, ma roffor trattienla.

“ O’er yonder wood, what object strikes my sight,
 “ Of candid hue? Is it unmelted snow,
 “ Or the yet brighter plumage of the swan?”
 Snow, ere this time, had yielded to the heat,
 And swans had long ago their flight resum’d.
 Ah! No! Nor snow, nor brighter swans, I see,
 I see the tents of Affan, stern commander;
 Groaning with anguish of his wounds he lies:
 To soothe his pains, a sister’s pious care,
 A mother’s too, attend him; fain his fair

Betrothed

* Betrothed would have join'd the duteous band,
 But, woe the day! Her inbred modesty
 Oppos'd the tender thought.——

Not to dwell too long on the subject, we will slightly glance over the poem, until we arrive at the last nine lines. The poor lady has given presents to all her children, and has, with difficulty, torn herself away from her little favorite in his cradle.

Tutto in disparte il Duce Afán vedea
 E a se chiamó i figliuoli. “ A me tornate,
 “ Cari orfanelli miei, da che non sente
 “ Piu pietade di voi la crudel madre,
 “ Di arruginito cor,”—Udillo, e cadde
 L'affitta Donna, col pallido volto,
 La terra percuotendo; è a un punto istesso,
 Del petto uscille l' anima dolente,
 Gli orfani figli suoi partir veggendo.

* The word ‘ betrothed’ answers exactly to the Italian ‘ Sposa,’ and is more consonant to common sense than the poet’s *own* idea; but, unluckily, the lady in question had had several children by the Bassa.

Too late repenting, hapless Asan saw
 His lovely spouse, the mother of his children,
 For ever lost! And "Turn, ah, turn to me,
 "Ye wretched babes," he cried, "you, like your
 father,
 "Are quite forgotten—see! her flinty breast
 "Sternly resists, and sets your tears at nought."
 She heard no more—the wife, the mother, all,
 Rush'd on her soul, and quell'd the powers of life.
 Assail'd at once by pity, love, and grief,
 She sunk to earth, and clos'd her beauteous eyes
 In everlasting sleep——

THE two succeeding pieces are specimens
 of the grave and the gay veins of composition,
 in the sonorous language of Spain.

S O N E T O 37.

Di Garcilasso de la Vega.

A la entrada de un valle, en un desierto,
 Do nadie atravesava ni se via,
 Vi que con estraneza un can hazia
 Estremos de dolor, con desconcierto.

Agora sueltà el llate al ciel abierto,
 Ora vaa rastreando por la via:
 Camina, buelve, pâra, i toda via,
 Quedava des mayado, come muerto.

I fue,

I fue, que se apartò de su presencia,
 Su amo, i no le hallava, i esto fiente;
 Mirad hasta do llega el mal de absencia !

Moviô me a compassion ver su acidente,
 Dixele lastimando : Ten paciencia,
 Que yo alcanço razon, i estoí absente.

Deep in the lone recesses of a vale,
 Where frequent travellers no way had trac'd,
 I saw a dog, with desultory haste,
 Explore, in sad distress, the pathless dale;
 With open nostril now he snuff'd the gale,
 And now with eager scent the ground explor'd;
 Now here, now there he turns with anxious care,
 And rends, with piercing cries, the ambient air,
 Seeking, with fruitless quest, his absent Lord.
 I view'd his luckless state, with pitying eye,
 And, as I mark'd the deep concern he shew'd,
 My bosom heav'd a sympathetic sigh,
 While from my tongue, these words spontaneous
 flow'd :

“ Patience, poor wretch !—for greater ills *I* prove,
 “ Since *reason's* powers *I* feel, yet mourn my absent
 “ love.” P.

A Sonnet

A Sonnet from the 'Zelofo Estremeno' of
Miguel de Cervantes.

Madre, la mi Madre
Guardas mi poneis,
Que si yo no mi guardo
No mi guardereis.
Dizen que esta escrito
Y con gran razon
Ser la privacion
Causa de appetito.

Crece en infinito
Encerrando amor.
Por esso es mejor
Que no mi encerreis
Que si yo no mi guardo
No mi guardereis.

Por si no se guarda
No la havran guarda
Miedo o calidad.
Rompea en verdad
Por la misma muerte
Hasta hallar la fuerte
Que vos entendeis
Que si io no mi guardo
Mal mi guardereis.

Mother, with watchful eye you strive
My freedom to restrain;
But know, unless *I guard myself*,
Your guard will be but vain.
It has been said, and reason's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,
Still will confinement's rigid hand
Enflame the wish to stray.

Love, once oppress'd, will soon encrease,
And strength superior gain;
'Twere better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein:
For if I do not guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

For her who will not guard herself,
No other guard you'll find;
Cunning, and fear, will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
Tho' death himself should bar my way,
His menace I'd disdain;
Then learn, that till I guard myself,
Your guard will still be vain.

Quien tiene costumbre
 De ser amorosa
 Como mariposa
 Si ira tras su lumbre,
 Aunque muchedumbre
 De guardas le pongar
 Y aunque mas propongan,
 De hazer lo que hazeis
 Que si yo no mi guardo
 Mal mi guardareis.

Es de tal manera
 La fuerza amorosa
 Que a la mas hermosa
 La buelve in Chimera
 El pecho de cera,
 De fuego la gana,
 Las manos de lana
 De fieltro los pies
 Que si yo no mi guardo
 Mal mi guardareis.

The raptur'd heart, which once has felt
 A sense of love's delight,
 Flies like the moth's impetuous wing,
 To find the taper's light.
 A thousand guards, a thousand cares,
 Will ne'er the will restrain,
 For if I do not guard myself,
 All other guards are vain.

Such is the all-controuling force
 Of Love's resistless storm,
 It gives to beauty's fairest shape,
 The dire Chimera's form.
 To wax the melting breast it turns,
 Flame o'er the cheek is spread,
 With hands of wool, she opes the door,
 On felt, the footsteps tread.
 Then try no more with fruitless care,
 My wishes to restrain,
 For if I do not guard myself,
 Your guard will be but vain. P.

WHAT follows is an original French ballad, written in the fifteenth century. It is to be found in a scarce book, called “*La Legende de Maitre Pierre Fai-feu,*” and is entituled “*Récollecion des merueilleuses advenues de notre temps, commencée par tres elegant Orateur, Messire George Chastellain, & continuée par Maistre Jehan Molinet.*” The translation is as near the original as it well could be brought. The ballad is in general a faithful chronicle of the times, and the sting at the close renders it interesting to Britain.

Qui veult ouyr nouvelles
Etranges a compter,
Je scay les nonpareilles,
Qu'homme ne scauroit chanter,
Et toutes advenues
Depuis long tems en ça,
Je les ay retenues,
Et scay comment il va.

Those who wish to hear a ditty,
Fill'd with many a wond'rous thing,
To my sonnet let them listen,
Such, no other bard can sing.
Many years ago, believe me,
Chanc'd these wonders to befall,
Yet the whole, I, well, remember,
And intend to tell them all.

En France la très belle,
Fleur de Crestienté,
Je veis une pucelle,
Sourdre en auctorité.
Qui fit lever le siege,
D'Orleans, en ses mains ;
Pus le Roy par prodiege,
Mena sacrer à Reims.

Fairest flow'r in Europe's garden,
France, I've seen reduc'd so low,
As to trust to one poor maiden,
For defence against the foe.
Orleans she, in time, relieved,
When by England, almost won ;
And to Rheims the King attended,
That his crown she might set on.

J'ay

J'ay veu ung petit moyne
 En Romme dominer,
 Et en très grant ensoigne
 Le Pape gouverner :
 Dont depuis l'aventure
 Fut d'estre escartellé,
 A honte & à laidure
 Comme traistre appellé,

Depuis veiz en Escosse
 Le Roy Stuart meurdrir
 D'espée, & de talloce,
 Et luy convint souffrir,
 Et prendre en pacience
 A sa noble moullier,
 La Roïne, qui en ce
 Prist peine a se venger,

J'ai ung Duc de Savoye
 Veu Pape devenir,
 Ce qui fut hors de vöye
 Pour à salut venir ;
 Si en vint dure playe
 En l'Esglise de Dieu,
 Mais il en receut paye
 A Ripailles son lieu.

Par fortune sinistre,
 Veiz à l'oeil vivement
 Le grant Duc de Clocestre
 Meurdrir piteusement ;

Rome, tho' once mankind commanding,
 Holding all the world in thrall,
 Govern'd by a little priestling,
 City, nobles, Pope and all,
 I have seen——But mark the end on't,
 Soon his treachery was found,
 And his body, all in quarters,
 Hung the city-walls around.

Scotland's King *, the noble Stuart,
 Foully murther'd have I view'd,
 By the strokes of swords and halberts,
 In his royal blood imbrued.
 This, his Queen, a woeful witness
 Was, with patience forc'd to bear,
 Till a just, a bitter vengeance
 Eas'd her mind, and sooth'd her care.

Savoy's Duke †, I've seen contriving
 How a Pope he might become,
 And for earthly pomp, forsaking
 Pious thoughts of future doom.
 Hence arose a dire division
 Midst the church, with hot debate,
 While the Duke, at fair Ripailles,
 Heap'd up wealth, and worldly state.

I have seen, the Duke of Clarence ‡,
 (So his wayward fate had will'd,)
 By his special order drowned
 In a cask, with malmsey fill'd.

* This refers to the murther of James I. of Scotland, in the arms of his Queen.

† Of this Duke somewhat more may be found under the article Hermits.

‡ The French Bard, by mistake, calls the suffering prince, Duke of Gloster.

En vin plain une cuve
 Faillloit qu'estranglé fust,
 Cuidant par celle estuve
 Que la mort n'y parust.

That *that* death should strike his fancy,
 This the reason, I suppose,
 He might think that hearty drinking
 Would appease his dying throes.

La cité de Constantine
 Depuis veiz envaher
 De la gent Sarrazine,
 Qui la vindront saisir,
 Et la teste copperent
 Au vieillant Empereur,
 Sans ce que ailleurs monstrerent
 Maint aultre grant horreur.

Constantine's imperial city,
 Christendom's renowned boast,
 I have taken seen, and plunder'd,
 By a savage, Turkish host.
 Constantine, oh, grief to say it!
 Hapless Emp'ror, brave and old,
 Lost his head, midst other horrors,
 Far too dismal to be told.

Passant par Engleterre,
 Je veiz en grant tourment
 Les Seigneurs de la terre
 S'entretuer forment,
 Avec ung tel deluge,
 Qui cueurs esbahissoit
 Qu'à peine eut refuge
 Où mort n'apparoissoit.

Passing thro' fair England's valleys,
 There I saw a woeful sight,
 Lords and barons bent on slaughter,
 Dealing death in woeful fight:
 Sanguine torrents flow'd around me,
 Bleeding bodies choak'd each spring,
 Deadly groans were heard resounding,
 Shrieks in every valley ring.

Un nouveau Roy creèrent,
 Par despitieux vouloir,
 Le vieil en debouterent,
 Et son legitime hoir,
 Qui fuytif alla prendre
 D'Ecosse le garand,
 De tous siecles le mendre,
 Et le plus tollerant.

For, to please a wayward fancy,
 They a change of Kings would try,
 And their prince and his successor,
 From the realm would force to fly,
 Soon to Scotland they retreated,
 There a safe asylum find,
 Scotland, still to hapless princes
 Holding forth a greeting kind.

J'ay ung Roy de Cecille
 Veu devenir berger,
 Et sa femme gentille
 De ce propre mestier,
 Portant la pennetiere
 La houllète, & chapeau,
 Logeant sur la bruyere,
 Auprès de leur troppeau.

Then I saw Sicilia's monarch,
 Seeming like a homely swain,
 With his Queen, in like apparel,
 Tend their flocks along the plain.
 They had donn'd the simple habit,
 Ruffet gown, and shepherd's crook,
 And all beneath a shady forest
 Watch'd their sheep, beside a brook.

J'ay veu Roy d'Angleterre
 Amener son grand ost,
 Pour la Françoisé terre
 Conquester, bref & tost;
 Le Roy voyant l'affaire,
 Si bon veu, luy donna,
 Que l'autre, sans riens faire
 Content s'en retourna.

Lastly, England's King victorious,
 I have seen on France's coast,
 Breathing nought but death and slaughter,
 Follow'd by a gallant host.
 But Our Louis, subtle monarch *,
 Sent him store of brisk champaign,
 So the King, content and jolly,
 Back to England sail'd again.

* Whoever will peruse the Memoirs of Philip de Comines, will find that it was not *wine*, alone, which sent Edward IV. back into England. There was not a man about his person, but who had received bribes from Louis XI. The receipts for the sums advanced, signed by the English Lords, were actually preserved, to their eternal shame, in the Archives of Paris, when Comines wrote.

MENAGE, in whose works the following odd piece is to be found, thinks it of consequence enough to become the foundation of a style in burlesque poetry, to be called "Le style niais." Anglicé & Vulg. "The nizy style."

Le Fameux La Galiffe.

Messieurs, vous plait-il d'ouïr
 L'air du fameux la Galiffe,
 Il pourra vous rejouir,
Pourvu qu'il vous divertisse.

La Galiffe eut peu de bien,
 Pour soutenir sa naissance,
 Mais il ne manqua de rien,
Dès qu'il fut dans l'abondance.

Bien instruit dès le berceau,
 Jamais, tant il fut honnête,
 Il ne mettoit son chapeau,
Qu'il ne se couvrît la tête.

Il étoit affable & doux,
 De l'humeur de feu son pere,
 Et n'entroit guères en couroux,
Si ce n'est dans la colere.

Il vouloit dans ses repas,
 Des mets exquis & fort tendres,
 Et faisoit son Mardi gràs,
Toujours la veille des Cendres.

De l'inventeur du raifin
 Il révéroit la memoire,
 Et pour bien gouter le vin,
Jugeoit qu'il en falloit boire.

Il difoit que le nouveau
 Avoit pour lui plus d'amorce,
 Et moin il y mettoit d'eau,
Plus il y trouvoit de force.

Il confultoît rarement
 Hippocrate & fa doctrine,
 Et fe purgeoit feulement,
Quand il prenoit medecine.

Au piquet par tout payis,
 Il jouoit fuivant fa pante,
 Et comptoit quatre-vingt dix,
Lorsqu'il marquoit un nonante.

Il favoit les autres jeux,
 Qu'on joue à l'Académie,
 Et n'étoit pas malheureux,
Tant qu'il gagnoit la partie.

Il aimoit à prendre l'air,
 Quand la faifon étoit bonne,
 Et n'attendoit pas l'hyver,
Pour vendanger en automne.

Il époufa, ce dit-on,
Une vertueufe Dame.
S'il avoit vécu garçon,
Il n'auroit point eu de femme.

Il en fut toujours cheri,
Elle n'étoit point jaloufe ;
Si tôt qu'il fut fon mari,
Elle devint fon epoufe.

Il passa près de huit ans
Avec elle, fort à l'aife,
En eut jusqu'à huit enfans,
C'étoit la moitié de feize.

On dit que dans fes amours,
Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elle.

D'un air galant & badin,
Il courtiſoit ſa Califfe,
Sans jamais être chagrin,
Qu'au moment qu'il étoit triſte.

Il brilloit comme un Soleil,
Sa chevelure étoit blonde :
Il n'eût pas eu ſon pareil,
S'il eût été ſeul au monde.

Il eut des talens divers,
 Même on assure une chose,
 Quand il écrivoit en vers,
Qu'il n'écrivoit pas en prose.

En matière de rebus
 Il n'avoit pas son semblable :
 S'il eût fait des impromptus,
Il en eût été capable.

Il savoit un triolet
 Bien mieux que sa patenôtre :
 Quand il chantoit un couplet,
Il n'en chantoit pas un autre.

Il expliqua doctement
 La physique & la morale,
 Et soutint qu'une jument
Etoit toujours une cavale.

Par un discours sérieux
 Il prouva que la berluë,
 Et les autres maux des yeux,
Sont contraires à la vue.

Chacun alors applaudit
 A sa science inouïe,
 Tout homme qui l'entendit,
N'avoit pas perdu l'ouïe.

Il prétendi en un mois et ses lues,
 Lire toute l'écriture, *il ne s'en*
 Et l'auroit lue une fois,
S'il en eût fait la lecture.

Par son esprit & son air *sublimé*
 Il s'aquit le don de plaire : *car si*
 Le Roi l'eût fait Duc & Pair,
S'il avoit voulu le faire.

Mieux que tout autre il favoit
 A la cour jouer son rôle,
 Et jamais lorsqu'il buvoit
Ne disoit une parole.

Il choisissoit prudemment
 De deux choses la meilleure,
 Et répétoit fréquemment,
Ce qu'il disoit à toute heure.

Il fut à la vérité
 Un danseur assez vulgaire ;
 Mais il n'eût pas mal chanté,
S'il avoit voulu se taire.

Il eut la gouté à Paris,
 Longtems cloué sur sa couche,
 En y jettant les hauts cris,
Il ouvroit bien fort la bouche.

Lorsqu'en

Lorsqu'en sa maison des champs
Il vivoit libre & tranquille,
On auroit perdu son tems
De le chercher à la ville.

On raconte, que jamais
Il ne pouvoit se résoudre
A charger ses pistolets,
Quand il n'avoit pas de poudre.

Un jour il fut affiné
Devant son juge ordinaire :
S'il eût été condamné,
Il eût perdu son affaire.

On ne le vit jamais las,
Ni sujet à la paresse,
Tandis qu'il ne dormoit pas,
On tient qu'il veilloit sans cesse.

Il se plaçoit en bateau,
Et soit en paix soit en guerre,
Il alloit toujours par eau,
A moins qu'il n'allât par terre.

Une fois s'étant fouré
Dans un profond marécage,
Il y feroit demeuré,
S'il n'eût pu trouver passage.

Dans un superbe tournoi
Prêt à fournir sa carrière,
Il parut devant le Roi,
Il n'étoit donc pas derriere.

Monté sur un cheval noir,
Les Dames le reconnurent,
Et c'est là qu'il se fit voir
A tout ceux qui l'apperçurent.

Mais bien qu'il fût vigoureux,
Bien qu'il fût le Diable à quatre,
Il ne renversa que ceux
Qu'il eût l'adresse d'abattre.

C'étoit un homme de cœur
Insatiable de gloire ;
Lorsqu'il étoit le vainqueur,
Il remportoit la victoire.

Les places qu'il attaquoit
A peine osoient se defendre,
Et jamais il ne manquoit
Celles qu'on lui voioit prendre.

Un devin pour deux testons
Lui dit d'une voix hardie,
Qu'il mourroit de la les monts,
S'il mourroit en Lombardie.

Il y mourut ce Heros,
 Personne aujourd'hui n'en doute;
 Si tôt qu'il eut les yeux clos,
Aussitôt il ne vit goutte.

Il fut par un triste sort,
 Blessé d'une main cruelle;
 On croit, puisqu'il en est mort,
Que la plaie étoit mortelle.

Regretté de ses soldats,
 Il mourut digne d'envie,
 Et le jour de son trépas
Fut le dernier de sa vie.

Instead of translating this very long poem, the Editor annexes a Sonnet, which appeared in a collection of Essays, about thirty years ago, the thought of which is evidently borrowed from our "Chanson niais."

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaze,
 Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy feldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind ;
 She freely lent all to the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
 With manners wond'rous winning,
 And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church in filks and fattins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size ;
 She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was fought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more ;
 The King himself, has follow'd her—
Whene'er she walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all ;
 The Doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow fore,
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not dy'd to-day !

THE picturesque, elegiac composition which follows, was written by Mary, Queen of Scots, on the loss of her husband, Francis II. of France. A few of the stanzas have appeared in a periodical work, not long ago. This is a complete copy. It is so beautiful, so exquisitely plaintive throughout, that none of it should be lost.

En mon triste & doux chant,
D'un ton fort lamentable,
Je jette un oeil tranchant
De perte incomparable,
Et en soupirs cuisans
Passe mes meilleurs ans,

In melting strains that sweetly flow,
Tun'd to the plaintive notes of woe;
My eyes survey with anguish fraught,
A loss beyond the reach of thought;
While pass away life's fairest years
In heaving sighs and mournful tears.

Fut-il un tel malheur,
De dure Destinée,
Ny si triste douleur
De dame fortunée,
Qui mon cœur & mon oeil
Vois en bierre & cercueil ?

Did cruel Destiny e'er shed
Such horror on a wretched head ?
Did e'er once happy woman know
So sad a scene of heart-felt woe ?
For ah ! behold on yonder bier
All that my heart and eyes held dear.

Qui, en mon doux printems,
Et fleur de ma jeunesse,
Toutes les peines sens
D'une extrême tristesse,
Et en rien n'ay plaisir,
Qu'en regret & desir.

Alas ! even in my blooming hours,
Mid opening youth's resplendent flowers,
I'm doom'd each cruel pang to share,
Th' extremest sorrows of despair,
Nor other joy nor bliss can prove
Than grief and disappointed love.

Ce qui m'estoit plaissant,
Ores m'est peine dure,
Le jour le plus luisant
M'est nuit noire & obscure,
Et n'est rien si exquis,
Qui de moy soit requis.

J'ay au cœur, & à l'oeil,
Un portrait & image,
Qui figure mon deuil;
Et mon passe visage,
De violettes teint,
Qui est l'amoureux teint.

Pour mon mal estranger,
Je ne m'arreste en place;
Mais, j'en ay beau changer,
Si ma douleur j'efface;
Car, mon pis & mon mieux,
Sont mes plus deserts lieux.

Si en quelque séjour,
Soit en bois ou en prée,
Soit pour l'aube de jour;
Ou soit pour la vesprée,
Sans cesse mon cœur sent
Le regret d'un absent.

Si par fois vers ces lieux,
Viens a dresser ma veüe,
Le doux trait de ces yeux,
Je vois en une nûe;
Soudain je vois en l'eau,
Comme dans un tombeau.

The sweet delights of happier days;
New anguish in my bosom raise,
Of shining day, the purest light
To me is drear and gloomy night;
Nor is there aught so good and fair,
As now to claim my slightest care.

In my full heart and streaming eyes,
Portray'd by woe, an image lies,
Which sable robes but faintly speak,
Or the pale languor of my cheek,
Pale as the vi'let's faded leaf,
The tint of love's despairing grief.

Perplex'd by this unwonted pain,
No place my steps can long detain,
Yet change of scene no comfort gives,
Where sorrow's form for ever lives.
My worst, my happiest, state of mind,
In solitude alone, I find.

If chance my listless footsteps leads
Thro' shady groves, or flowery meads,
Whether at dawn of rising day,
Or silent evening's setting ray,
Each grief that absence can impart,
Incessant rends my tortur'd heart.

If to the heavens in rapturous trance,
I haply throw a wistful glance,
His visionary form I see,
Pictur'd in orient clouds; to me,
Sudden it flies, and he appears,
Drown'd in a wat'ry tomb of tears.

Si je suis en repos,
 Sommeillant sur ma couche,
 J'oye qu'il me tient propos,
 Je le sens qu'il me touche :
 Et labeur, en recoy *,
 Tousjours est prest de moy.

Awhile if balmy slumbers spread,
 Their downy pinions o'er my head,
 I touch his hand in shadowy dreams,
 His voice to soothe my fancy seems.
 When wak'd by toil, or lull'd by rest,
 His image ever fills my breast.

Je ne vois autre objet,
 Pour beau qu'il se présente,
 A qui que soit sujet,
 Oncques mon cœur consente,
 Exempt de perfection,
 A cette affliction.

No other object meets my sight,
 Howe'er in robes of beauty dight,
 Which to my sad despairing heart,
 One transient wish will e'er impart ;
 Exempt from that unalter'd woe,
 Which this sad breast must ever know.

Mets, Chançon, icy fin,
 A si triste complainte,
 Dont sera le refrain
 Amour vraye & non feinte,
 Pour la séparation,
 N'aura diminution.

But cease my song—Cease to complain !
 And close the sadly plaintive strain,
 To which, no artificial tears,
 But love unfeign'd, the burthen bears.
 Nor can my sorrows e'er decrease,
 For ah ! his absence ne'er can cease. P.

* Recoy. from Requies, Repose.

DURING the reign of James II. a very ludicrous poem was printed. It fills a thick quarto, has neither plan, connection, nor moral, neither measure nor rhyme, nor can the smallest conjecture be formed as to its meaning. Yet none can dip into it, (for probably none ever read it through) without convincing himself that the author ("R. D." in the title page; supposed

to be a Dr. Dixon) is a good classical scholar, a master of several languages, and possessed of an uncommon degree of historical, geographical, and astronomical science. The book is very little known, two or three specimens of its contents are annexed.

Oportet imperatorem mori stantem ;

Oportet oratorem mori orantem ;

Sed melius est amare amantem. οὐ γὰρ

Εἰς Βασιλεὺς, εἰς Κοίρανος ἔστω,

States or Commonwealths be gone, Præsto!

Monarchy is the best manifesto.

“ Oderint dum metuant,” the tyrant roars,

Keep in subjection, not destroy the boors.

Thieves ! Murtherers ! Witches ! Burn 'em ! Stone
'em !

“ De mortuis nil nisi bonum !”

Gavelkind, “ de hæreditate dividendâ,”

To younger brothers, “ Familia erciscenda,

“ Take your congé, make your leg,

“ To them that have brought you to beg.

“ If you be of a good constitution,

“ Rob all you can, and make no restitution,

“ Take all good turns, and make no retribution.”

At the North Pole 'twill be made to appear,
That whales are cheap, sprats are dear;
Crabs, shrimps, cockles, oysters,
Like friars and nuns, are shut up in cloysters,
Till turn'd out by tyrannous roysters.

A diaphanous, obolous, globulous glass,
Representing whatever was,
Hangs in the centre of the brain,
To which all species flock amain.

Tell me, or you shall be suspended,
Whether spirits be extended?
How wise Apuleius was,
With his philosophic as?
A dream put Aristotle out of breath,
A meteor, he said, 'twixt life and death.
“An quid sit frustra? An datur vacuum?
“Fill the pot, Edy! Supernaculum.”
A blazing star's a rare spectaculum!

Take off your cups, for so we read it,
“Os homini sublime dedit.”
“Anima tota in toto, sed qua arte?
“Et tota in qualibet parte.”
Cut off a leg, cut off an arm,
It does the soul no harm;
Because it is such an elf,
As can shrink into itself.

THE celebrated Latin epigram on the miracle at the marriage in Cana, which has been ascribed to Dryden, is said to be written by Crashaw, (a Latin poet of the last century) in an anonymous collection of letters, published by Bell and Etherington, in the year 1773, where the whole is thus quoted.

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura lymphis,
 Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
 Numen, convivæ! præfens agnoscite numen,
 Nympha pudica Deum vidit, & erubuit.

The use of the word "Nympha," for water, has been censured here, as well as in the beautiful fragment of Mr. Gray, and "lympa," purposed to be substituted for it, which seems to spoil the whole beauty of the line. The use of Nympha, for water, is justified by many classical passages, and particularly one in a Greek epigram on Bacchus, of which this is the literal translation. "He delights in mingling with three nymphs, making the fourth himself;" which alludes to the custom

custom of the ancients mixing three parts water with one of wine, a proof that their wine must have been nearly as strong as our spirits.

If there is a fault in this epigram, it is the profaneness of the allusion on so sacred a subject. The last line is sometimes written

Vidit et erubuit, Nympha pudica Deum.

Which gives a better accentual cadence. P.

THE following lines, translated from a Greek epigram in the *Anthologiæ*, were written on the window of an inn.

* Paphos may now two goddesses adore,
Ten are the muses, and the graces four;
For such is Delia's wit, and mein, and face,
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace. P.

There is some humour in the following French lines, which likewise were

* The original epigram, written by Ruphinus, is,

Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύο, καὶ δέκα Μῦσαι·
Ἀφελὴς ἐν πάσαις, Μῦσα, Χάρις, Παφίη.

U 2

written

written on the window of an inn at Wickham, in Hampshire.

Le monde des fots est tout remplis,
Et pour ne les jamais voir,
Il faut se cacher chez lui,
Et casser son miroir.

Which may be thus paraphrased,

He that's determin'd ne'er to see an ass,
Must bar his doors, and break his looking-glass. P.

Without entering into the controversy about the superior excellence of rhyme, or blank verse, the want of a sufficient mark to the boundary of the line, is certainly a defect in the latter, that often occasions *one* verse to run into *another*, and which, from the cesure, and final Adonic, can hardly ever happen in Latin hexameters. This will be best illustrated by a quotation from Milton.

————— the happy feat
Of some new race, called man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above.

This

This may as well be read,

The happy feat of some new race, called man,
About this time to be created, like
To us, tho' less in power and excellence,
But favor'd more of him who rules above. P.

THE celebrated song of Dr. Percy's,
which begins,

“ Dear Nancy, wilt thou go with me.”

appears to have a defect in the concluding verse. It is very natural, and even amiable, for the indigent lover to place all the inconveniencies of his situation before the eyes of his mistress; but there seems a want of propriety in asking her how she could bear his death, which must happen, let his rank in life have been the most exalted. It seems as if that painful question would have better suited a consumptive, than a poor, lover. It may be alleged, however, that the same objection might be made to that elegy of Tibullus, from which the subject of the

song is taken, as well as to Hammond's imitation of it.

The Lady, one may suppose, in the present case, might make something like this answer to her admirer's discouraging picture of futurity.

Yes, Damon, yes, with thee I'll go
 Thro' every hardship life displays;
 With thee I'll tread December's snow,
 Or brave the dog-star's fiercest blaze.
 Distressful want, and perils keen,
 With thee I'll unrepining share,
 Nor e'er regret the courtly scene,
 Where I was fairest of the fair.

But wherefore should thy plaintive breath,
 The dreadful close of life pourtray,
 Or paint the ruthless arm of death,
 Which spreads o'er *all*, despotic sway;
 The village maid, and scepter'd queen,
 Alike his gloomy empire share,
 Nor will he, mid the courtly scene,
 Regard the fairest of the fair.

By danger, or by want, when press'd,
 My heart thy love will near-forego,
 But when thy verse alarms my breast,
 By evils, *all* are doom'd to know,

No

No more I hear that voice serene,
 No more I see that anxious care,
 Which woo'd me in the courtly scene,
 Where I was fairest of the fair.

Yes, Damon!—constant by thy side,
 Thy faithful Nancy would remain,
 The frowns of fortune would abide,
 And soothe the languid couch of pain.
 But do not deem my love so mean,
 Unmov'd my Damon's death to bear,
 Tho' many such perhaps are seen,
 Among the fairest of the fair. P.

LET no young bard ever despair of arriving at the summit of Parnassus, be his beginnings ever so humble. The great Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's made his 'debut' in the literary world, by one of the wretchedest odes which ever disgraced Grub-street. Stiff, uncouth, awkward as to *sense*, and, as to *measure*, (even allowing for the alcaic irregularity,) insufferable.

The subsequent extracts will prove what has been said above.

“ The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain,
 “ And thence with joyful, nimble wing,
 “ Flew dutifully back again.

“ Who by that, vainly talks of baffling death,

“ And hopes to lessen life, by a transfusion of breath,

“ And seem almost transform’d to water, flame and air,

“ So well you answer all phænomenas there.”

If any thing could add to the disgrace of writing such a poem, it is the folly of having addressed it, with a very silly introductory letter, to the writers of the Athenian oracle, a set of people, whose conceit in offering to answer all questions, ignorance in giving solutions, and credulity, in listening to the grossest falsehoods, are at a perpetual strife, which shall be most noticed. Swift must have been by the date of his ode, 24 years of age, when he produced this choice morçeau.

AN attempt to translate the sublime passage in the tragedy of *Athalie*.

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des mechants arrêter les complots,
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & je n'ai point d'autre
crainte.

“ He,

“ He, whose commands the stormy billows rein,
 “ The wicked’s wily councils can restrain ;
 “ His holy will submissive I revere,
 “ And fearing God, disclaim all other fear.” P.

M. BOILEAU D’ESPREAUX used to ridicule M. Dacier, for thinking the Nasidienus of Horace, a miserly rich man. He looked upon it, (and probably rightly) that the poet meant to describe a person of an exceeding bad taste in choice of dishes, but who, nevertheless, fancied himself a connoisseur, and thought that by counter-acting the general ideas of his countrymen, in point of entertainment, he should establish his own reputation for delicacy of discernment. There is, indeed, nothing in Nasidienus’s conduct, which points out the miser, and his reasons for disliking hard drinkers, militate strongly against that charge. Horace does not hint that he feared for his wines, but only * left hard-drinking should encourage his guests to be

* — Nil sic metuentis, ut acres

‡ Potiores, vel quod male dicunt liberius, vel

‡ Fervida quod subtile exfurdant vina palatum.?

farcaſtical on their hoſt, or that the taſte of the wine ſhould blunt the edge of their palates, and render them leſs ſenſible of the dainties he had provided for them.

P R I D E.

IT is a well-known, and a well-founded ſentiment, that, “ Pride was not made for “ man;” and the awkwardneſs of the hands, into which this unpleaſant quality generally falls, confirms the fact. A *cook-maid* has been known to die of actual pride; and the haughtieſt perſon the Editor ever met with, was the miſtreſs of a little inn-keeper at a country town. Her paramour did not honor her enough to permit her to aſſume his name, yet, poſſeſſed of as ſheer pride as ever actuated the boſom of a Semiramis, ſhe drove from the houſe many families, by treating their ſervants with an inſupportable degree of inſolence.

Sometimes, indeed, men of real birth and diſtinction, will meanly condeſcend to
fully.

fully their fingers with this dirty material, but it is a garment which fits well on *no* one's shoulders, since it is not possible to wear it with consistence. A fit of the tooth-ach, or the sting of a wasp, afford tolerable hints to the proud, but a British election* is the completest of all the admonitions that can be given to him, who thinks himself above the level of his fellow creatures, except indeed, the last great lesson, death, and its immediate and humiliating consequences.

As grotesque an incident as any of those which pride has ever given rise to, is reported of a Peer, who in his day had acquired the appellation of the *proud* Duke of Somerset. A lady whom he had taken in second nuptials, with a degree of good-humored ease, which *most* husbands would have cherished, seated herself, rather suddenly, on his knee, threw her arm round his neck, and saluted him.

* The humiliations to which an election obliges the most haughty to submit, are not limited to the commoner. Peers have their interest to keep up; and the higher the rank of the asker, the greater the submissions to which the black-guard voter expects he will descend.

“Madam,”

“ Madam,” said the unmanly formalist,
“ my first wife was a Percy, and *she* would
“ not have taken such a liberty !”

It is said too, of the same nobleman,
that he never permitted any servant to
turn his back, after he had delivered his
message, but ordered that he should go out
of the room backwards, with his face still
towards his master.

AMONG men of learning, the pride of
the two Scaligers, father and son, have
been scarcely ever equalled. A friend to
the elder of that name, wrote to acquaint
him that he should make mention of him,
in a work which he meant to publish, and
wished to know what he should say of him.
Were not the answer which the elder
Scaliger made, actually extant, in the
printed collection of his letters, it could not
be credited. “ Endeavor,” said he, “ to
“ collect your best ideas of what Massinissa,
“ what Xenophon, and what Plato, were,
“ and your portrait will bear some, although
“ an imperfect, resemblance of me.”

THE

THE vanity of the younger Scaliger, fully equalled that of his parent. Not to mention that fancied principality of Verona, from which he was dethroned, in consequence of his quarrel with Scioppius, his excessive pride makes him perpetually complain, throughout his works, of the hardship of that destiny which had prevented his being born a sovereign prince; and the incessant complaints which he makes concerning the blindness of the age he lived in, in not sufficiently recognizing and rewarding his merit, are repeated so as to disgust every reader.

Notwithstanding this odious foible, which shews itself in almost every page, written by either of the Scaligers, it was yet the opinion of Justus Lipsius, and that opinion was confirmed by the suffrage of the Bishop of Avranches, that “if the father
“and son were not princes, they deserved
“incontestibly, that high rank, from the
“brightness of their genius, and the ex-
“cellence of their knowledge.”

A SPANIARD,

A SPANIARD, rising from a fall, whereby his nose had suffered considerably, exclaimed, “ Voto a tal, esto es caminar por la tierra!” “ This comes of walking upon earth!”

M. DE NANTOUILLÉ, Prevot de Paris, during the reign of Henry III. of France, possessed a most singular species of vanity. “ I have the honor,” he used to say, “ to count among my enemies, all the most powerful of my cotemporaries. Elizabeth of England, I have nosed *—in her very metropolis—I make no scruple of abusing the mistresses of the Duc D’Anjou, and the King of Navarre every day of my life—and as to the Duc de Guise, to him I have had the exquisite pleasure of breaking my solemn word of honor.”

THE Cardinal de Lorraine, the hardness of whose heart has been celebrated in a

* Nargué.

former part of this work, had pride equal to his inhumanity. He was introduced one day, as we are told by Brantome, to Donna Beatrice of Portugal, Dutcheſs of Savoy, and as he approached to ſalute her face, the lady, who was at leaſt as haughty as himſelf, drew back, with ſome diſdain, and offered him her *band* to kiſs. He, ſlighting that favor, ſtill preſſed forward towards her, and ſhe ſtill continuing to retire, the irritated Cardinal ſpringing onwards, caught her by the neck, and ſaluted her, forcibly, three or four times. Aſtoniſhed at this treatment, ſhe exclaimed bitterly againſt the insolent prieſt, both in the Spaniſh and Portugueſe tongues, but gained very little by it. “Am I,” ſaid he, “to be ſubjected to your caprices, Madam? I, who am uſed every day to ſalute my miſtreſs, the Queen of France. And yet, forſooth, I am not to touch the cheek of a little * dirty Dutcheſs like you!”

* “Une petite Duchefſe crottée.”

THAT kind of insolence which is commonly denominated purse-pride, is by much the most intolerable of every species of haughtiness. The pride of *birth* is seldom unaccompanied by good-breeding, and knowledge of the world. The pride of *beauty* and *accomplishments*, being chiefly confined to the fair sex, is at worst ridiculous, never odious. But the pride of *riches* goes always hand in hand with vulgarity. Men of wit, or literature, are very rarely in a condition to enjoy the sensations of this species of pride, for taste and generosity (those two ruinous, but constant, attendants on genius) take especial care that no opportunities to display this low propensity shall ever fall in the way of such. The self-sufficiency with which the purse-proud are inspired, is of the most provoking sort. Crumenas, wherever he goes, believes himself the only object of envy, be the company ever so superior to him in rank or talents. If you praise the country seat of some friend, Crumenas joins in the praise, and avers that

that "were it not so far from town, he
 "would buy it." You reply, that you
 do not apprehend that your friend would
 sell a place in which his ancestors have
 been seated some hundred years, on *any*
 consideration. "What, not if I were
 "to offer him twice the value of it, in
 "cash?" You reply, that you apprehend
 he would *not*. Crumenas bursts into a
 horse laugh, and tells you that "your
 "friend is not so great a simpleton as
 "you take him for." It is ten to one
 but that the party present join the man
 of money in his mirth; for wealth, al-
 though there be not the least chance of
 the company's ever sharing in it, yet
 commands universal respect; and its pos-
 sessor seldom misses of applause, be his
 jokes ever so insipid. It has, indeed,
 this advantage on its side, it may be
borrowed, which neither birth, beauty,
 nor accomplishments *can*, and it is this
 consideration, perhaps, which inclines
 mankind to support the insolence of its
 owners, in the humble hope of profit-

X

ing,

ing, some time or other, by this mean policy.

P R O V E R B S.

SENSIBLE and well-meaning as our British adages are justly reputed, yet the warmth of the southern latitudes seems to sometimes have given a strength and flavor to the proverbs of their inhabitants, which ours have not.

With how much more force does the Spaniard express our “Misfortunes seldom come alone,” when he says to ill-luck, “Ben vengas ! Si vengas solo*.”

There is a touching species of humility in another adage of the same nation, “Defienda mi, Dios ! de mi †,” to which we have no parallel.

* “Thou art *welcome*, if thou beest unaccompanied.”

† Preserve me, O God ! from my own follies.

THE Italian "Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere," and "Passato il pericolo, gabbato il Santo," seem, in their way, at least equal to our "ill-wind," and "sick devil."

The Latin adage, "Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim," although it be cited, and even disserted upon by Erasmus, yet he acknowledges that he is utterly ignorant of its author. However, Galleotus Martius de Narni (who died in 1476) acquaints us*, that this celebrated line is to be found in "Gualterus Gallus, de gestis Alexandri." A book almost utterly unknown, but said, by the few who have perused it, to be a very indifferent version of Quintus Curtius into Latin verse. The line in question is thus introduced.

" ——— Quo tendis inertem,
 " Rex periture, fugam? Nescis, Heu! Perdite, nescis
 " Quem fugias. Hostes incurris, dum fugis hostem.
 " Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

* In his work "de Doctrinâ promiscua."

Thus in English :

————— Whither flyest?

Poor ill-farr'd Monarch! Whilst from pressing foes
Thy rapid course thou urgest, others meet thee;
And Scylla waits for him who 'scapes Charybdis.

AFTER the fight at Bannockburn, so fatal to the English in the reign of Edward the Second, the Scots, by way of insult, formed a proverb, which is valuable, as it points out the fashion of the day.

“ Long beards, heartless—painted hoods, witless—
“ Gay coats, graceless—make England thriftless.”

The hoods were, at that period, used as hats or caps, and were colored in a method between dying and painting, whence the old company of Painter-stayners derive their name.

BOURSAULT, in his Letters, relates an anecdote of Mademoiselle D'Orleans, daughter to Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII. to which he was an eye-witness.

She

She was amusing herself, by playing with her domestics, at the game of explaining proverbs by dumb shew, and had already found out several, by the gestures of the parties: she endeavored, however, in vain, to comprehend the meaning of one of her gentlemen, who capered about, made faces, and played a thousand antic tricks. Tired with attempting to discover this enigma, she ordered him to explain himself. “Ma-
“dam,” said he, “my proverb means,
“*One fool makes many.*” The princess looked on this as a reflection on her imprudence, in being too familiar with her servants, and banished the unlucky proverbialist from her presence for ever.

R E L I G I O N.

THE fanciful ingenuity of mankind has shewn itself with its utmost variety in the article of a future state. The followers of each religion have formed a Paradise to their liking; some of the plans laid down

for the amusement of the blessed were extraordinary. That of the Celtes was never adopted by any other religionists. After drinking beer most liberally, from the skulls of their foes, the saints were to rise from table, and hew one another to pieces with swords and battle-axes. There was to be afterwards, a species of reviviscence, and then all hands to drinking beer again. The Puelches, a nation lately discovered in South-America, can have no objection to the former division of the Celtic beatitudes, for they expect that good men will be indulged with a perpetual state of drunkenness in the next world, and they honor their Supreme Deity with the name of "Soucha," or, "The God of strong drink." The more temperate Greenlanders content themselves with allowing to their blessed, plenty of the best of train-oil to drink, and abundance of seals to hunt.

THE Heathens treated their deities with marked disrespect. The characters indeed, and modes of life, attributed to those

those exalted beings, could not claim much of their regard; notwithstanding this, it seems rather strange, that mankind should not be held in somewhat more awe, by those whom they called Gods, and to whom they thought it necessary to offer sacrifices. Yet we find in a Greek poet,

“Θεοὶ δ' ὀνείδος, τοὺς κακὸς εὐδαιμονεῖ.”

In English :

“The Gods are disgrac'd by the prosperity of the
“wicked.”

Seneca, speaking of Sylla, says,

“Deorum crimen, Sylla tam felix.”

“The Gods were criminal in allowing Sylla to be so
“fortunate.”

And Tully declares, “That the lasting
“good fortune of Harpalus, a successful
“pirate, bore testimony against the Gods.”

And lastly, Lucan's celebrated compliment to Cato, lowers his creators and pro-

structors to a state, of which his fellow creatures would have been ashamed :

“ *Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

THE character which Brantome gives of his great favorite, the Marechal Strozzi, is very curious, in point of religion. “ Il
 “ n’etoit pas certainement bigot, hypocrite,
 “ mangeur d’images, ni grand auditeur de
 “ messes, ni sermons, mais il croyoit tres
 “ bien d’ailleurs ce qu’il falloit croire tou-
 “ chant sa *grande creance* *.”

There is somewhat exceedingly whimsical, in thus separating the “ Grande cre-
 “ ance,” from the “ petite.” The first species of belief was in Strozzi’s age, remarkably commodious for general officers, partizans, court-ladies, and people of fashion in general, since the “ Grande croyance,” seems little more than believing that *there is a God.*

* He was no bigot, nor hypocrite, nor did he pay great regard to images, masses, nor sermons ; but then he was an excellent believer as to the great system of faith.”

THE same bizarre theologift cannot conceal his partiality to beauty and elegance, even in his idea of a future ftate. “ Can one “ imagine,” fays he, “ that the foul of an “ infant, of a blockhead, of a puppy, of “ a brute, or of a fcoundrel, can make as “ good a figure as that of a worthy man, “ or a man of honor? Or that the foul of “ an ugly, crofs, awkward, ftupid woman, “ can bear the fmalleft refemblance to that “ of a lovely, amiable, agreeable lady*?”

THE Tzeremifch Tartars have very little notions of forms in religion. They have, as Bell in his travels acquaints us, a tradition among them, which is generally believed, that formerly the nation had been in poffeffion of a book of religion. But, they add, that as nobody took the pains to decypher it, a cow came and fwallowed it.

* “ Un belle, honnête & agréable Dame.” N. B. Brantome’s “ honnête” had no connection with our “ ho-
“ neft.” A circumftance neceffary to be obferved by all his readers.

Another

Another branch of the same people had waded much deeper in theology and cosmogony, for they reasoned with our countryman upon earthquakes, and attributed them to the awkward attempts, which a golden frog, who supports the globe, is too apt to make, to scratch himself.

ONE would not naturally expect to find Tully writing against transubstantiation, yet in his book on the Nature of the Gods, is this striking passage: ‘ Quum fruges
 ‘ Cererem, vinum liberum dicimus, ge-
 ‘ nere nos quidem utimur usitato, sed ec-
 ‘ quem tam amentem esse putas, qui
 ‘ illud quo vescatur Deum credat esse?
 Cic. de Nat. Deor. L. III. Cap. LIII.

SOME of the best French writers, acknowledge that good writing and preaching in France, took their rise from the efforts of the Calvinistical authors and declaimers, before whose time, their theological treatises were contemptible.—Oliver Maillard, a cordelier, was a celebrated preacher,

preacher, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. He left two volumes of sermons in Latin, and in the margin of some of them, have been observed marks, whereby it might be known, when some particular action would add a grace to the delivery, and here and there the words "Hem, Hem," to point out where a cough might come in as an ornament.

THERE is nothing more often complained of, than the manner in which the Liturgy is repeated by our clergy; and it seems strange, that men, whose chief fame must arise from pronouncing well, and that attention confined to *one* composition, should neglect the study of so easy a task. But this task, on examination, will not be found quite so easy, as is at first imagined. Two requisites, (as in musical performances,) are to be attended to, judgment, and execution. The one, comprehending a clear knowledge of the precise meaning of every sentence and word, and how to place the emphasis, so as to convey
that

that meaning to the hearers. The other, powers of *voice*, and accuracy of ear, so to modulate that voice, as to execute properly what the judgment directs. There is also another kind of judgment necessary. In reading the prayers and lessons, the clergyman should consider when he repeats the words of the Almighty, he is not to use the same manner, as if he were speaking in his own character, but, should observe a medium between the coldness of unfeeling recitation, and the absurd animation of enthusiastic delivery. Sheridan seems to wonder why those persons who *speaking* naturally and properly in *ordinary* conversation, immediately assume an unnatural and awkward manner on *reading* only a single paragraph; but surely the reason is sufficiently obvious. The *speaker*, only uses his own words, and consequently expresses the sentiments those words are intended to convey. But the *reader* is repeating the words of another, whose sentiments should only appear from those words, without any addition of tone,
of

of voice, and gesture. To illustrate this by an example, how ridiculous would a person appear, if in reading an account of a battle, he were to recite in the same tone and manner, in which an eye witness would relate the story. P.

There is also another difficulty which attends the proper enunciation of the liturgy; the constant practice of it, takes off that feeling for the solemn and pathetic parts of it, which one would think, would animate the expression of the reader. There are many young clergymen that have read remarkably well on their first taking orders, who, (probably from this circumstance) have gradually fallen into that cold, uninteresting method, which is so generally complained of, and which has driven many auditors to irregular, fanatical declaimers, in search of that warm elocution, which they cannot meet with at their parish church. P.

R I D I C U L E.

WHETHER, or no, ridicule be the proper test of truth, is not, perhaps, fully decided, but it is most certain, that it might be used in many cases, in the place of severe chastisement, and sometimes with a more lasting effect, especially among young people. One scheme of this kind was tried with great success, by the elder Dr. Newcome, who governed a school at Hackney, about forty years ago. When any mistake happened in the pronunciation of a Latin word, he used to make the faulty lad repeat after him, before the whole school, “*Nos Germāni, non curāmus, quantitātem, syllābārum* *.” And this penalty was more dreaded by the boys, than the ferula or the rod.

Marville †, in his *Melange D’Histoire, &c.* produces two or three instances of

* An absurd assertion, all in false quantity, supposed to be made by a German, importing that “His country-men minded not how they pronounced Latin.”

† Or rather the learned Monte, who borrowed that name.

ridiculous situations, in which great men have been seen. One of them must have been singularly so. The celebrated Constable Anne de Montmorency, a man whose valor and military skill was only exceeded by his pride, his cruelty, and his bigotry, was ordered by Francis I. of France, to carry, on his shoulders, or any way that he could contrive it, his niece, the princess of Navarre, to the altar, where she was, against her will, to be married to the "Duc de Cleves." This Brantome observes, was a hard task, as the little lady was so loaded with jewels, and rich brocade of gold and silver, that she could scarcely walk. The whole court were amazed at the King's command; the Queen of Navarre was pleased, as she wished her daughter to be humbled, on account of her having imbibed Lutheran principles; but the Constable was much hurt, at being exposed to the ridicule of the whole world, and said, "It is henceforward over with me; my favor at court is passed away:"

accordingly,

accordingly, he was dismissed as soon as the wedding was over*.

MELANCTHON, is reported to have frequently studied the gravest points of theology, with his book in one hand, and in the other, the edge of a cradle, which he incessantly rocked: and "M. Esprit," a celebrated author and scholar, "has been caught
" by me," says M. Marville, "reading Plato
" with great attention, considering the in-
" terruptions which he met, from the ne-
" cessity of frequently founding his little
" child's whistle."

THE following anecdote is so perfectly ridiculous, that its being well known, is the only circumstance which can render

* Of the sanguinary character of Anne de Montmorency, some idea may be formed by the specimen which Brantome has given of his favorite orders. "Go! Let
" me see those rascals stabbed, or shot, directly! Hang me
" that fellow on yonder tree! Hack me to pieces, those
" scoundrels, this moment, who dared to defend that church
" against the King's forces! Set fire to that village, d'ye
" hear! Burn me all the country for a mile round this
" spot."

it

it credible. Cardinal Richelieu, when at the height of his glory and power, *wrote a tragedy*, entitled, "Europe," and actually brought it on the French stage. As the piece was little more than a political dialogue between the European nations, in which the comparative state of their revenues, forces, &c. were brought forward, it was barely *heard*, from respect to the writer; but when it was given out for *another* representation, a murmur of disapprobation arose, and the "Cid," of Corneille, was loudly demanded by the audience. This hurt the Right Reverend dramatist so much, that he actually contrived to have a long and regular critique, written by the academicians of Paris, on that ill-fated Cid, which had been set up as a rival to the progress of his tragedy.

THERE appears somewhat ridiculous in the wise reasons supposed by Sir J. Resby, for the odd conduct of a whimsical nobleman, who probably had no deeper

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scheme

scheme in his plan of his life, than to gratify his own unaccountable caprice.

“ The Marquis of Winchester, had
“ by his conduct persuaded some people
“ to think him mad, though he certainly
“ acted upon principles of great human
“ prudence. This gentleman passing
“ through Yorkshire, in his way to Lon-
“ don, I went to pay him a visit. He
“ had four coaches and an hundred horses
“ in his retinue, and staid ten days at a
“ house he borrowed in our parts. His
“ custom was to dine at six or seven in the
“ evening, and his meal always lasted till
“ six or seven the next morning, during
“ which he sometimes drank, sometimes
“ he listened to music, sometimes he fell
“ into discourse, sometimes he took to-
“ bacco, and sometimes he ate his victuals,
“ while the company had free choice to
“ sit or rise, to go or come, to sleep or
“ not. The dishes and bottles were all
“ the time before them on the table: and
“ when it was morning, he would hunt or
“ hawk, if the weather was fair, if not,
“ he

“ he would dance, go to bed at eleven,
 “ and repose himself till the evening.
 “ Notwithstanding this irregularity, he
 “ was a man of great sense, and though,
 “ as I just now said, some took him to be
 “ mad, it is certain, his meaning was to
 “ keep himself out of the way of more
 “ serious censure in these ticklish days, and
 “ preserve his estate, which he took great
 “ care of.”

R O M A N C E S.

AMONG that class of romances, for the black-letter translations of which we are chiefly indebted to ‘ Sir John Bouchier, Knight, Lord Berners,’ are many which, in their line, have great merit. The ‘ Mort D’Arthur,’ has some picturesque scenes, particularly one, where the effect of the ‘ Stroke dolorous,’ is described. ‘ Huon of Bourdeaux,’ has conferred obligations on many modern writers, which they have not had the gratitude to acknowledge.

knowledge. His wild, and picturesque stories of Judas, whirling about in the sea, and of Cain in the desert, with an attendant fiend, have supplied M. Petit de la Croix, with the most interesting parts of his Persian Tales; nor has Huon's "Castle of Adamant," been spared by the same plagiarist.

There is a romance little known, intitled 'Galienus restored,' which, from the specimen which an ingenious French writer gives of it, must, probably, be very interesting. The account of a visit, which, the author says, Charlemagne and his twelve peers, paid to an Emperor Hugo, of Constantinople, and the reception which that prince gave to them, is, as the same writer expresses it, 'Une des plus grand naivetez qu'on ait jamais ecrites.' After a magnificent entertainment, these noble guests were conducted to a sumptuous bed-chamber, by the prince Tiberius and the beautiful princess Jacqueline. Thirteen pompous beds ornamented the vast apartment; that in the middle was for
Char-

Charlemagne, who being in no humor for sleeping, proposed to amuse himself and his twelve companions by a species of conversation, which the author of the romance "calls Gaber *," and which consisted in making the most ridiculous rhodomontades.

He began with vaunting, that with his good sword Joyeuse, he could cut a man in twain, although defended by the best tempered armour. Orlando, his nephew, professed, that by one blast of his horn, he would level with the ground fifty fathom of the walls of Constantinople. Ogier, the Dane, undertook to overturn the edifice in which they had been entertained, merely by tying a cord round the center pillar of the hall, and exerting his force in pulling at it. In short, every Peer had his peculiar boast, and that of the Marquis Oliver was the only one which distinguished itself from the rest; but, unluckily, from the lu-

* From "Gaber," it is supposed, is derived, "The gift of the gab," which has much the same sense as is mentioned above. Gab or Gob, is used in the North to signify mouth.

dicroufness of its nature, it cannot be repeated. The “ Gabs” being completed, the party composed themselves to sleep, with a calmness of mind which they would hardly have possessed, had they known what was to befall them the next morn. For it chanced, that the Emperor Hugo, who had expected that from the conversation of thirteen such paragons of valor and wisdom, he should gain documents of importance towards the good government of his empire, had placed a spy, concealed in a hollow column, who was directed to note every word which passed, and to report it early in the morn. The person, appointed, executed his commission faithfully, and having, by means of a private stair-case, acquainted Hugo with the whole conversation, he was so much disappointed, to find in the room of the maxims which he expected, a pack of improbable lies, that, forgetful of the laws which hospitality enjoins, he sent word to the whole party, by a herald, that unless they performed, each man, his “ gab,” completely and without
deceit,

deceit, he had taken a solemn oath to hang up every one of them, not excepting the venerable Charlemagne himself. It is certain that nothing but a very bitter aversion to liars, could have driven the good prince to this hasty measure, since he was obliged, in the execution of it, to expose the honor of his family in a very delicate point. The remainder of the story is somewhat too long, rather too profane, and much too free for this work, wherefore those who wish to know how Charlemagne and his peers were extricated from the scrape, must consult Menage, who will inform them of the unprecedented condescension, and humanity of the fair princess Jacqueline, and of the very indifferent figure which a celestial messenger made, by undertaking a business *quite out of his line*.

S A I L O R S.

THE race of failors are so truly eccentric, that notwithstanding the numberless anecdotes with which they supply conversation, there are many interesting circumstances relative to their very peculiar character, yet left untold. Like other arts, that of navigation possesses a number of technical terms peculiar to itself. The failor forms these into a language, and introduces them, without hesitation, into all companies, on all occasions, and, generally, with brilliant success, as nautical expressions are pointed, humorous, and easily adapted to the situations of common life.

Inured to hardships, to dangers, and to a perpetual change of companions, the seaman contracts a species of Stoicism, which might raise the envy even of a Diogenes. “Avast there,” cried a failor
to

to his comrade, who was busied in heaving overboard the lower division of a messmate, just cut in halves by a chain-shot, "Avast! let us, first, see if he have not the key of our mess-chest in his pocket!"

As their enjoyments are simple and few, sailors are equally at home at Port Royal, Halifax, Canton, Cape Coast Castle, or the Point at Portsmouth.

From the Admiral to the cabin-boy, their attachment to the fair-sex is earnest, lasting, and almost indiscriminate. The wives of seafaring men are far from being remarkable for beauty or youth, yet few women live happier in the conjugal state, as the heartiness, the sincerity, and the general good humour, (not to mention the *frequent absences*) of their mates, make ample amends for those small deficiencies, as to delicacy or politesse, which they sometimes might complain of.

Except the momentary joy of receiving his money, a sailor's happiest time is, by no means, that period when he has his pockets well stored. He possesses, indeed,

indeed, an anxiety to get rid of his cash, which amounts almost to actual distress.

“Why do you not return and enter with

“me again, as you promised?” said a

Captain to a valued seaman. “How can I,

“Captain? I have still money in my pouch,

“and yet I am never without a girl and

“a fidler.” “Try two girls and two

“fidlers,” said the Captain. The tar

thought the hint a good one, and by

adopting it, soon obtained a state of

finance which put him in a humor to return

to his occupation.

Two of the brightest points in the cha-

racter of a seamen seem to be, intrepidity,

and presence of mind. Without par-

tiality, we may say, that it is in the Bri-

tish mariner, particularly, that these qua-

lities are to be observed. In the hour of

extreme danger, he does not, like the

Portuguese, the Italian, or the Rus, either

ask assistance from, or denounce vengeance

against, his patron saint. No, he trusts to

his own agility and resolution for safety;

and if he imprecates curses on *any* head,

it

it is on his own, or on that of some *lubber*, who is not as active as himself in the general work of preservation.

Superstition and prophaneness, those extremes of human conduct, are too often found united in the sailor; and the man who dreads the stormy effects of drowning a cat, or of whistling a country dance, while he leans over the gunwale, will, too often, wantonly defy his creator, by the most daring execrations, and the most licentious behaviour. But most assuredly, he is thoughtless of the fault he commits, and (like the poor * fellow who spied land, after many days intolerable sufferings of hunger and thirst, in the boat of the ship-wrecked Centaur) thinks that he is at liberty to express his gratitude, or his distress, by the method which to him appears most apt, and most expressive.

A species of ready wit is often connected with the character of a sailor; and as, whatever he conceives, he always

* See "Capt. Inglefield's Narrative."

thinks himself at liberty to express, let the company, the place, the time be what it will, he has, of consequence, vast advantages over the more bashful belle esprit. A couple of sailors, some years ago, went ashore at Charles-town in Carolina. They naturally advanced towards a crowd which had gathered round the celebrated Whitfield, who was preaching with infinite vehemence against the sins of his audience. They arrived just time enough to hear him say, with his utmost exertion of voice and gesture, "and I, your *pastor*, your *teacher*, shall be forced to bear witness against you, at the awful day of judgment." "Hallo, Jack!" cried one of the tars, whom the crowd had divided from his comrade, "d— my eyes, if that is not just as it goes at the Old Bailey. The greatest rogue always turns King's evidence."

But the sailor's character must not be dismissed, without some notice being taken of that fraternal regard which reigns among them *all*, let the outsidess of *some* be

be ever so rugged. No tie of Free-Masonry, no oath, no bond of society, can unite any denomination of mankind together as *sailors* are united. It is in the most trying situations of life that the effects of this union are most seen. If a sea officer dies, leaving a family behind him unprovided for, his sons become the children of his fraternity, and are handed up in life by their father's friends, from one station to another in the service, until they are enabled to provide for themselves. As a proof of this emanation of genuine philanthropy, amongst this gallant race of men, the following circumstance may be properly brought forward. Not many years past, an unknown benefactor gave Three Hundred Pounds per annum, to be divided among thirty sea-officers widows. In order to appreciate the merit of the competitors, each who applies, brings in a list of her children, and how they are provided for. And the Editor, who has the honor of being one of the distributors of this excellent donation, has with plea-

ture remarked, that there is scarcely the name of one male, among the numerous offspring of thirty mothers, but what has some provision in the navy, and is, at least, in the right road to an honorable competence.

S C A N D A L.

THOUGH some, (says Selden, referring to the state of Britain in 1645) make flight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits. As, take a straw, and throw it up in the air, and you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do, by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well, as ballads and libels.

* A BLIND man of Paris, retiring in the dusk to his hovel, after having spent the day in begging, with little success, was accosted by a person, who told him, that if he

* Since these sheets went to the press, the Editor has had the vexation of finding this anecdote inserted in a public print.

would

would go home with him, he should find his account in it. The blind man joyfully consented to be conducted to his new friend's house, and was thus addressed by him: "I am not rich, and yet wish to shew
" charity to the poor, which I have no
" other possibility of doing, unless by giving them parcels of tales and novels,
" which I compose, to sell at a very moderate price, for their own benefit. Here,
" my friend, is a good parcel of them,
" which you shall dispose of at the rate
" of two-pence each, although they are
" intrinsically worth thrice the money."

The poor fellow, after loudly expressing his gratitude, groped his way home, exulting, and sallied out early the next morn, to enjoy the profits of his benefactor's productions. He cried his pamphlets by the title of a new novel, as he had been directed, and for some time, had no custom; but one of his books having been purchased and examined, the rest met with a most rapid sale, and the blind man returned homewards with his pockets well loaded.

His pleasant ideas were, however, soon checked, by his finding himself in the custody of an officer of the Police, who told him that the book which he had sold, was a most virulent, and impudent satire against a person of rank. The poor blind man protested his innocence, and told his tale, which, luckily for him, was believed; but he could give no information which could lead to the contriver of this very ingenious and new way of spreading abroad scandal with impunity.

A LADY, well known in the literary world, having asked the elder Lord Lytton, “ why he did not insert in his “ life of Henry the Second, the well- “ supported tradition which makes that “ Prince the offspring of an amour between the Empress Matilda and her “ competitor Stephen?” was answered by the noble biographer, “ that *his* work “ should never become the vehicle of an- “ tiquated scandal, against a lady of rank “ and character.”

The

The above delicacy might have had weight enough with the Editor to have prevented his telling the following anecdote, but the inhumanity of the lady, whose beauty and ingratitude it records, utterly destroys all her claims to forbearance.

The story of Livia Gonzaga is well known. Her exquisite and far-famed beauty tempted a corsair to fit out a small squadron, and to land near her castle, in order to make himself master of so rich a prize. A domestic burst into her room, while the pirates were actually scaling her walls, and snatching her, naked as she was, from her bed, conveyed her, on horseback out of the reach of the assailants. When they had gained a place of security, the lady's high sense of modesty, obliged her to cause her honest, although, perhaps indelicate preserver, to be assassinated. Thus much is always told; but it is very little known, although certainly true, that during their flight from the castle, the fugitives fell in with one of

Z

those

those roving parties of banditti, which Italy, in those days, abounded with. This paragon of beauty was, a full week, detained by the band of outlaws, before she had leave to pursue her journey, and to execute her plan of vengeance on her deliverer. Had she been honored by a La Fontaine for her historian, her adventures might perhaps have eclipsed those of the Princess of Garbes. Possibly she might not be sorry to be rid of one who had been a witness to the hospitality of her late entertainers.

THE present age, far from encouraging obsolete defamation, seems rather to indulge in the opposite extreme. Sir John Falstaff has found an ingenious advocate, to affirm that cowardice never formed a part of his character. Richard the Third, tyrant as he was, has not been without a friend, who has exhausted the powers of every engine, which wit and reading could supply, to set his character and his back straight: and volumes upon volumes

are

are written, to prove the immaculate purity of *Mary, Queen of Scots*.

To those who are well acquainted with the works of those authors * who lived near that unfortunate lady's time, it must appear that one half of them would have laughed, and the other half have started, at the very name of such an apology. It may be well-founded, nevertheless; but is it quite necessary that so great a rout should be made "about Sir Archy's great grandmother;" especially by *Southern* Britons, when her justification must include a stain on the memory of one whom Englishmen ought to value, and to cherish, as the protectress of their honor, the foundress of their commerce, and the supporter of their established religion? If there be such a thing as national gratitude, it seems to be here cruelly violated; and the maxim, "Fiat Justitia, ruat Cœlum," will, hardly, afford a shield to the author, since the

* Pierre de l'Estoile. Gab. Naudé. Brantome, and his commentator, &c. &c.

object is by no means of importance enough to come within the circle of its defence. The lady herself, bred up in the gallant Court of Catharine Medicis, must have smiled at some part of the argument brought forward on her behalf.

S I N G U L A R I T I E S.

THE following description of silk, by the celebrated Abbé Raynal, appears at first sight one of the most affected, and far-fetched conceits, that ever flowed from the pen of a man of genius. ‘Ouvrage de ce
 ‘ver rampant, qui habille l’homme de
 ‘feuilles d’arbres, élaborées dans son sein;’ but whatever may be the merit or demerit of the thought, it will not affect the Abbé, as in the Dictionnaire d’Anecdotes we may find the following *Arabian* proverb: ‘Avec
 ‘le temps et la patience, la feuille du
 ‘mûrier devient fatin.’ P.

WHEN

WHEN we consider the nice distinctions in language, and the particular expressions appropriated to certain things, it will seem almost impossible to attain perfect accuracy in any tongue we have not been conversant with from our infancy. For example, what a variety of ways we have to signify imprisonment, each of which is particularly significant of some peculiar mode of it, and would be a solecism if applied to any other. A criminal is *taken up*, or *apprehended*. If kept for *trial*, he is *committed*; if for *punishment*, he is *imprisoned*: a soldier is *confined*, an officer is *put under arrest*, a debtor is *arrested*: similar as the two last expressions appear, what very different ideas are conveyed by saying, Captain *** is *arrested*, or *put under an arrest*? P.

THE sensations of heat and cold by no means originate entirely from what we call difference of climate; innumerable other circumstances contribute to excite them. Algarotti observes, that when the French King sent some mathematicians to measure

a degree under the polar circle, and the King of Spain sent others for the same purpose to the line, to ascertain the true figure of the earth, who would have imagined, that those under the equator would suffer most by cold, and those under the arctic circle by heat; and yet this was actually the case. The cold on the summits of the Andes was intense, and the heat occasioned by the length of the polar days, was hardly to be borne. P.

At the time of the gunpowder-plot, it was intended to extirpate the whole royal family, except the Princess Elizabeth, who was to be bred a papist, and the Roman Catholic religion established under her. It is very remarkable, that the descendants of that very lady, (the present royal family) should have been called to the throne, to the exclusion of those of her brother, (among whom we may enumerate the present Kings of Sardinia, France, and Spain) for the direct contrary purpose, viz. the preservation of the protestant religion.

THERE

THERE are two extraordinary instances of predictions being fulfilled, where no supernatural means can possibly be supposed. The first is mentioned by the learned Bishop of Worcester, in the preface to his Sermons on Prophecy. It is part of a chorus in the Medea of Seneca.

Venient annis

Secula feris, quibus Oceanus

Vincula rerum laxet & ingens

Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novos

Deteget orbes.

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America. The other is in the first book of Dante's Purgatorio.

I' mi volsi a man' destro, e posì mente

All' altro polo, e vidi quatro stelle

Non viste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.

Now this is an exact description of the appearance of the four stars near the south pole, and yet Dante is known to have

written before the discovery of the southern hemisphere. P.

S K E T C H E S.

EUPHEMIA possesses a mind, superior to the sensation of possessing uncommon talents; she would be famed for her wit, her knowledge, her accomplishments, was it not for her philanthropy. She is so much with the wretched, that she is forgotten by the learned, and unknown to the celebrated. In short, she is content with being approved, when every faculty she has, entitles her to admiration. Amiable Euphemia! we must know *you* to believe such excellence exists!

ARAMINTA, you mistake your fastidiousness of humor, for delicacy of taste, your extreme positiveness, for steady principle, and your irritable temper for exquisite sensibility.

And what is it you feel? Not the distresses of the wretched—not the excellence

cellence of the deserving—not the success of the eminent—but—your own importance. You tell me no one regards their friends more tenderly; why? Not for any merits *they* possess, but because you think them sensible of *your's*; at the same time they applaud your wit, and fly at your command, gratify your vanity, and contribute to your ease. Talk not of sensibility, distinct from reason, virtue, and benevolence; it is the selfishness of a feeble mind, it is the tenderness of an unsound heart.

ASPASIA has generosity, honor, truth, every thing excellent, excepting that disposition of mind, which bears with people destitute of these qualities.

She is a very vixen for what is good—has neither love nor patience for the unworthy—loses her charity in the cause of benevolence, and her justice in zeal for reformation. Aspasia! this violence of will belongs not to virtue!

EUGENIO never performed a good action because it was right; for him it was enough to feel it natural. Less generous than profuse, he rather may be said to fling away, than to give.

Though it is not probable he would revenge if he remembered an injury, he is placable more from a careless temper than a noble mind, and oftener forgets than forgives his enemies.

Charitable, not so much from philanthropy as interest, he relieves, rather than sympathises.

Kind without sensibility, good-humored without affection, you love him, not for his merits, but his nature.

DORICOURT possesses that address which only is acquired in the best company, and that kind of knowledge which particularly recommends one to it.

Speaks ingeniously on subjects of taste; passes with all but critics as a wit; with all but artists as a connoisseur, with all but men of learning as a scholar.

To a discerning eye, indeed, it is very evident, that his talents are as superficial, as his mind is vain, and his heart interested: that he is polite, and engaging, but that he attends to you, not because he prizes your judgment, but loves your admiration—that he extols *your* virtues, to give you an opinion of *his own*; is good-natured, to be popular, and liberal, only that you may call him so.

Doricourt—‘ Tu recte vivis, si curas esse
‘ quod audis.’

ELVIRA may be classed amongst the excellent, and the wise, rather than the amiable and accomplished.

She has more understanding than wit, learning than taste, principle than sentiment; and though by no means deficient in tenderness of heart, is better distinguished by greatness of soul.

Her fate required all her fortitude: united to a man without mind, without merit, without morals, she has spent her whole life in endeavoring to reclaim him
from

from his vices, and to conceal them from the world.

Whilst other women are sinking under their petty disappointments, and boasting of their superior sensibility, Elvira, with the highest sense of honor, the nicest discrimination of right and wrong, neglected, injured, neither complains of the bitterness of existence, the fallacy of earthly prospects, nor the state of human things.

Misanthropes! sentimentalists! this sketch is as deserving your attention, as the Venus de Medicis is a virtuoso's,

FLAVIA is a widow of large estate, and renowned for generosity and good-nature; by her generosity, her tenants are made drunk, and her servants wasteful; and her good-nature, gives to sloth and vice what might relieve distress, reward merit, and promote industry.

Priscilla, her sister, is a very different character; shrewd, acrimonious, vigilant, fearing her bounty should be ill bestowed, she has not yet ventured to bestow it;
and

and as it requires a life to know the real worth of an indigent object, she reserves liberality to the last day of her's, and in her will, has left a considerable legacy to some poor old women now turned of seventy.

MELISSA is one of those women who are distinguished by what they *have not*, rather than what they *possess*.

Her features are not devoid of regularity, but loveliness; her shape is not without proportion, but grace; nor her voice discordant, but unmelodious.

She may be called, in the most extensive sense of the word, accomplished; but the same low tone of color which characterises herself, is evident in all she does. Her drawings, exact and delicately finished, want effect; her translations, faithful, and not *in-elegant*, spirit; her remarks, formed as they are by good company and books, interest.

“ With every prudent, every pleasing part,

“ What lacks the fair Melissa?—All—a *heart*!

ANTONIO is the most credulous man in the world; if indeed, you relate to him a noble action, a tale of sorrow, the ill-treatment you may have met with, or the humanity of the age we live in, he is as likely as any one to doubt it; but, there is no kind of flattery when addressed to himself, too contemptible for his acceptance, no degree of it, too gross for his belief.

Admire his understanding (and never was a more confused one) tell him of his virtues, (and no person possesses fewer) extol his conduct, (and it has always been irregular and culpable) and you are certain of————his *heart*?—his *purse*?—his *interest*?—No; his EAR.

S U P E R S T I T I O N.

THE ancients adopted a very peculiar method of pacifying the wandering spirits of such as had been slain by treachery. The murderer never thought himself safe from being haunted by the spectre of the person

person whom he had killed, until he had cut off the feet, the hands, the nose, and the ears, from the slaughtered corpse, and hung them to his own neck, or under his armpits. This appears from the Greek Scholiasts on Sophocles, Æschylus, &c. Deiphobus, the husband of Helena, was probably treated in this way, which accounts for the uncouth appearance which he made before Æneas, in the shades.

——— “ *Lacerum crudeliter ora,* ”

“ *Ora, manusque ambos, populataque tempora, raptis*

“ *Auribus, & truncas, inhonesto vulnere nares **.”

And this naturally introduces the Roman method of getting rid of those troublesome, nocturnal visitors, the Lemures, so named from a transversion of the word Remus, who was said to have haunted his brother, and murderer, Romulus.

* “ *Midst other barbarous devices,*

“ *The Greeks had cut his face in slices,*

“ *Of cheeks, nose, lips, they’d quite bereft him,*

“ *And not an inch of ear had left him.*”

On

On this account the hag-ridden Prince instituted a festival, called Lemuria, to appease the unquiet dead. The haunted person was to rise at midnight, and to walk bare-footed, silently, only making a small noise with his thumb and finger, to keep the disturbed spirit at some distance. He then must wash his hands, three times, in spring water, and fill his mouth with beans, which he was to throw behind him, for the spectre, who watched his motions, to pick up; he was at the same time to pronounce "With these beans I
"redeem me and mine," without turning back his head. Then after one more ablution, after striking a vessel of brass, and after adjuring the ghost, nine several times, by name, to depart, he might turn his head, and the ceremony was ended*.

IN what manner are we to account for the difference between that noble wildness

* It should seem that a person who had resolution enough to pass through a form so very alarming, must have too firm a mind to give any credit to such childish, expiatory ceremonies.

found in the tales of superstition, handed down to us by our Celtic ancestors, and the uninteresting insipidity of all the ghost and witch stories, which the latter ages have produced? Perhaps the cause may be found in that universal allowance of præternatural visitations, which, in former times, pervaded every rank of society, and, of course, encouraged the greatest and most fanciful wits of the time to busy themselves in inventing, and recounting, picturesque relations, while, in modern days, since the belief of such events has been confined wholly to the ignorant, the poor, and the superannuated, neither genius nor imagination are at hand to raise the tale one degree above a white sheet, or a pair of saucer-eyes, nor to supply the spectre with any language more expressive than that of scratching, knocking, or fluttering.

Let us, for example's sake, recount one, out of a hundred stories, told by the ancient northern writers. Asuithus and

A'a Asmundus

Afmundus were heroes and companions in arms. They had fought and conquered together, during many years, and their friendship was spoken of as a pattern to the warriors of the North. At length the one, after a desperate conflict, was slain in battle. The survivor, after causing a spacious vault to be constructed for his friend's body, and after having seen his arms, his horse, and his favorite dog (as was the mode of the times) placed within his reach, besides a large store of provisions, entered the cavern armed as he was, and, in consequence of a mutual vow, which had passed between them, insisted on being closed in with his deceased comrade. The orders of such a man were not to be disputed. The soldiers walled up the opening of the vault, heaped over the whole the usual mound of earth, and departed, lamenting the loss of two such leaders. It chanced that, a century afterwards, Eric, a Swedish Prince, marching with his army near the scene of this awful event, was incited by the hopes of finding some
vast

vast treasure, to violate this asylum of the dead. His pioneers instantly levelled the hillock, and the arch of the vault soon gave way ; when, instead of the expected, solemn stillness of a tomb, the ghastly figure of the surviving hero rushed forth, all covered with blood, and deprived of half his visage.

The tale he told to the Norwegian was frightful as his own appearance. “ As soon,” he said, “ as the tomb had been closed, a hungry and cruel spirit had taken possession of the body of his slaughtered friend, and had, without ceasing a moment, employed all the force and arms of the deceased, in order to conquer and devour the buried survivor. He added, that the spectre had so far prevailed, as to have feasted on the horse, the dog, and half the face of the wretched narrator, but that he had at length, by the exertion of his old prowess, overpowered the spectre, and beheaded and buried the possessed carcase.”

Here the story ends, and perhaps one of the most singular parts of it is, that it was told to the Norwegian prince in extempore verse *. A circumstance, which, in the mouth of a man who had been one hundred years fighting with a goblin, and who had but half a face left, seems uncommon †.

But

* Quid stupetis, qui relictum me colore cernitis?

Obsolefcit nempe vivus omnis inter mortuos.

Nescio quo Stygii numinis ausu,

Missus ab inferis, spiritus Assuiti,

Sævis alipedem dentibus edit,

Infandoque canem præbuit ori.

Nec contentus equi nec canis esse,

Mox, in me, rapidos transtulit ungues,

Discissâque genâ, sustulit aurem.

Hinc, laceri vultus horret imago,

Emicat, inque fero vulnere sanguis.

Haut impune tamen monstrifer egit,

Nam ferro secui, mox, caput ejus,

Profodique nocens stipite corpus.

† A Mr. Child, of Plymstock, in Devonshire, was inspired by the muses, if we may believe tradition, on an occasion almost as unpromising for a bard. He was benighted, half frozen, and on the point of perishing, when with the point of his sword he wrote, with his horse's blood, this testamentary distich.

“Whoever

But such effusions of poetry were usual, in former ages, in all remarkable occurrences. The modern vampire has strong traces of descent from the above quoted gothic phantom.

THUS we are told by Mathew Paris, that as Gilbert Folliot (afterwards Bishop of London) was one night revolving in his head certain points in politics, a science to which he had a stronger turn than to divinity, he was most fearfully interrupted in his meditation by Satan, who, with an unpleasant tone of voice, thus accosted him in rhyme, “ * O Gilberte Folliot!—Dum re-

“ Whoever finds, and brings me to my tomb—

“ The land of Plimstock—that shall be his doom.”

The Monks of Ford Abbey are said to have gained the estate so bequeathed, by throwing a temporary bridge over a river which separated the body from their burial ground; and a bridge near the ruins of that religious house, still is reported to bear the name of Guile-Bridge. Dr. Fuller says he cannot tell the date of this tale.

* “ While thus you’re revolving on good and on evil,

“ This world is your Heaven, your God is the Devil.”

“ volvis tot & tot—Deus tuus est Astarot.”

To whom the unterrified priest replied with greater presence of mind than civility,

“ * Mentiris, Dæmon! Qui est Deus—

“ Sabbaoth, est *ille* meus.”

NEAR the abbey of Clairvaux, in Swif-
ferland, there is a tradition, that an evil
spirit lies beneath a mountain, enchained
by St. Bernard; and the smiths of that
neighbourhood, when they go to work in
the morning, always think it their duty
to strike three strokes on their anvils, to
rivet his fetters. This infernal being de-
serves much less compassion than those in-
dustrious phantoms, who, according to a
reputable tradition, are still to be heard,
near a southern cliff in Wales, constantly
employed in hammering on the brazen wall,
which Merlin intended for the defence of
Britain. But the heedless enchanter, hav-
ing, after he had set them to work, been

* “ Satan, thou liest! The God who evermore,
“ Both was and is, is him whom I adore.”

decoyed

decoyed by the lady of the lake, into a perpetual confinement, the poor spirits still continue their unavailing labor, and must hammer on till Merlin regains his freedom.

SHOULD a glass-house fire be kept up, without extinction, for a longer term than seven years, there is no doubt but that a Salamander would be generated in the cinders. This very rational idea is much more generally credited than wise men would readily believe.

In a folio book of some price, we meet the following receipt.

How to make a Basiliske.

“ I deny not (quoth the author) but a
“ living creature may be generated, that
“ shall poison one by seeing and touching,
“ as if it were a Basilick. But take heed,
“ you that try to produce this creature, that
“ you do not endanger yourself, which, I
“ think, may easily come to pass. Infuse
“ fruitful eggs, where you have a liquid
A a 4 moisture

“moisture of arsenic, or serpents poison,
 “and other deadly things, and let the eggs
 “lie therein for some days; set them
 “under hens that do cluck, but shake them
 “not in your hands, lest you destroy the
 “mischief sought for. There is no greater
 “cause to be found to produce divers
 “monsters, than by eggs.”

No man ever gave into popular and superstitious prejudices, more readily, than the (otherwise) ingenious and entertaining Antiquarian, John Aubrey. His method of relation was always quaint, and sometimes too general, as in the following instance.

“Anno 1670, not far from Cirencester,
 “was an apparition. Being demanded
 “whether a good spirit or a bad? returned
 “no answer, but disappeared, with a
 “curious perfume, and most melodious
 “twang.”

THE following anecdote from the same writer is more particular.

“When

“ When I (the writer, J. Aubrey) was a
 “ freshman at Oxford, 1642, I was wont
 “ to go to Christ Church, to see King
 “ Charles I. at supper; where I once
 “ heard him say, that as he was hawking
 “ in Scotland, he rode into the quarry,
 “ and found the covey of partridges fall-
 “ ing on the hawk. And I do remember
 “ this expression further, viz. *And I will*
 “ *swear upon the book 'tis true.* When I
 “ came to my chamber, I told this story to
 “ my tutor, said he, “ *That covey was*
 “ *London.*”

THE annals of France report, that in
 793, there fell out an uncommon scarcity;
 the ears of corn were all void of substance,
 and strange præternatural beings were
 heard in the air, proclaiming themselves to
 be dæmons who had ravaged the harvests,
 in order to revenge the clergy for the re-
 luctance of the people as to the payment
 of tythes, which, in consequence of this
 diabolical interference, were ordered to be
 regularly discharged. St. Foix, who re-
 lates

lates this story, humorously asks, “ how
“ the devils came to interest themselves so
“ warmly in behalf of the priesthood ?”

KING JAMES I. defines a necromancer, to be the Devil’s master, and to command him, by art. A witch, his servant, for whom he works by compact.

ST. AUGUSTINE, treating of the resurrection, introduces (as an instance of the unaccountableness of some among the works of nature,) a peculiar property belonging to the flesh of the peacock. This, he affirms, will never corrupt, although from its colour and consistence, and from the species of food by which it is generated, one would suppose it, at least, as liable to putrefaction as any other kind of animal substance.

THE learned Godwin, in his antiquities of the Jewish Nation, favors us with the method of composing the Tera-
phim, which were a species of image en-
dued

duced by magic art, with the power of prophesying. "The Teraphim have spoken vanity." Zach. 10. 2. Rabbi Eliezer is quoted as the author.

Receipt for making the Teraphim.

"They killed a man that was a first born son, and wrung off his head, and seasoned it with salt and spices, and wrote upon a plate of gold, the name of an unclean spirit, and put it under the head on a wall, and lighted candles before it, and worshipped it." With such as these, the rabbis assert that Laban spake.

DR. FULLER, in his "Worthies of England," after repeating the old prophetic proverb,

"When our lady falls in our lord's lap,
Then let England beware a mishap."

and after bringing fifteen instances of singular misfortunes, which have happened
to

to England, when such a conjunction of feasts has occurred, warns the next generation to beware of what may fall out in the year 1722. Happily, that year is past, and probably another like æra, without any signal misfortune happening to the kingdom.

S U S P I C I O N.

THE Cardinal de Richelieu was prone to suspicion. Every night he narrowly searched each corner of his room. It chanced one evening, that Desnoyers, his valet, who slept in his master's chamber, had deposited two bottles of wine under his bed, for his own use. These, the active jealousy of the minister discovered; nor could he be convinced that the contents were not poisonous, and intended for his destruction, until he saw them both drank off, by the suspected domestic.

CARDINAL DE PERRON professes himself suspicious, lest the Arians, in the Northern

Northern part of Europe, should, one time or other, embrace the principles of Mahometanism, to which, he thinks, by their attachment to the idea of Divine Unity, they cannot be totally averse.

A WHIMSICAL adventure, which happened to an intimate friend of the Editor, may not appear unworthy of a place under the head of Suspicion. It chanced several years ago, at a time when every corner of every street, abounded with cautions against ring and money-droppers, that on a sultry day, he had occasion to go as far as Radcliff-highway, no inconsiderable distance from the western extremity of the town. He had reached the top of Holbourn-hill, and began to wish himself at the end of his journey, when his attention was caught by a jolly, stout, figure, walking down the hill just before him, whose ruddy complexion, jockey whip, and dirty boots, proclaimed him an original country-squire, come to town on business, and probably pacing towards the

S P I C I O N.

Bank, for a dividend. He had not long contemplated the rusticity of this figure, before he observed him, on jerking out his pocket-handkerchief, to scatter six or seven shillings out of his coat-pocket. Some of these melodiously trilled on their edges down the pavement, some were stopped by posts and stepping stones, while others took the country, and expatiated towards the kennel, which, in those days, occupied the middle of the street. The Editor's friend, whose agility was superior to every thing but his benevolence, pursued each fugitive shilling, one by one, recovered them all, (a work of no small labor, and of some duration) and ran down the hill after their owner, who had by this time gained, what the seamen term, a great offing. Out of breath, and perspiring at every pore, he stopped the 'Squire, and offering the shillings, began to tell his tale; but was unexpectedly interrupted by the person whom he addressed, who, freeing himself from his benefactor's grasp, exclaimed, with a menacing tone and gesture, "What, Sir!

" you

“ you think you have got a prize in me,
 “ Sir! because you see me just out of
 “ the country; but, Sir! I know the tricks
 “ of London, Sir! and if you don’t take
 “ your shillings, and yourself away, Sir,
 “ very speedily, I shall call a constable, and
 “ raise the mob upon you, Sir!” “ By
 “ no means in the world, Sir,” replied the
 Editor’s friend, “ and rather than drive
 “ you to such extremities, your shillings
 “ shall be employed in easing my legs.”
 After this explanation, he called a coach,
 and with the fruits of the stranger’s absurd
 over-caution, spared himself a tiresome
 and sultry walk.

T A L E S.

MUCH has been written to explain and
 to teach the art of story-telling; but no
 science is more difficult to attain, nor can
 it be taught by any settled rules. If the tel-
 ler can but contrive to keep the attention of
 his audience awake, to the end of his tale,
 he

he has certainly gained a great point, let the method he has taken be what it will; and if he can add to their attention some emotions of pleasure, or of surprise, he may justly be deemed a good story-teller. Seneca, who certainly may be cited as eminent in this art, will afford a beautiful example of this species of triumph over the expectations of his hearers. He tells us of the son of an eminent and opulent Roman knight, to whom the wretched Emperor Caligula took such an aversion, merely from envy to the superior graces of his person and dress, that he ordered him to be led to execution. Not contented with this, he had the wanton cruelty to insist on the father's presence at an entertainment, while he knew his son was suffering death. He did more; he drank to him in full bowls, having first placed a spy, who might watch and report every change of his countenance. The wretched parent commanded his features, and formed them to express content, and even hilarity: nay, he entered into the spirit of the feast, wore the convivial chaplet,

let, and, though old and infirm, he vied with the most robust of the guests in every joyous excess. "You ask me," here observes Seneca, "how and wherefore he acted this strange part. I answer, "*Ha-bebat alterum.*" "*He had another son.*"

Here, by a single, and very short sentence, the passions of the hearers, which must have been highly excited against the parent, for his mean and odious dissimulation, are now as strongly roused in his favor, whose care for the safety of the surviving son (the life of whom would have been forfeited by the least cloud on the father's countenance) had forced him to stifle every feeling of nature, and to wear the mask of joy, while his heart was agonized with every throb of parental wretchedness.

A SINGLE ill-chosen word is sometimes fatal to the effect of a really pathetic tale. Dr. Cook, in his travels through Russia, (a valuable and entertaining work) affords more than one instance of this error, which,

B b however,

however, in one who had resided a long term of years out of his native country, is very pardonable. He describes the cruelties exercised by the Russian troops at the storming Ockfakow, in 1737, and interests his reader strenuously in favour of a gallant Scots lieutenant, a Mr. Innes, who flew from place to place, to check the barbarity of the private foldiers, and, at the extreme hazard of his life, put to death a grenadier, who, “ in a *ridiculous* manner, was *basely* “ diverting himself with the agonies of a “ poor little innocent, whom he had just “ pierced with his bayonet.”

SOMETIMES the distress of the tale will unfortunately chance to be of a species so awkward and ridiculous, that, where the audience ought, by the laws of narration, to be most bitterly affected, the smile will unkindly supercede the tear. A refugee officer, who lived to a great age at Bristol, under the title of Capitain Calamité, took great delight in recounting to his younger neighbours, the misfortunes of his early years.

years. His favorite tale was that of his captivity at Algiers. His stature, it must be observed, was most singularly diminutive, and his strength of body small in proportion. To such a one, "*Gracili tam* "*atque pusillo,*" No severe tasks of labor could be assigned, even by the most barbarous task-master. What were then the cruelties he had to relate? "I was treated," he used to say to the Editor's friend, "like a brute animal. They could not "make me tug at the oar; they could not "make me drag heavy stones; they made "me, then—they made me sit, day after "day, and night after night, in one cruel "constrained posture—to hatch young "turkeys!"

SOLOMON's apophthegm, "That there "is nothing new under the sun," may be applied with singular propriety to tales. They descend from one another with gradual regularity; and the same adventures, with a little change as to manners, become the amusement of successive ages. A late

French collector of ancient stories, has taken the pains to trace many of them down to the present time, through half a score different titles, and twice as many books. The following apologue, which composes a chapter of the Edda, a mythological work of great antiquity, has given many a hint to the composers of Fairy Tales, &c. &c.

Thor and Loke, (the Alcides, and the Mercury of the Celts) set out with a comrade named Thialfe, in search of adventures. They found in a desert, a rock, hollowed into vast caverns, as they supposed, which, however, they afterwards were convinced was only the glove which a giant had dropped; after several such strange events, they entered a city, whose gates and edifices proved that it was inhabited by a race, immensely gigantic. The King of the place proposed, according to the custom of those days, that each of the three strangers should give a specimen of his skill in some art, or exercise. Loke chose to exert his powers in eating, but he

was

was foiled by an adversary, who, not only consumed the *meat*, which was provided for the contest, but also every *bone*. Thor, who affirmed his abilities as a drinker to be invincible, found himself unable to empty a horn of liquor which was provided for him; and Thialfe, an attendant on Thor, though celebrated for swiftness, was easily vanquished by a puny antagonist. Thor met with two more uncommon humiliations, he was unable to lift from the floor the King's favorite cat, and was brought, in a wrestling match with a toothless old woman, to bend one knee to the ground. These repeated foils to divinities of such vast power, must have been utterly unaccountable without the help of magic; and magic, among the Celts, was allowed to rival the power of the deities. In consequence, the King of the giants, after having amused himself by ridiculing the travellers unmercifully, treated them with a hospitable meal, and having, under pretence of doing them honor, accompanied them out of his city

gates, "Now," said he, "it is time to
"clear up all these mysteries. As to you,
"Loke, you are not to wonder that you
"were out-eaten by your antagonist. It
"was *fire* which rivalled you in glut-
"tony, therefore the *bones* were as easy
"for him to destroy, as the *flesh*. You,
"Thialfe, could not be supposed capable
"of outstripping *thought*, for it was
"*thought* that you had to contend with.
"You, Thor, were ignorant that the horn,
"at which you pulled so lustily, was
"supplied by the *sea*, which actually was
"much diminished by your astonishing
"draught. In your second contest, what
"your fascinated eyes took for my cat was
"the *world*, which, by your vast strength,
"you actually succeeded in moving. As
"to the apparently decrepid old woman,
"with whom you wrestled to some disad-
"vantage, it was no other than *death*, who
"never before met with a being which
"could resist her powers." After this de-
nouement, the forcerer prudently thought
proper to vanish, together with his suite,
his

his city, subjects, and all, being justly apprehensive that Thor, who was not fond of being played upon, and who was celebrated for his aversion to the giant-tribe, might, by the help of his club, render the catastrophe too serious.

T A S T E.

IT has been said, “*De gustibus nil disputandum.*” We must not, according to that rule, censure the very extraordinary petition of Achmet Bassa, who, as Busbequius informs us, when condemned, in 1555, to be strangled, by order of the Sultan, made it his particular request to the executioner, that he would deprive him of life by degrees, and that after he had tightened the bow-string, he would loosen it again, that so he might know minutely how the pangs of death made their approach.

The taste of Charlotte Elizabeth of Orleans was singular in point of diet. We

will take her own words (plain as her favorite aliments) contained in her letters to our late Queen Caroline.

* “ Je dejeune rarement, mais si je le fais,
 “ c’est avec une beurrée; toutes ces drogues
 “ estrangeres, je ne puis ni les souffrir, ni
 “ les supporter. Mon gout & mon tempe-
 “ rament s’en accomodent aussi peu l’un
 “ que l’autre. Je ne prends jamais ni
 “ chocolat, ni café, ni thé. Pour la table,
 “ je suis toujours bonne Allemande, & de
 “ la vieille roche, j’aime ce qui est simple
 “ & sain.” 16 Juin, 1716,

“ Je ne mange jamais de soupe, à
 “ moins, que ce ne soit de la soupe au lait,
 “ à la bierre, ou au vin. Je ne puis sup-
 “ porter le bouillon. Il me donne des
 “ coliques, & me fait vomir. Le jambon

* “ I seldom breakfast at all — When I do, I eat a
 “ toast and butter. I cannot endure all their drugs, and
 “ fops. I neither like them, nor do they agree with me,
 “ Neither chocolate, coffee, nor tea, do I meddle with.
 “ As to meals, I am a German of the old stamp, and like
 “ only what is plain and wholesome.”

“ &

" & les fauciffes me raccommoient l'esto-
 " mac." Oct. 8, 1717*.

How exactly did this blunt Princess, probably without knowing it, agree with Horace's Epicurean lecturer, Catus, who recommends to hard drinkers, nearly the same refreshments as the good lady approved of, after her flip, and her negus.

—— " Pernâ magis, & magis hillis
 " Flagitat, in morsus, refici: quin omnia malit
 " Quæcunque immundis fervent allata popinis."

Which may be thus modernized.

No fops for her!—They'll but abash her,
 The lady likes a bacon rasher,
 And pines to have, within her call,
 A tasteful morsel from Whitehall,
 Where steams of sausage, savory cheer,
 Regale each passing grenadier.

* " For my part, I never eat their soups, unless they
 " are made of milk, of beer, or of wine. I hate their
 " bouillons," they give me the cholic, and make me
 " sick. Good Westphalia hams and sausages, are the best
 " remedies that I can find for the disorders of my sto-
 " mach."

THE

THE *Sieur de Brantome* has supplied the Editor with so many anecdotes for this work, that it would be unjust to pass by one, which does the highest credit to his taste. He laments, with all the warmth of a feeling antiquarian, the demolition of the celebrated and beautiful Castle of Lusignan, which, the most cruel, the most detestably brutal of men, the Duc de Montpensier*, caused to be levelled with the ground, out of a mean sentiment of revenge, for its long and gallant resistance against his army, during the civil wars of France. He calls it the glory of the kingdom, the nursing place of princes and heroes, and brings in the Queen-Mother lamenting over its ruins. To crown all, Brantome introduces machinery. He relates the tales universally credited in France, of the supernatural protection which the foundress, Melusina, afforded it for many years, and dwells with pleasure on the terrors of the neighbours, at hearing the

* Brantome, vol. 8. p. 314.

shrieks and wailings which attended its ruin. It seems that the awful ideas which the country people had formed of the Castle, and which had been strengthened by the traditions of ages, had dazzled their eyes, and had produced the wildest visions. Sometimes Melusina was seen in the bloom of female beauty, but deformed by a dragon's tail,

——— “ Ut turpiter atrum

“ Definat in piscem, mulier formosa superne.”

HORAT.

hovering over the Castle. On particular days she bathed in a rill which washed its walls, but never did she omit to scream fearfully when any disaster was like to happen to any of her descendants. At the time of her castle's destruction, her cries were shriller, and louder, than ever, but they were vain, when opposed to the self-interested views of M. de Chame-rault, to whom the ruin of the fortress was intrusted, and who was determined with

with the stones, to build a house for himself, at a small distance from Lufignan.

CONSIDERING our present taste in gardening, there is something very extraordinary in a passage in the Spectator, No. 414. "On this account, our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those of France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground, covered with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represents every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in those of our own country." It proceeds to ask, "Why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden, by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner?" Perhaps Shenstone took the hint from Addison, and, in consequence of this question, made, of his own estate, a model for that elegant style of laying

laying out grounds, which has rendered England's parks and gardens the admiration of all foreigners. P.

TRANSLATIONS.

A TRANSLATOR should be cautious how he sets out on his work, lest an error in his title-page should prejudice the literary reader, though perhaps unjustly, against his whole work.

A Mr. Thomas Cockman, who translated a favorite work of Cicero, would surely have done better, had he rendered the word "*Officia*," *Duties*, rather than "*Offices*," as he *has* done. He proceeds to illustrate one of Tully's maxims, by the familiar and modern idea of "clapping a pistol, or the like, to such a man's breast." Yet in spite of this anachronistic vulgarism, and a general meanness of style, the work has seen several editions.

EVERY

EVERY translator of Marmontel's "Contes Moraux," has called them "Moral Tales," which surely was never the author's meaning. "Moraux" is *there* derived from "mœurs," and signifies "fashionable," rather than "moral."

A late writer has rendered "Les Veillees du Chateau," "Tales of the Castle." Should he not rather have said, "Rural Evenings" "Amusements?"

SCARRON'S "Roman Comique" has been as ill rendered into English, as far, at least, as the title. Instead of "*Comic*" it should have been translated "*Dramatic*" "Romance," which is the idea that the author meant to convey.

CREECH, in his version of Theocritus, brings the names of 'Tom, Will, Dick,' and of one 'Wolf,' into the same Idyll, with Thynicus, Cunisca, &c. &c.

When the above gross mistakes are considered, it cannot surely be thought too severe

vere to say that, instead of translator, we in these cases, at least, ought to use the word “ Traducer,” from “ Traducteur.” And most assuredly we ought to resume the old expressive stile of “ Done * into English,” and sad doings too !

GREAT-BRITAIN, however, by no means monopolizes bad translators. We read of a French student, who, translating from the New-Testament, “ Erat homo “ qui habebat manum aridam,” rendered it, “ Il y eut un homme qui avoit une “ mechante haridelle.” “ That *mechante* “ *haridelle*,” said his tutor, “ must serve “ to carry you out of the regions of Latin “ science,” and gave up his charge †.

* He, who in the year 1694, *did*, (or rather *undid*) Busbequius into English, has several peculiar merits of his own. He has enriched the language with many new words and expressions. “ His misfortunes had *reduced* him to the *top* “ of all miseries,” among his tropes, is one of the most *outrée*.

† “ Manum aridam,” means “ a withered hand,” but may be translated, “ a worn out hackney,” to which construction the young gentleman chose to adhere.

T Y R A N N Y.

THE wantonness of cruelty, to which men of naturally bad dispositions may be induced by the possession of despotic power, was never more evident than in that law of Tiberius, which rendered the smallest deviation, from profound respect to the Emperor's statue, picture, or resemblance of any kind, a capital crime.

At a feast given by Paulus, a man of high rank, Seneca tells us, that when the bowls had gone cheerfully round, and continual repletion began to demand evacuation, the master of the house, on whose finger usually shone a gem, engraved with the head of Tiberius, rose more than once from his chair, to visit the corner of the room. The season of convivial festivity is, by no means, that of consideration, and of consequence, the ring accompanied Paulus on each necessary errand. Maro, an informer, sat among the guests. A
man,

man, who though noted for his crimes, was, through motives of personal fear, admitted to every table. This wretch was observed by an attendant slave, to mark down on his tablet, every time that the Emperor's head received dishonour. Paulus had fortunately been a kind master, and the grateful servant rewarded that kindness, by privately slipping the ring from his master's finger, so that when Maro called on the company to witness the treason of their host, the gem was found in the hand of the slave, and the accusation, of consequence, fell to the ground.

The observation of the narrator on this story is too pithy and concise to be omitted,

“ Si quis *hunc*, servum vocat, & *illum*, convivam
“ vocabit.”

“ He who could look upon this man
“ as a *slave*, ought to invite Maro as a
“ *guest*.”

Odious as this informer's conduct may appear, it has been paralleled at a neigh-

C c bouring

bouring court, within the present century. In 1743, a Lieutenant in the naval service of Russia, named Falkenberg, rose, under pretence of sickness, from the table of a Nobleman high in rank, (to which he had been introduced by an intimate friend) that he might repeat before the Czarina Elizabeth, a few rash words, which, concern for the harsh treatment of the late Regent's exiled family, had drawn from the company, in an unhappy, thoughtless hour. This wretch's information involved in tortures, and in shameful deaths, no less than eight of the first people in his country, amongst whom were numbered the friend who had introduced him, and Mad. Lepouchin, a lady of elegance, youth, and beauty, whose public and disgraceful sufferings are described by M. Le Chappe d'Auteroche*, in a manner that would chill the blood of a Stoic.

This opprobrium to the human race was infinitely more detestable than Maro, as

* Voyage de Siberie, &c.

he belonged to a profession which demands and implies the highest sentiments of honor, whereas Maro, being known as an informer, gave fair warning to those who invited him to beware of their visitor.

The execrable Falkenberg, gained, indeed, a regiment by his treachery, but his enjoyments were very limited. None of his officers would exchange a word with him; every one's hand and voice was against him; he was perpetually harassed by fallacious accusations; he was sometimes imprisoned for faults which he did not commit; a wife, whom he loved fondly, pined to death for the wretched, dishonored condition of her husband; and so far did the abhorrence of his very *name* operate, that a physician could not be found to visit the innocent, unhappy woman, until one belonging to the army was forced to attend on her, by orders from a field marshal.

A THIRD anecdote, without the burlesque indelicacy of the first, or the complicated horrors of the second, will be at the same

time, at least, equally interesting, and equally declamatory against despotic ordinances, with either. A young lady of high birth and fashion at Rome, but, unfortunately engaged in the number of Vestal Virgins, became involved in a fatal snare, by a line which dropt carelessly from her pen. The Vestals were allowed great honors and great liberty; and this lady had, probably, been pleasantly entertained by some married friend, from whose demeanor she had formed a very favorable idea of wedlock. Actuated by some such motive, she wrote on a scroll, in the ecstacy of her spirits—

“ *Felices nuptæ ! Moriar ni nubere dulce est** .

The verse was, unhappily, found, and her hand-writing being known, she was accused as having incurred the punishment due to those who disgraced the temple of Vesta, that of burying alive. Seneca re-

* Hail happy brides !—I would I were beheaded—

But it were monstrous clever to be wedded.

ports the arguments on both sides, but does not give us the result.

WHEN Britons are recalling to their grateful memory, the blessings which they owe to the glorious Revolution in 1688, they should be told to what provoking degrees of meanness, despotism could stoop, when unchecked by a steady system of constitutional law.

In 1675, *Coffee houses were suppressed by Proclamation of King Charles II.* as being
“ places, where the disaffected meet, and
“ spread scandalous reports concerning the
“ conduct of his Majesty and his minis-
“ ters.” This prohibition was in a very short time after repealed, not as inimical to the *liberty of the subject*, but as prejudicial to the *revenue*. Surely the John Bull of that period, was a different species of animal from the specimens which we now see of the breed.

V A N I T Y.

THAT species of vanity which relates to the person, has sometimes been very difficultly extinguished, even at the point of death. The moustache (or whisker) was an ornament, highly in fashion, towards the beginning of the 17th century. The Comte de Bouteville, who was condemned to die, for a duel, was remarkable for the beauty and fullness of his “moustache:” and while the executioner was cutting his hair, that it might not be in his way, the Comte hastily raised his hand to guard those favorite locks; but the Bishop of Nantes, who attended on him, thus reprehended his attachment to such mundane follies *. “Mon fils, il ne faut plus
 “pense au monde. Quoi! vous y pen-
 “sez encore †.”

* Mercure François. 1627.

† “What, my son, still thinking of the world!”

IF, however, any human being was free from personal vanity, it must have been the second Dutchess d'Orleans, Charlotte-Elisabeth of Bavaria. Let us hear her own words. " I must certainly be monstrously ugly *. I never had a good feature. My eyes are small, my nose short and thick, my lips broad and thin. These are not materials to form a beautiful face. Then, I have flabby, lank cheeks, and long features, which suit ill with my low stature. My waist and my legs are equally clumsy. Undoubtedly, I must appear to be an odious little wretch; and had I not a tolerably good character, no creature could endure me. I am sure a person must be a conjuror to judge by my eyes, that I have a grain of wit."

* " Cruellement laide." Lettre 9. Aout, 1718.

V I R T U E A N D V I C E.

CASUISTRY is not a favorite science in the present age, else the following questions, respecting the exact limits of Virtue and Vice, might be submitted to a modern Suarez, or a Bellarmine, without impropriety.

In what consists precisely the virtue of humanity? There are many persons existing, who, setting aside every precept of religion, would actually and literally suffer more pain, by refusing to relieve a wretch in actual distress, than by depriving themselves of the sum of money necessary for that relief. Do these persons acquire any additional merit in the sight of Heaven, by luxuriously indulging their own inclinations?

Where shall we fix the exact point of vice in the article of intemperance? Shall the puling sinner, who grows confused and ridiculous, after three glasses of port, be liable to a more severe censure hereafter, than that

jolly fellow, who swallows bottle after bottle, and bowl after bowl; who sees his convivial friends totter and sink from their chairs; who, in fine, after drinking a triumphant farewell bumper, over the fallen around him, can walk coolly home, and cast up the week's account of his house-keeping, without an error, before he goes to bed? Such variation may be found between one drinker and another. But who shall settle whether the sin be actually constituted by deprivation of reason, or by indulgence of appetite?

THE casuists might also amuse themselves with settling whether the following action should be ranged under the banners of justice or inhumanity. The Editor had a friend, who studied at a celebrated university, and having a strong predilection for anatomy, took great pleasure in attending on dissections. One evening he, with many others, were anxiously attending the commencement of that operation, on the body of a notorious malefactor, which lay stretched

stretched out on the table before them: the
 surgeon, who had been placing it in a pro-
 per position, turning to the company, ad-
 dressed them thus: " I am pretty certain,
 " Gentlemen, from the warmth of the sub-
 " ject, and the flexibility of the limbs,
 " that by a proper degree of attention and
 " care, the vital heat would return, and
 " life, in consequence, take place. But
 " then, when it is considered what a rascal
 " we should again have among us; that he
 " was executed for having murdered a girl
 " who was with child by him; and that,
 " were he to be restored to life, he would
 " probably murder somebody else: when
 " all these things are coolly considered, I
 " own, it is my opinion, that we had better
 " proceed with the dissection." With these
 words, he plunged the knife into the breast
 of the carcase, and precluded at once all
 dread of future assassinations, or hopes of
 future repentance.

WAGERS.

W A G E R S.

OUR novel and essay writers are in general very severe on the custom of deciding disputes in conversation by a bet. Undoubtedly, this practice, when it tends to supercede argument, is very absurd; but a person who will assert a fact, yet when that fact is controverted, refuse to stake some trifling sum on the truth of it, seems to expect the company should put a greater confidence in his judgment or memory than he does himself. There is a story told of a man, who, on persisting in asserting the veracity of some improbable adventure he was relating, was asked by one of the company if he would bet any thing on the truth of it; No, he replied, I will not bet upon it, but I'll swear to it *. P.

* More *consistent*, as it proceeded from conviction, but not much more *rational*, was the answer of good old Bishop Latimer, who had, at a controversial conference, been out-talked by younger divines, and out-argued by those who were more studied in the fathers; "I cannot talk for my religion, but I am ready to die for it."

WEALTH.

W E A L T H.

ALL people want to be extremely rich, and few, very few in proportion, can have that wish gratified ; now as authors are, by prescription, excluded from receiving any considerable benefits from Plutus, it seems to be a duty incumbent on that literary branch of the disappointed, to present as many motives for consolation as possible to their anxious brethren.

Extreme wealth is generally accompanied either by a profusion, which soon annihilates the treasure it preys upon, or a suspicion, which renders all its enjoyments tasteless.

Wit very seldom honors the *exceeding* rich man with a visit. The first Lord Halifax, although by poetic license, characterized as being

“ Himself as rich as fifty Jews,”

was

was no Cræsus, or, were he so, he was the only one. None but himself, of all the followers of Apollo, seem to have risen above mediocrity in point of fortune, and very few have even attained to that humble state.

In our own time, a little observation will convince us that few bright productions have flowed from the pens of *enormously* wealthy writers. Some degree of indigence, indeed, seems necessary, as a spur to genius.

We are told that Petrarch would not espouse his Laura, when a widow, lest possession of the object of his verse might damp his poetic fire. Most assuredly this consideration ought to prevent some of the brightest of our modern writers from wishing for 20,000*l.* prizes in the lottery.

Poverty is longer lived than wealth. For one suicide, who, from “embarrassed circumstances,” plunges into the Thames, how many hundreds perish by the pleasant and tardy, but sure and certain, poison of exquisite cookery?

It

It was the observation of a physician, who was remarkable for his practice in cases of insanity, that the South-Sea year had supplied him with an amazing increase of patients, but that among them all, there was *not one* whose delirium was brought on by the *loss* of his money. They were all to be numbered among the fortunate stock-fellers.

THE purses of the apparently wealthy, are frequently as ill-provided as those among the lowest of their inferiors. In short, as the following tale will prove, a man may be actually too great to have a penny in his pocket. About thirty years ago, some alterations were making in a part of Kensington gardens, and the good old George the Second used to take pleasure, at times, in overlooking the workmen. Among these, there chanced to be an half-witted fellow, who never could be brought to comprehend why he might not be as free with the King, as with any other person for whom he had been used
to

to work. One day, finding what he thought a proper opportunity, he grinned in the face of his Sovereign, and with great earnestness, demanded " something " to drink." Displeased at the boldness of the request, yet ashamed to deny it, the King mechanically employed both his hands in search of coin, and finding none, replied with dignity, and his usual German accent, " I have no money in my " pockets." " Nor I neither," returned the idiot, " I can't think where it is all " gone, for my part!" The Sovereign frowned at the repartee, which like many an other joke, was prejudicial to its maker, and the fool was employed no longer near the palace. Had he lived a couple of centuries earlier, his buffoonery might have gained him a place about Court.

ALMOST all the wealth of Geneva goes to buy annuities, in the French funds; and the sums annually due to those republicans from France, rise to the vast amount of thirty millions of livres, or 1,200,000l. Sterling.

The

The way this is managed, is as follows. The whole of the annuity due to the Genevois, is placed in equal divisions, upon the heads of thirty young women of the city, who are chosen out of the most healthy, long-lived families. *Every* man who has any annuity, therefore, has a concern in the life of *every one* of these; and should any one of them die, he loses a thirtieth part of his income; on the other hand, from the very good chances on their side, he has a moral certainty that he shall leave a good part of his annuity to his children, nay, to his grand-children.

W H I M S.

THE grotesque method in which Sir Philip Calthrope, a Knight, (who lived in Norfolk during the reign of Henry the Seventh) checked the ambition of an aspiring shoemaker, seems to deserve insertion in the exact words of the quaint, but entertaining Fuller.

“ He

“ He sent as much cloth, of fine French-
“ Tauney, as would make him a gown, to
“ a taylor in Norwich. It happened one
“ John Drakes, a shoe-maker, coming
“ into the shop, liked it so well, that he
“ went and bought of the same, as much,
“ for himself, enjoyning the taylor to
“ make it of the same fashion. The
“ Knight, being informed thereof, com-
“ manded the taylor to cut his gown as
“ full of holes as his sheers could make,
“ which purged J. Drakes of his proud
“ humour, that he never would be of the
“ *gentleman's* fashion again.

WE are indebted to the same author for an anecdote of Dr. Soams, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, towards the close of the sixteenth century, whose whimsical perverseness deprived the College, over which he presided, of a handsome estate. It seems that Mary, the widow of Thomas Ramsey, Lord Mayor of London, in 1577, after conferring several favors on that

foundation, actually proffered to settle five hundred pounds a year, (a very large income at that period) upon the house, provided that it might be called "The College of Peter and Mary." "No!" said the capricious master; "Peter, who has lived so long single, is too old, now, for a female partner." "A dear jest," says Fuller, "to lose so good a benefactress." For the lady, disgusted at the Doctor's fantastic scruple, turned the stream of her benevolence to the benefit of other public foundations.

IN 1585, Henry the Third of France, took it in his head to divert himself, when passing through the streets of Paris, (as we are told by l'Estoile (by playing with a "Bilbocquet." The Dukes d'Epemon and De Joyeuse, accompanied him in his childish frolic, which, by this example, became so general, that gentlemen, pages, lacqueys, and all sorts of people, great and small, made the management of the "bil-

“ bilbocquet” a serious and perpetual study*.

AMONG the whims of great men, may be reckoned the reason which Philip the Second gave for not eating fish. “ They are,” said he, “ nothing but element congealed, or a jelly of water.” The value of that species of food had, however, been fully known by a Queen Aterbatis, who is said to have forbidden her subjects ever to touch fish, “ left,” said she, with an uncommon degree of calculating forecast, “ there should not be enough left to regale their Sovereign.” It is pity that

* L’Eftoille, in his “ Journal de Henri III.” relates other strange fancies of that wretched imitator of Heliogabalus in his *vices*, as well as his *follies*. Sometimes he would traverse his capital, with a basket hanging by a girdle from his neck, out of which peeped the heads of half a dozen puppies. But here the Editor must say with Persius, “ Ah! Si fas dicere!” For the story of the “ Sarbacane,” and other adventures, with which the annals of that reign abound, as reported in the “ Confession de Sancy,” “ The Isle des Hermaphrodites,” “ Le Baron de Fænestre,” &c. would furnish another Procopius with an ample magazine of scandalous anecdotes.

this cautious epicure had not visited some of those inlets from the sea, in Scotland, where the piles of fish obstruct the tide's return ; it might have set her royal mind at ease, and might have afforded her subjects many a pleasant meal.

AMONG the most eccentric whims of the last age, we may reckon that of one of Queen Ann of Denmark's maids of honor, which is recorded by the following patent, which passed the Great Seal in the 15th year of James the First, and is to be found in Rymer, “ to allow to Mary Middle-
“ more, one of the Maydes of Honor to
“ our deereſt Conſort Queen Anne, and
“ her deputies, power and authority, to
“ enter into the Abbies of Saint Alban's,
“ Glaſſenbury, Saint Edmundsbury, and
“ Ramſay, and into all lands, houſes and
“ places, within a mile, belonging to ſaid
“ Abbies ;” there to dig, and ſearch after
treasure, ſuppoſed to be hidden in ſuch
places.

NOTHING

NOTHING can exceed the followers of cabalistical mysteries, in point of fantastical conceits. The learned Godwin recounts some of them. "Abraham," they say, "wept but *little* for Sarah, probably because she was old." They prove this by producing the letter "Caph," which being a remarkably *small* letter, and being made use of in the Hebrew word, which describes Abraham's tears, evinces, they affirm, that his grief also was *small*.

The Cabalists have discovered likewise, that in the two Hebrew words, signifying "man" and "woman," are contained two letters, which, together, form one of the names of "God." But if these letters be taken away, there remain letters which signify "fire," "Hence," argue the Cabalists, "we may find that when "man and wife agree together, and live "in union, God is with them, but when "they separate themselves from God, "fire attends their footsteps." Such are the whimsical dogmas of the Jewish Cabala.

In the Thuana we read of a whimsical, passionate, old Judge, who was sent into Gascony, with very considerable powers, to examine into many abuses which had crept into the administration of justice in that part of France. Arriving late at Port St. Mary, he asked "how near he was to the city of Agen?" They told him "Two leagues." He then determined to proceed that same evening, although they told him that the leagues were long, and the roads very bad. In consequence of his obstinacy, the Judge was bemired, benighted, and almost shaken to pieces. He reached Agen, however, by midnight, with tired horses, and harassed spirits, and went to bed in a very ill humour. The next morn he summoned the court of Justice to meet, and after having opened his commission in due form, his first decree was "That for the future, the distance from Agen to Port St. Mary should be reckoned *six leagues*." And this decree he ordered to be registered in the records
of

of the Province, before he would proceed to any other business whatever.

SIR KENELM DIGBY, in a discourse delivered by him at Montpellier, on Sympathy, (which, by the way, swarms with whimsical positions,) affirms, that the venison which is in July and August put into earthen pots, to last the whole year, is very difficult to be preserved during the space of those particular months which are called the fence-months, but that, when that period is passed, nothing is so easy as to keep it *guistful* (as he words it) during the whole year after. This the eccentric discourser reasons on, as a fact, and endeavours to find a cause for it from the sympathy between the potted meat, and its friends and relations, who are courting and capering about in its native park,

“I HAVE read of a bird,” says Dr. Fuller, in his Worthies of England, “which hath a
 “face *like*, and yet will prey *upon*, a man,
 “who coming to the water to drink, and
 D d 4 “ finding,

“ finding, there, by reflection, that he had
 “ killed one like himself, pineth away by de-
 “ grees, and never afterwards enjoyeth
 “ itself.”

THE Editor has in his possession a whimsical instance of a literary caprice. It is a parody (as the author terms it) of Horace, by a German, David Hoppius, who had interest enough to have his book printed at Brunswic, in 1568, under the particular protection of the Elector of Saxony. He has, with infinite labor, transformed the Odes and Epodes of Horace, into pious hymns, preserving the original measure, and, as far as possible, the words of the Roman poet. The classical reader will, at one glance, comprehend the amazing difficulties which such a parodist must undergo, and will be surprized to find these heterodox productions not wanting in pure Latinity; however, that he may judge for himself, a specimen or two are annexed*. Ad

* The Editor has given no translation of the above Odes and Parodies, since, notwithstanding the pious intention
 of

Ad Pyrrham. Ode V. Lib. 1.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 Cui flavam religas comam
 Simplex munditiis? &c. &c.

Ad Mariam Deiparam. Parodia V. Lib. 1.

Quis fœno recubans, in gracili tenes
 Innexus teneris te, pia, fasciis
 Blandus, Virgo, puellus?
 Cui primos adhibes cibos.
 Dives munditiis? &c. &c.

In Juliam Barinen. Ode 8. Lib. 2.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
 Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam,
 Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
 Turpior unqui.
 Crederem—Sed tu simul obligasti
 Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
 Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
 Publica cura, &c. &c. &c.

of the good Hoppius, (which he copiously sets forth in his preface) the appearance of the versions in English, answering to each other, would be apt to convey irreverend ideas.

Προσφωνησις

Προσφωνησις Christi ad Peccatorem. Parodia 9. Lib. 2.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
 Culpa, peccator, doluisset unquam
 Mente, si tantum fieres vel unâ
 Tristior hora
 Plauderem—Sed tu, simul obligasti
 Perfidum vôtis caput, ingemiscis
 Ob scelus nunquam, scelerumque prodis,
 Publicus autor, &c. &c. &c.

In Bacchum. Ode 23. Lib. 3.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
 Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quod agor in specus,
 Velox mente novâ; quibus
 Antris, egregie Cæsaris audiar
 Æternum meditans decus
 Stellis inferere & consilio Jovis, &c. &c. &c.

Parodia 23. Lib. 3. Ad Christum.

Quo me, Christe, feram mali
 Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quos fugiam in specus,
 Pressus mole gravi? Quibus
 Antris ob maculam criminis occultar
 Æternam meditans facem
 Infernum effugere, et simplicium Stygis? &c. &c. &c.

W O M E N.

THE ladies were no great favorites of the Greek comic poets. Will they pardon an extract from a Comedy of Eubulus, not very remarkable for its gallantry!

Ω Ζευ πολυτιμητ', εἰ κακῶς ἐγὼ ποτε
 Ἔρω γυναικας, νη Δί' απολοιμην ἄρα
 Παντων ἄριστον κτηματων. εἰδ' ἐγενετο
 Κακη γυνη Μηδεια, Πηνεποπεια δε
 Μεγα πρραγμ'.—ἔρει τις Κλυταιμνηστρα κακη ;—
 Αλκηστην ἀντεθηκα χρησιν.—ἀλλ' ἴσως
 Φαιδραν ἔρει κακῶς τις.—ἀλλα νη Δια
 Χρησιν τις ἦν μεντοι—τις ;—οἱμοι δειλαιος—
 Ταχέως γε μ' αἱ χρησαι γυναικες ἐπελιπον.
 Τωνδ' αὖ πονηρων ἐτι λεγειν πολλας ἔχω.

May Jove confound me if my mind
 Is prone to rail on woman-kind,
 Supreme of good to mortals given,
 The best, the fairest boon of heaven.
 If you Medea bring to view,
 Penelope was chaste and true.
 The virtues by Alcestis shewn,
 For Clytemnestra's crimes atone ;

Monstrous

Monstrous if Phædra's vice appear,
 I'll bring her opposite, don't fear.—
 Bless me, what ails my stupid head?
 My good examples all are fled.
 Soon themes of *panegyric* fail,
 I've thousands, when I want to rail. P.

It appears from Seneca, that the antient Egyptians, in the disposition which they allotted to the genders of their nouns, paid a singular and delicate compliment to the fair sex. In the four elements, beginning with water: they appointed the ocean as a rough, boisterous existence to the male sex, but streams and fountains they left to the more gentle females. As to earth, they made rocks and stones, male, but arable and meadow lands, female. Air they divided thus. To the masculine gender, rough winds, and hurricanes of every kind. To the female, the sky, and the zephyrs. Fire, when of a consuming nature, they made male, but artificial and harmless flames, they consigned to the feminine class. Not so the Romans. They made a most awkward, and in some instances, *peculiarly*

liarly ridiculous, distribution of genders. Indeed, even the poets of that celebrated nation, seem to have been little disposed to shew any species of gallantry to a sex, an attachment to which, probably caused the rise and existence of their art.

The women of Plautus are almost uniformly bad. Those in Terence are little better, and the only one among them who had done a good action, begs pardon of her husband, as being convinced of her own criminality, in doing it.

“ Mi Chreme, peccavi ! Fateor. Vincor*.”

TERENT. HEAUT.

Virgil, far from shewing the least respect to the female sex, has treated them, (even

* It will hardly be believed by the unclassical reader, that the fault for which the good lady begs pardon in these humble strains,

——“ I was wrong, My Chremes, I own it. I am convinced of it,”

was neither more nor less, than the saving her child from being murdered, as *her* husband and *its* father, had ordered.

according

according to his panegyrist Dryden); in an unjust, unmanly stile. He has falsified both the æra, and the character of Dido, in order to render her odious and contemptible. He makes Queen Amata turbulent and tipling, and the Princess Lavinia undutiful and unbelieving. Dryden adds, "that she looks a little flickering after Turnus." His goddesses are no better than his mortals. Juno is always in a passion, and surely, (as Dryden observes) Venus is too impudently presuming, in expecting that her husband should make armour for his wife's bastard.

Camilla is the only female of whom the poet begins to speak well, but soon dashes down her character, by calling her—

"Aspera & Horrenda Virgo."

which, like Bojardo's "Gatta, fiera, cruda, dispietata," applied to Marfisa, conveys a meaning as distant from any thing amiable, as words can paint.

As to Horace, it would puzzle any one to find one woman of character * spoken of in any part of his poems. His ladies are all Chloes, Lydes, Lydias and Cynāras. Their characters appear to have been equally light, and most of them seem to have added the worship of Bacchus to that of Cupid. He treats them accordingly, and recommends it to one of them to take care, lest her keeper, in a fit of jealousy, should spoil her fashionable cap.

One tolerably modest woman, indeed, Neobule, he seems to have known; but his idea of her delicacy does not prevent him from condoling with her on the severity of her uncle, who will neither permit her to entertain a lover, nor to wash away her cares with rosy wine.

* The compliment paid to Livia, the wife of Augustus, excepted, whom he calls

“Unico, gaudens mulier, marito.”

“The lady contented with one husband.”

Juvenal

Juvenal need not be mentioned; he avows himself scarcely to have even heard of a modest woman since the golden age.

The prose writers of the Augustan æra, seem to have favored the sex no more than the poets; and Seneca's account of the ladies of his time is at least as bitter as the sixth satyr of Juvenal.

THERE was published at Leiden, (about the year 1754,) a Syriac translation, with a Latin version of two epistles, said to be written by St. Clement, of Rome, the disciple of St. Peter the Apostle, but much more probably, the production of some bigoted monk of the early ages, than of an almost immediate successor of Jesus Christ. As a specimen of his work, the following extract will probably be thought sufficient. He speaks to his brethren, as to the proper conduct to be observed concerning women." "Let us neither eat, nor
 " drink, nor inhabit, nor have any thing
 " in common with them. If we are be-
 " nighted at a distance from home, and
 " are

“ are invited by any of our friends, let us,
 “ if possible, lodge with a single man. But
 “ at any rate let us admit no woman into
 “ our company, but let man associate only
 “ with man. If it happens that there are
 “ only women in the place, let us convene
 “ them together, and after having addressed
 “ to them an edifying discourse, let us re-
 “ quest the oldest and most reserved, to give
 “ us a lodging where there is no woman, and
 “ after having brought us a lamp, and other
 “ necessaries, to leave us to ourselves *.”

ANOTHER recluse myfagonist, J. Rawlin,
 a monk of Cluni, who died in 1514, and
 who left behind him four volumes of ser-
 mons, expresses himself thus, in his third
 discourse. “ Si quæritur quare angelus
 “ mulieribus, & non viris, arcanum resur-
 “ rectionis committit prædicandum. Potest
 “ dici hoc, duplici de causa factum. Pri-
 “ mo, quia mulieres bonam habent lin-
 “ guam, & vix sciunt retinere secreta sed

* V. the original work, or a letter in the Gent. Mag.

“ ea cito revelant. Unde cum quæreretur
 “ à quodam philosopho, quare linguam
 “ loquacem magis habent quam viri? re-
 “ spondit, hoc ideo esse, quia homo ex
 “ limo factus est, mulier ex osse, scilicet, ex
 “ costa Adæ—Si quis autem commoverit
 “ faccum plenum limo, non inde sonabit,
 “ si vero faccum plenum ossibus, tunc va-
 “ rium & grandem sonum emittet.”

A THIRD writer, who might have found
 better employment for his muse, attempts
 also to sneer at the fair sex, for their exer-
 cise of the most pleasant of all talents, that
 of conversation.

Quem bene prospiciens generi, natura, loquaci
 Cavit ut imberbis fœmina quæque foret !
 Nimirum linguam compescere nescia, radi
 Illæsis posset fœmina nulla genis.

The task of translating these two sar-
 castical pieces of Latin, is too unpleasant
 to be attempted. The Editor will not be
 concerned in disseminating ill-natured re-
 flexions

flexions on a sex which may justly expect to be honored, and not vilified, by any male being, except by those four recluses, who may plead ignorance in excuse for their folly.

ANTIQUARIANS are, by no means apt to pay great attention to the fair sex;

“ Their Venus must be old, and want a nose.”

FOOTE.

And among those who have set themselves most warmly against that elegant part of the creation, must be reckoned Antony à Wood, whose diary affords some instances of his dislike, so grotesque, that they claim attention.

Page 167. “ He,” (Sir Thomas Clayton) “ and his family, most of them *womankind*, “ (which before were looked upon, if resident in the college, a scandal and abomination thereunto,) being no sooner settled,” &c. &c. “ The Warden’s garden must be altered, new trees planted, &c. &c. All which, though

“unnecessary, yet the poor College must
 “pay for them, and all this to please a
 “woman!”

P. 168. “Frivolous expences to plea-
 “sure his proud lady.”

P. 173. “Yet the Warden, by the mo-
 “tion of his Lady, did put the College to
 “unnecessary charges, and very frivolous
 “expences. Among which were a very
 “large looking-glass, for her to see her
 “ugly face and body to the middle, and
 “perhaps lower.”

P. 252. “Cold entertainment, cold re-
 “ception, cold, clownish, woman.”

P. 257. “Dr. Bathurst took his place
 “of Vice-Chancellor, a man of good parts,
 “and able to do good things, but he has a
 “wife that scorns that he should be in
 “print. A scornful woman! Scorns that
 “he was Dean of Wells! No need of
 “marrying such a woman, who is so con-
 “ceited that she thinks herself fit to govern
 “a college or a university.”

P. 270. “Charles Lord Herbert, eldest
 “son of Henry, Marquis of Worcester,
 “was

“ was matriculated as a member of Ch.
 “ Ch. Ætat. 16. natus Lond. I fet this down
 “ here, becaufe the Father and ancestors
 “ were all Catholics, but becaufe the
 “ mother is a Prefbyterian, a Capel, ſhe
 “ (againſt the father’s will, as it is ſaid)
 “ will have him bred a Proteſtant, ſo that
 “ by this change, the Catholics will loſe
 “ the conſiderableſt family in England, and
 “ the richeſt ſubject the King has *.”

THE learned Selden has left no good example to Antiquarians in the point of gallantry.

“ It is reaſon,” ſays he, “ a man that
 “ *will* have a wife, ſhould be at the charge
 “ of her trinkets, and pay all the ſcores ſhe
 “ ſets on him. He that *will* keep a mon-

* One cannot help remarking here, that the violent diſlike which old Antony à Wood had conceived to the idea of a lady’s doing *any* thing, whether good or bad, has drawn him into the abſurdity of blaming the Marchionefs of Worceſter for an act, which, at that very critical period (1677) was, moſt certainly, a ſervice of conſequence to the religion, and conſtitution, of her country.

“ key, it is fit he should pay for the glasses
“ he breaks.”

THE ladies can, if they please, retaliate severely on those who treat them not with that respect which they merit. A gentleman who had married a second wife, indulged himself in recurring too often in conversation, to the beauty and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady. “ Excuse me, Ma-
“ dam,” said he, “ I cannot help ex-
“ pressing my regrets for the dear de-
“ ceased.” “ Upon my honor,” said the lady, “ I can most heartily affirm that I
“ am as sincere a mourner for her, as you
“ can be.”

WONDER.

W O N D E R.

IT seems the peculiar property of weak understandings to wonder at what they see, and to spend that time in being surprized, which men of sense would employ in discovering the meaning of that which caused such surprize. Pere Schiner, a Jesuit of peculiarly slow talents, although a good mathematician, was sent, well pensioned, from Vienna to Rome, in order probably to write some account of that celebrated place, for the entertainment of his benefactor, the Emperor. He wondered at every thing he saw in his passage through Italy, exclaiming, as we are told by Naudé,
 “ * How do I *wonder* at these people !
 “ They pay one with fine speeches ; they
 “ live upon fallads, and they pelt one an-
 “ other with pebbles !” The wonderer

* “ Profecto, sunt homines isti mirabiles ! Solvunt verbis ;
 “ vescuntur herbis, & pugnant lapidibus !”

finished his tour just as one would expect, and carried home to his Imperial Master, a large flint stone, which he had been taught to *wonder* at, and to purchase at a high rate, as genuine Oriental Bezoar. Naudé tells this story, as of his own knowledge, but does not name the Emperor who made so sagacious a choice.

BUT since, in spite of all sarcasms, all admonitions, *wonderers* there will be, let us, in charity, endeavour to supply them with a few remarkably well-attested histories of events, so very surprizing, and so strangely unaccountable, that gaping and staring at them may be allowed, even to persons of common sense. The following tale, which exactly suits the purpose, would not deserve a place in any book, except the adventures of Baron Munchausen*, had it not been told in a public company by no less respectable a man than Dr.

* A book written to amuse such as can be amused with improbable, though ingenious lies.

Henry Seabury, now an American Bishop. He mentioned, as an instance of the long retention of life in some animals, that he was present at West-chester, in the Province of New-York, when the body of a turtle, intended for dinner (its head having been previously cut off) was unaccountably missing. In spite of a long search, it was not found till the next day, and then it was discovered in a field, near two miles from the house, to which it was believed to have found its own way, although two or three low fences must have been, some how or other, passed by it. To add to the wonder, it was so full of life, after it was brought home, that while the master was chiding his servant for his negligence, the headless trunk had actually found its way out of doors, and was returning to its old haunt. G.

WONDERERS may, if they please, exert their amazement at the astonishing longevity of a tortoise, who was seen in good health, at Bombay, on the Malabar Coast,

by Captain Sutherland, who commanded an Indiaman in or about the year 1762. This venerable animal had been left by the Portuguese, as an heir-loom when they delivered up the fortrefs to the English, as part of the portion of Princess Katherine in 1662. The strength of this creature's shell enabled him to bear the weight of three foldiers at a time; and old as he was, he would make a very considerable circuit, daily, to collect his common provender.

AND that the Editor may contribute his own particular share towards the amusement of the wonderers, with whom he has made so free, he begs leave to tell them of a Yew-Tree, at Perrone, in Picardy, which, in his earlier years, affected him with more astonishment than any object he ever saw. It grew in the center of the Cloyster, near the Great Church; and before it was lopped, it had darkened the whole building, and completely covered the cloyster. Its trunk was prodigiously

digiously large, more so than that of any tree he had ever seen before, or has seen since. But the more than traditional history of the tree is a genuine subject for wonder. The monk, who with great politeness, did the honors of the place, affirmed, that in the Tresor, there was still existing the grant of those lands, being then a wood of yew trees, on which the church is built, dated in the year 660. That, in the said grant, the present yew-tree is particularly directed to remain (the rest of the wood being rooted out) as a center to the building, and is pointed out by the name of *The Old Yew Tree*. No tree, perhaps, had ever its antiquity carried up quite so high before, and upon such very plausible authority.

NAUDE' gives great food for wonderers, when he speaks of a species of scorpions in Italy, which are not only innocent, but so domestic, as to be put between sheets, to cool the beds during the heat of the summer.

THE

THE following artless narrative, may also assuredly be wondered at, without justly drawing any charge of folly on the wonderers. It is an extract from a memorandum book, in the hand-writing of Paul Bowes, Esq; son of Sir Thomas Bowes, of London, and of Bromley-Hall, Essex, Knight, and dated 1673. The memorandum-book is now in the possession of Mr. Broke, of Nacton, in Suffolk, who is a descendant from the family, and who had in his possession, in 1783, when the extract was made, two or three of the pieces of money referred to in the story.

“ About the year 1658, after I had
 “ been some years settled in the Middle
 “ Temple, in a chamber in Elm-court, up
 “ three pair of stairs, one night as I came
 “ into my chamber, in the dark, I went
 “ into my study, in the dark, to lay down
 “ my gloves, upon the table in my study,
 “ for I then, being my own man, placed
 “ my things in their certain places, that I
 “ could go to them in the dark; and as
 “ I layed

“ I layed my gloves down, I felt under
“ my hand a piece of money, which I
“ then supposed, by feeling, to be a shil-
“ ling; but when I had light, I found it
“ a twenty-shilling piece of gold: I did
“ a little reflect how it might come there,
“ yet could not satisfie my own thoughts,
“ for I had no clyent then, it being seve-
“ ral years before I was called to the
“ bar, and I had few visitors that might
“ by accident drop it there, and no friends
“ in town that might designedly lay it
“ there as a bate, to encourage me at my
“ study; and, although I was the master
“ of some gold, yet I had so few pieces,
“ I well knew it was none of my number;
“ but, however, this being the first time
“ I found gold, I supposed it left there by
“ some means which I could not guess at.
“ About three weeks after, coming again
“ into my chamber in the dark, and laying
“ down my gloves at the same place in
“ my study, I felt under my hand a piece
“ of money, which also proved a twenty-
“ shilling piece of gold; this moved me
“ to

“ to further consideration ; but, after all
“ my thoughtfulness, I could not imagine
“ any probable way how the gold could
“ come there, and thereupon I was
“ tempted to feel oftentimes, in the dark,
“ in that place for more gold there, but
“ I don’t remember that I ever found
“ any when I went with those expecta-
“ tions and desires. About a month after
“ the second time, coming into my cham-
“ ber in the dark, and laying down my
“ gloves upon the same place, on the
“ table in my study, as I used to do, I
“ felt two pieces of money under my
“ hand, which, after I had lighted my
“ candle, I found to be two twenty-shilling
“ pieces ; and, about the distance of six
“ weeks after, in the same place, and in
“ the dark, I found another piece of gold,
“ and this about the distance of a month,
“ or five or six weeks. I several times
“ after, at the same place, and always in
“ the dark, found twenty-shilling pieces
“ of gold ; at length, being with my
“ cousin Langton, grandmother to my
“ cousin

“ cousin Susan Skipwith, lately married
 “ to Sir John Williams, I told her this
 “ story, and I don’t remember that I ever
 “ found any gold there after, although
 “ I kept that chamber above two years
 “ longer, before I sold it to Mr. Anthony
 “ Weldon, who now hath it, (this being
 “ 23d Sept. 1673.) Thus I have, to the
 “ best of my remembrance, truly stated
 “ this fact, but could never know, or have
 “ any probable conjecture, how that gold
 “ was laid there.”

THE Editor flatters himself that he shall
 have completely made his peace with the
 race of wonderers, when he has presented
 them with the strange story which follows:
 Captain Allen, the writer of it, was well
 known as a man of character and honor.
 After his death, a number of diaries, which
 he regularly kept, were sold by auction;
 and it is from one of them that this extract
 is taken; the affair was, doubtlessly, a gross
 imposture; but why so many persons
 should have joined in such a conspiracy,
 is

is a mystery; and yet it seems that the master of the house must have had all, or most of his servants as partakers of the plot. Perhaps the story may, now it is made public, fall into the hands of some person, who, living near the spot, may be able to cut this Gordian knot.

“ Extract from a Manuscript Diary of
 “ Capt. Allen, (since Gentleman Usher
 “ to her present Majesty) A. D. 1751.

“ Friday, Oct. 4. at eleven, set out
 “ from Yarum for Skinninggrave, the house
 “ of one Mr. Appleby, of which Mr.
 “ Jackson was giving a very odd account
 “ he had from the Rev. Mr. Midgeley,
 “ of an apparition which haunted the
 “ house in a very remarkable manner.
 “ As I am very incredulous in these no-
 “ tions of spirits, I was determined to take
 “ a journey thither to know the truth, and,
 “ if possible, to have all conviction, ei-
 “ ther by ocular, or auricular proof. Ac-
 “ cordingly, I arrived there about eight at
 “ night,

“ night, and asking for Mr. Appleby,
“ (whom I found a sensible man, with
“ a great gentility of behaviour for a
“ tanner) I told him, I had taken the li-
“ berty, after hearing such and such re-
“ ports, to come and ask a few questions
“ relating to a spirit that was said to
“ trouble his house; and that if it would
“ not be inconvenient, I should be obliged
“ to him if he would accommodate me
“ with a room all night. He told me I
“ was extremely welcome, and that he
“ was obliged to any gentlemen that
“ would give themselves the trouble to
“ come; and did not doubt but that he
“ should satisfy them, by the account he
“ would give them, which he declared, as
“ he should answer at the great tribunal,
“ should be true, sincere, and undisguised,
“ and should contain no incident but
“ what had happened, and been transacted
“ in his house, (at first to the grief and
“ amazement of himself, his wife, and
“ four servants,) by this invisible and un-
“ accountable agent. He said that it was

“ five weeks since it had left them, and
“ that once before they were quiet of it
“ for three weeks, and then it returned,
“ with double the noise and confusion
“ they had before.

“ In the first place he assured me they
“ had never seen any thing, but that the
“ noise and havock which they had in the
“ house was amazing ; that they all were
“ so frightened, that one night, about one
“ o’clock, they thought to quit the house,
“ and retire to a neighbour ; that they
“ could get no sleep, by reason of their
“ beds being stript of the clothes, and
“ thrown upon the ground ; that the
“ women were thrown into fits, by being
“ oppressed with a weight upon their sto-
“ machs, equal to an hundred weight ;
“ upon this they moved all their beds into
“ one room, determined to share an equal
“ fate ; so that two men laid in one bed,
“ two women in another, and the man
“ and his wife in the third ; no sooner
“ were they in bed, but the spirit visited
“ them, the door being locked and barred.

“ It

“ It first walked along the room, some-
 “ thing like a man, but with an uncom-
 “ mon step; immediately the maids cried
 “ out they were next to death, by a
 “ monstrous weight upon them; on
 “ which Mr. Appleby immediately came
 “ to their relief; that upon his approach-
 “ ing the beds, something leapt off, walked
 “ round him, which he, being a man of
 “ courage, followed, and endeavoured
 “ to take hold of, but in vain. Upon
 “ this he retired to his bed, and imme-
 “ diately the maids called out, they were
 “ losing the clothes off the bed; he told
 “ them to pull hard, which they did,
 “ but they* were immediately taken
 “ with a violent force, and thrown upon
 “ the men: after this it rattled a chain,
 “ with a great noise, round the room,
 “ and instantaneously they were alarmed
 “ with a noise over their heads, of a man
 “ threshing, as it were, threshing corn
 “ with a flail, and in a minute was an-

* Probably the *clothes*, not the *maids*.

“ fwered by another, and this continued
“ for fifteen minutes in a very regular
“ way, ftroke for ftroke, as if two men
“ were threshing; then it descended into
“ the room where they were in bed, and
“ acted the fame. Another night it came
“ grunting like a hog, and after, imitated
“ the noise of a fwine eating its food;
“ sometimes it would, in the middle of
“ the room, make a noise like the pen-
“ dulum of a clock, only much faster;
“ and they assured me that it continued
“ in their room one morning in June
“ till past five o’clock, and Mrs. Appleby,
“ and all of them, saw the clothes taken
“ off them, and flung with violence upon
“ the maid servants; but nothing could
“ they discover, neither conceive how
“ they were thus strangely conveyed.
“ Upon these surprising things being
“ done, it was rumoured abroad that the
“ house was strongly haunted; and Mr.
“ Moore, the landlord, and Justice Beck-
“ with went to Appleby, and often talking
“ with him, and examining the servants,
“ and

“ and telling them this was a concerted
“ scheme among them for some purpose,
“ they agreed to sit up all night. As they
“ were putting the glafs about, some-
“ thing entered the room, accompanied
“ with a noise like squirting water
“ out of a squirt, upon which they,
“ with a change of countenance, asked
“ him what that was ?” Appleby an-
“ swered, ‘ It was only a taste of what he
“ every night had a sufficiency of.’ “ Mr.
“ Moore advised him to keep a gun laden,
“ and when he heard it in the room, to
“ discharge the piece. The night follow-
“ ing, the family being in bed as usual,
“ it came, and making a sudden stand,
“ threw something upon the ground,
“ which seemed to them as if some sort
“ of seed had fallen out of a paper. In
“ the morning, Mrs. Appleby, looking
“ about the room, wondering what it
“ could be that had been cast upon the
“ ground, gathered up a considerable
“ quantity of gunpowder in corns, which
“ greatly surpris’d her. The next night it

“ came in the same manner, but what it
“ let fall made a greater noise, like shot,
“ and in the morning, they, to their real
“ astonishment, found a great many shots.
“ This afforded room for strange conjec-
“ tures; and accordingly she told me she
“ then did not know what to think, whe-
“ ther it was really an apparition or not :
“ for that the scattering of this powder
“ and shot the very two succeeding nights
“ after Mr. Moore advised them to shoot,
“ greatly disconcerted them, though again,
“ upon reflexion, they had had so many
“ proofs of something more than it was
“ possible for any human creature to per-
“ form, that she was again led to believe it
“ must be something not of this world,
“ and that in the throwing down the pow-
“ der and shot, it might be done in con-
“ tempt, and was as much as to say,
“ “ What, you would shoot me ? ” Once,
“ when it was in the midst of its career,
“ one of the men, after composing him-
“ self for the purpose, addressed it in these
“ words : In the name of God the Father,
“ Son,

“ Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou,
 “ and what dost thou want? if any person
 “ here can contribute to thy ease, speak,
 “ and nothing shall be omitted that can
 “ procure it. During the time he was speak-
 “ ing it was silent, but immediately upon
 “ his ceasing it began its usual noise;
 “ when he spoke again the same words,
 “ but no answer followed. Mr. Appleby
 “ declared, that one night, when his ser-
 “ vants were very merry, dancing and
 “ making a considerable noise, that this
 “ goblin made so much greater dis-
 “ turbance over their heads, as one would
 “ have thought that twenty people were
 “ dancing there; upon which, he went
 “ up then with a light, but nothing could
 “ he discover. When he told me this
 “ surprizing narration, which he delivered
 “ with so much plainness and sincerity, free
 “ from embarrassment, I own I was some-
 “ thing staggered, for he gave not the least
 “ cause to suspect his veracity. And, upon
 “ my examining all his servants, they, with
 “ out any hesitation, confirmed what their

“ master had advanced : so that my ex-
“ pectation of hearing the reports (which
“ I had heard) refuted, was intirely fruf-
“ trated, and I no little furprized to hear
“ them fo strongly vouched. I defired to
“ lay in the room which this troublefome
“ gueft the moft frequented ; but they told
“ me it occupied the whole houfe, and
“ no room efaped ; fo I retired to my
“ apartment at eleven, and read Milton till
“ about one, then went to bed, not with-
“ out wifhing (yet not prefumptuoufly)
“ that I might have fome ftrange convic-
“ tion before morning, but met with none ;
“ and after a good night’s fleep, arofe at
“ feven. One cannot help obferving upon
“ this affair, that as the man could have
“ no advantage or end, to answer in pro-
“ pagating this ftory, but, on the contrary,
“ is known to be a perfon of veracity, and
“ not addicted to lying, it would almoft
“ incline one to believe it : I fay *almoft*,
“ for I own I fhould give more credit to
“ the thing if I had conviction either occu-
“ lar or auricular, and that one cannot

“ think the man so base as to assert, so
“ strongly as he does, a falsity, and know
“ it to be such, for if it is a collusion, it
“ cannot be carried on without his pri-
“ vity ; so that upon the whole this is my
“ opinion, I believe, and don’t believe.”

The Editor cannot help observing that the very circumstance of the powder and shot ought to have opened the eyes of Capt. Allen. Could the most credulous listener to a ghost-story, believe that a spirit could buy, or steal, such gross substances? Another remark naturally occurs, wherever country-folks hear præter-natural noises, they are always noises connected with rustic occupations and ideas. Thus, Mr. Appleby’s spirit, sometimes thrashed like a labourer, and sometimes grunted like a hog. Similar to this, is the behavior of a brother-spectre, at F. in Berks, who has kept, and still keeps, possession of the staircase belonging to an antique mansion, for many years. This truly rusticated being entertains himself very often, in the dead of the night, in
carrying

carrying sacks of invifible corn from the bottom, to the landing-place on the top of the great ftairs, which he there empties. Of this Farmer W. (a man of an excellent character) and his wife and family, are as fully perfuaded, as of their exiftence!!! Milton's "lubbar-fiend," was formed from the ghofts which haunt farm-houfes, not from the fpectre which stalks through knightly halls.

A P P E N D I X.

No. I.

AS the foregoing work owes many obligations to those performances which go under the name of Ana, it is by way of acknowledgement for their assistance, that the following odd poem is introduced. Little as is its merit, it may serve as a catalogue to those who are anxious in collecting that species of amusing literature.

Fortunius un jour dina
Chez un grand, où on raisonna
Bien fort, sur Perroniana
Thuana, Valefiana,
Après quoi, on examina
Lequel de Patiniana

Vaut

Vaut moins, ou de Naudæana ?
 S'il falloit a Cheyræana
 Preferer Parrhasiana ?
 Et priser Menagiana
 Plus que les Scaligerana ?
 En liberté chacun prona,
 Ou suivant son gout condamna,
 L'un, St. Evremoniana,
 L'autre, Fureteriana,
 Un tiers, l'avantage donna
 Sur eux, a Sorbieriana,
 Tel contre Anonymiana
 Contre les Vasconiana,
 Et contre l'Arlequiniana,
 Tint bon pour Santoliana,
 Au desert, on questionna
 Si le nom Boursaultiana,
 Celui d'Ancilloniana,
 De Vigneul-Marvilliana,
 Et de Colomesiana,
 Jamais des auteurs emana ?
 Si l'on verroit Pithæana,
 Et d'autres que promis-on-a,
 Tels que sont, Baluziana,
 De Selden, Seldeniana,
 De Daumus, Daumiana,
 De Calvin, Calviniana,
 De Bourbon, Bourboniana,
 De Grotius, Grotiana,
 De Bignon, Bignonana,
 De Sallot, Sallotiana,

De Segrais, Segraifiana,
 Commire, Commiriana,
 Enfin Casauboniana,
 Et le Bourdelotiana,
 Meme, Furstenberginia !
 Fortuniüs lors opina
 Et d'un ton qui predomina,
 La dispute, ainfi, termina :
 “ Messieurs—nul de tous ces Ana
 “ Ne vaut l'Ypecacuanha.”

It would not be worth while to translate a piece which consists almost entirely of untranslatable words, and the whole string of which, (such as it is) may be found in the last six lines, which may be thus imitated in English.

They now had reckon'd all the *Ana*,
 And even Furstenburghiana

Had had their turn—when, well-nigh doz'd,
 Fortunio thus the contest clos'd,

“ Good folks, one grain of Ypecacuanha,

“ Is more than worth your catalogue of Ana.”

No. II.

UNDER the article Alchymy, the subsequent piece of biography, and the mysterious extracts which follow it, should have had their place.

Nicolas Flamel, the apostle of French alchymists, was a native of Pontoise, and towards the close of the fourteenth century, exercised the profession of a notary at Paris. He began life without any fortune, but all at once he became rich, and employed his wealth in a way that did him honor, for he relieved the distressed, founded hospitals, and repaired places of divine worship. Naudé attributes this sudden rise of circumstances to his connection with the affairs of the Jews, who in 1394 were expelled from France, and whose mortgages, &c. &c. he supposes, Flamel purchased of them, to his own great advantage. Other writers have completely refuted this story. It is easier, and
much

much more picturesque, to attribute his mysterious prosperity to that great secret which has been sought for through ages, and which, *to this day*, has its believers. Accordingly, Paul Lucas, the most lying of travellers, (*who, yet, travelled by command of Louis XIV. and XV. successively*) affirms, that a Dervis had assured him that Nicolas Flamel was living, in the present century, somewhere in India, and that his death and burial had been an imposture, a faggot having been interred in his room!

The curiosity of some persons has gone so far as to excite them to search the cellars of the house in which this supposed adept resided, and which is still existing at the corner of the streets “Des Ecrivains” and “Marivault,” at Paris; they dug in every probable place, and did actually discover earthen vases, recipients, and pots, half filled with a mineral substance. What food for a sanguine imagination!

There

There were once to be seen, on an old beam in the same house, rude representations of Nicolas, and of his wife Pernelle, and several odd, and apparently hieroglyphical figures, engraved on stones in the wall. But, in 1756, some incognitos, pretending to be influenced by religious motives to repair the house, as belonging to the church, got possession of these precious ‘*morceaux*,’ and carried them away privately, neglecting to pay for the repairs they had ordered, or perhaps only delaying the payment, until they should be enriched by Flamel’s reliques.

No. III.

Extracts from a scarce collection of Hermetic Poetry, by Elias Ashmole. Printed 1652. It has a singular engraving on the title-page, with this inscription,

“*Serpens & bufo gradiens super terram, Aquila volans, est nostrum Magisterium.*”

The

The book abounds with other myſtical prints, not ill executed. Theſe extracts are given as a ſpecimen of the ſtrange method in which Alchymiſtic writers affect to explain their arcana.

The Bird of Hermes, by G. Ripley.

In the ſea, withouten leſſe *,
 Stands the bird of Hermes,
 Eating his wings, variable,
 And thereby makes himſelf more ſtable.
 When all his feathers be agone,
 He ſtandeth ſtill there, like a ſtone.
 Here is now both white and red,
 And alſo the ſtone, to quicken the dead.
 All and ſume, withouten fable,
 Both hard and neſh †, and malleable.
 Underſtand now well aright,
 And thank God of this ſight.

Hints, by Thomas Charnock, as to bringing the great work to bear.

We work this work of wonder
 By meaſure, weight, and number.

* Leſſe for leaſing, lying.

† A term in the Lancaſhire dialect, ſignifying ſoft, tender.

G g

When

When he is full black, then take some payne
To wash him seven times, in th' water of Jourdayne.

Fro the tyme that he be black and ded,
Wash him seven times, or he be perfect red.

And when you see him perfect red,
Then—take a stone and knock him o' th' head.

Id est *

When this woman is brought to bed,
Take the chyld, and knock him o' th' head.

Nonfensical and puerile, as the preceding verses appear to be, yet too truly it may be said,

“ ——— Hæ nugæ seria ducent

“ In mala ——— ”

for these, and such as these, have had the almost incredible effect of overpowering the senses and faculties of many rational beings, and have, (in spite of innumerable,

* The foregoing distich certainly needed explanation, but, unluckily, none but adepts can comprehend that solution which is here given,

wretched

wretched examples) tempted them to the chase of a supposed secret, which, when believed to be nearly discovered, has always disappeared, “ and left the wretch to “ weep.”

No. IV.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, in consequence of an enquiry which he wished to be made after a book written by Sir Robert Dudley, which was mentioned under the article “ Books.”

“ — According to your desire, I
 “ have sent you a short account of Sir
 “ Robert Dudley’s book, ‘ Del Arcano
 “ del mare.’—It is a large well printed
 “ folio, ‘ Nel primo del quali si tratta
 “ della longitudine praticabile in diversi
 “ modi, d’invenzione dell’ autore—(says
 “ the title-page).—Nel secondo delle carte
 “ sue generali, e di Portolani rettificati
 “ in longitudine, e latitudine.—Nel terzo,
 G g 2 “ della

“ della disciplina sua maritima e mili-
 “ tare.—Nel quarto, dell’ architettura sua
 “ nautica, di vascelli da guerra.—Nel
 “ quinto, della navigazione scientifica, e
 “ perfetta, cioè Spirale, o di gran Circoli.
 “ —Nel sesto, delle carte sue geografiche
 “ e particolari.

“ In Firenze nella stamperia di Fran-
 “ cesco Onofri. 1646.—I took no ex-
 “ tracts from it. It seems to be filled
 “ with mathematical explanations of dia-
 “ grams, extremely well engraved, many
 “ of different shapes with moveable hands.
 “ He has invented an ‘Orivolo Mercu-
 “ riale, e sifone per misurare il tempo—
 “ much in the manner of our hour-glasses,
 “ but more complex. The book is kept
 “ with great care.”

No. V.

THE following singular relation, which
 may be found in Bell’s Travels, ought to
 have appeared under the article of Books.

It

It seems surprising that as it has been near thirty years in print, it has not tempted some virtuoso to take a trip as far as Siberia, in search of the uncommon library therein described.

“ After the Irtysh has run many miles
 “ through a hilly country covered with
 “ wood, it passes through a fine fruitful
 “ plain, inhabited by the Kalmucs, till it
 “ comes to a house called “ Sedmy-Palaty,”
 “ or the Seven Rooms, situated to the
 “ right, in coming down the river. It is
 “ very surprising to find such a regular pa-
 “ lace in the midst of a desert. Some of the
 “ Tartars say it was built by Tamerlane,
 “ (called by the Tartars, Temyr Ack Sack,
 “ or Lame Temyr) others, by Gingeez Chan.

“ The building, according to the best
 “ information which I could obtain, is of
 “ brick or stone, well finished, and con-
 “ tinues still entire. It consists of seven
 “ apartments, under one roof, from
 “ whence it has the name of the seven
 “ palaces.

“ palaces. Several of these rooms are
“ filled with scrolls of glazed paper, fairly
“ wrote, and many of them in gilt cha-
“ racters. Some of the scrolls are black,
“ but the greatest part white. The lan-
“ guage in which they are written is that
“ of the Tonguts, or Calmucs. While I
“ was at Tobolsky, I met with a soldier
“ in the street with a bundle of these pa-
“ pers in his hand. He asked me to buy
“ them, which I did for a small sum. I
“ kept them till my arrival in England,
“ when I distributed them among my
“ friends, and particularly to that learned
“ antiquarian Sir Hans Sloane, who va-
“ lued them at a high rate, and gave them
“ a place in his celebrated museum. Two
“ of these scrolls were sent by order of the
“ Emperor Peter the First, to the Royal
“ Academy at Paris. The Academy re-
“ turned a translation, which I saw in the
“ Rarity Chamber at St. Petersburg. One
“ of them contained a commission for a
“ Lama, or Priest, and the other a form
“ of prayer to the Deity. Whether this
“ interpreta-

“ interpretation may be depended on or
 “ not, I shall not determine. The Tartars
 “ esteem them all, sacred writings, as appears
 “ from the care they take to preserve them.
 “ Perhaps they may contain some valuable
 “ pieces of antiquity, particularly, antient
 “ history.”

Should a wish to discover the treasure which this strange edifice probably contains, excite some enterprising spirit to visit the spot, it is humbly hoped that he would, in his way home, make a little circuit, and, by falling down the Don, and crossing the Black Sea, reach Mount Athos, where travellers agree, are several monasteries, with libraries *full of books*, which are illegible to those holy brotherhoods, but whose contents are probably well worth inspection.

No. VI.

THE curious anecdote which follows was taken from “ Nouvelle Description

G g 4

“ des

“des Environs de Paris,” a book of credit, published at Paris, in 1786. It gives a frightful instance of the licentiousness of what the French probably style, “Le bon, vieux, temps de Henri de Bourbon,” and proves, at the same time, that the “Populace, furieuse, & sourde,” of France, are, at least, as noxious as the worst English mob. No translation is given, as an intimation that it need not be perused by those who do not love painful stories.

Lagny, petite ville de la Brie, située sur les bords de la Marne, à quatre lieues de Meaux & à six de Paris, fameuse dans l'Histoire par son commerce considérable, par les guerres dont elle a été le theatre, & par un usage aussi barbare qu'il est étonnant de le voir en vigueur, dans ce siècle de lumière.

Sous Charles VII. les habitans de cette ville s'opposèrent aux Anglois avec tant de fermeté, que ce Roi loua leur grande & vertueuse résistance.

Sous

Sous Henri IV. cette ville ne se montra pas aussi fidele à son legitime Roi. En 1544 elle se revolta. Le Maréchal de Lorges qui se trouvoit dans le canton avec ses troupes, fut chargé de soumettre ces rebelles ; la ville fut assiégée & prise d'affaut ; pour se conformer aux bonnes intentions de son Maître, ce général n'usa point du droit de la victoire ; ainsi au lieu de passer tous les habitans au fil de l'épée, comme cela pratique après un assaut, il proposa, pour le soir même, une fête, où il invita toutes les dames de la ville, mais cette conduite pacifique, en apparence, cachoit de projets de violence & de perfidie.

Au milieu de la fête, tandis que la joie & les plaisirs sembloient bannir la méfiance & les inimities, le Marechal de Lorges fait fermer les portes, éteindre les lumières, & dans l'instant toutes les Bourgeoises de Lagny sont livrées sans distinction, à l'impétueuse luxure des soldats. La tradition du pays témoigne que ces dames, quoique très sensibles à cet affront, en furent encore moins

moins irritées que leurs maris. Les suites de cette action infame repandoient une fécondité général, qui produifit une nouvelle génération, dont on affure que font iffus tous les habitans de Lagny ; mais ceux-ci rougiflent de cette fource irrégulière, & fe regardent comme vivement insultés lorsqu'on leur en rappelle le fouverir.

Les plaifans qui, pour faire allufion au Capitaine de Lorges, leurs demandent “ Combien vaut l'orge ? ” font très-mal accueillis. On les faifit, on les emporte, & fans mifericorde on les plonge dans la fontaine fituée au milieu de la ville. “ J'ai “ moi-même été témoin,” dit M. de Saint-Foix, “ de cette vengeance populaire, exercée fur un jeune Parisien, qui ne fachant “ pas les conféquences de cette queftion, “ la fit de la meilleur foi du monde.” Cependant, comme on vend de l'orge à Lagny, & que l'acheteur ne peut fe difpenfer de s'informer du prix, il doit prendre garde de tenir fa main dans le fac en faifant la dangereufe queftion.

L'aventure suivante, plus récemment arrivée, prouve jusqu'à quel point une populace ignorante & livrée à elle même, peut porter la cruauté dans ses caprices.

Au moi de Septembre 1766, une Dame assez jolie passant à Lagny dans la voiture publique, fut portée par ses compagnons de voyage à demander "Combien vaut l'orge?" Elle fit cette question sans en connoître ni la cause ni les suites. Le peuple irrité s'emeute, fuit le carrosse à l'auberge, & demande cette femme à grands cris. Les voyageurs ne pouvant résister aux clameurs & aux menaces du peuple, managerent adroitement l'évasion de cette dame, qui se retira dans l'église. Cette populace n'osa pas violer cet asile, mais une partie se détacha vers le curé, & exigea que cette insolente leur fut livrée. Le curé ayant en vain voulu défendre l'étrangere, prit le parti d'aller la trouver, & de l'exhorter à ne pas résister plus long-tems à la satisfaction qu'on exigeoit; elle répondit qu'elle étoit dans un tems critique, & qu'elle mourroit, si on lui faisoit subir un châtiment

châtiment qu'elle n'avoit pas mérité, puisqu'elle ignoroit que sa question fût une insulte. Dans la crainte que la populace ne s'accrût jusqu'à ne plus rien respecter, le pasteur fit fermer les portes de l'église, retira chez lui cette malheureuse, & représenta aux mutins la bonne foi de la dame, & l'état où elle se trouvoit, bien propre à les desarmer. Mais ces furieux, sourds aux meilleurs raisonnemens, furent demander justice au Seigneur, qui jugeant la fermentation trop grande, crut devoir les satisfaire, en ordonnant à la marechaussée de leur livrer cette femme, qui, malgré ses prières & ses larmes, fut inhumainement plongée dans l'eau froide de la fontaine. Elle en sortit avec des convulsions affreuses, & quelques minutes après elle expira.

Je n'ajouterai point les réflexions un peu hardies du témoin oculaire de qui j'ai emprunté la relation de cet événement atroce. Mais je persisterai à dire qu'il est bien affligeant d'apprendre que dans le dix-huitième siècle, à six lieues de la capitale de la France, un usage digne des tems d'ignorance

rance & d'anarchie, un usage auffi barbare foit aujourd'hui en vigueur, & puiſſe ſe renouveler impunement. Lumieres, politeſſe, philoſophie, quelle diſtance vous ſépare de la populace !

No. VII.

THE mention which has been made of that very extraordinary character, the Rev. Mr. Patten, may probably have raiſed ſome curioſity concerning him, and the reader may not diſlike to hear a few genuine particulars of his life and converſation. He had been chaplain to a man of war, and had contracted a kind of marine roughneſs from his voyages ; he was of an athletic make, and had a conſiderable ſhare of wit and humor, not reſtrained by any ſtrict ideas of profeſſional propriety. He was, during many years, curate of Whitſtable, at a very ſmall ſtipend, and uſed every Sunday to travel, in a butcher's cart, to do

duty at another church. Whitstable, lying close to the sea, is very aguish, so that had he been dismissed, it would have been very difficult for the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the living belonged, to have provided another curate at the same low rate: this he well knew, and presuming upon it, was a great plague to every new primate. He kept a mistress publicly, and had that esteem for punch, that when his sermons were too long, some one shewing him a lemon, might at any time cause him to bring his discourse to an abrupt conclusion, that he might be at liberty to adjourn to the public house.

When Dr. Wake was Archbishop, some tale-bearer informed his Grace, that Mr. Patten had given a marriage-certificate, which he had signed by the title of Bishop of Whitstable. At the next visitation, the Archbishop sternly asked Mr. P. whether the report was true? To which Patten replied, " I shall answer your Grace's " question by another—Are you fool
" enough

“ enough to take notice of it, if it be
 “ true?”

When Dr. Secker was enthroned, or soon after, he gave a charge to his clergy, and, among other articles, found great fault with the scanty allowance often paid to curates. Mr. Patten, who was there, (though not summoned, as his usual boldness at these meetings, occasioned an order for him to be left out of the list) arose from his seat, and bowing to the Archbishop, said with a loud voice, “ I thank your
 “ Grace.” After the charge was over, this troublesome subaltern, bustling through the croud, came up to the metropolitan, who seeing that he could not avoid him, began with the usual question, “ You are,
 “ Sir, I apprehend, curate of Whitstable?”
 “ I am so,” returned Mr. Patten, “ and
 “ have received the paltry sum of thirty
 “ pounds per annum from your Grace’s
 “ predecessors, for doing the duty of a
 “ living which brings in full three hundred.”
 “ Don’t enlarge, Mr. Patten,” said the

Archbishop; "No, but I hope your Grace
" *will*," rejoined the curate.

It chanced that a substantial farmer in Whitstable, who had frequently promised his son to take him in as partner in his farm, or to leave it him at his death, died, without performing either of his promises. His widow, a second wife, took possession of the premises, without regarding the representations of the son, who in vain pleaded his pretensions to the partnership, at least. Not long after, the widow came to Patten, with a deplorable tale of a ghost, which haunted her house, out-houses, &c. dragging chains, and rattling fetters. The curate, who, though no believer in spirits, was yet sensible that at any rate, the affair must turn to his pecuniary advantage, put on his gravest air, and told the woman " that what she asked was no trivial mat-
" ter; that besides a considerable stock of
" courage, the enterprize demanded deep
" learning, as the whole form of exorcism
" ought to be spoken in Latin. That in-
" deed

“ deed he was fully master of these requi-
“ fites, but that he could not give himself
“ the trouble of exerting them, under the
“ sum of a guinea.” To this demand, the
woman consented, after some demur, and
the best parlor was fitted up for the curate’s
reception, according to his directions, with
a large fire, two candles, and a bowl of
punch. He then took his post, and waited
for the apparition, who, unluckily, not
knowing the sort of man he had to deal
with, and thinking to terrify him, as he
had done by others, began his perambula-
tions as usual, around the premises; but no
sooner did the priest hear the chain, and
the groans, than he sallied forth, and
without delay seized the poor ghost by the
collar, belabouring him at the same time
severely with an oaken sapling. The young
farmer finding himself by no means a match
for his opponent, fell on his knees, and
owned the whole contrivance, conjuring
the exorcist, at the same time, not to ex-
pose him, nor to reveal the secret to his
mother-in-law, who would be glad of the

21 H h op-

opportunity to turn him out of the house, with some degree of pretence. His intreaties were heard, and he was dismissed, on a solemn promise not to disturb the house again ; on this condition, hopes were given to him of a comfortable settlement with his step-mother.

Early in the morn, she came down, anxious to know what had passed the preceding night, when she was informed by the priest, that he had had a terrible conflict with the deceased, who was one of the most fierce, obstinate spirits he had ever met with. That, at length, he had laid him, at the expence of much Latin. “ Poor wicked soul,” continued he, “ I forgive him, although great part of his disquiet is owing to thirty shillings, of which he defrauded me, but which he desired, nay, commanded, you to pay. On this condition only, and on your allowing his son a share in the farm, has he agreed to trouble your house no more, but to retire to his old quarters, the Red Sea.”

To

To this the woman assented—she paid the money, took her son-in-law into the farming business, and the parson had the comfort of having done a good action, and, at the same time, picked up a little money by it.

He was once at the house of a brother clergyman, who, having shewn him a very numerous collection of books, in various languages, Patten asked him whether he understood them all? The answer being affirmative, he rejoined, “ Surely, surely, “ Brother, you must have had your head “ broken with a brick from the Tower of “ Babel.”

In his illness, being in extreme distress, Archbishop Secker sent him ten guineas by the Archdeacon. The dying humorist thanked him sincerely, and, in the style of the age of James I. “ Tell the Primate,” said he “ that now I own him to be a “ man of God, for I have seen his “ angels.” G.

No. VIII.

SHOULD any sportsman honor this work with a perusal, he may perhaps find some entertainment in looking over the names belonging to a pack of hounds of the last century. The Editor has, on that account, inserted the following list, from a very old hunting ballad.

Juno and Jupiter, Tinker and Troller,
 Singwell and Merrytoy, Captain and Cryer,
 Gangwell and Ginglebell, Fairmaid and Fryer,
 Beauty and Bonnylafs, Tanner and Trouncer,
 Foamer and Forrester, Bonner and Bouncer,
 Gander and Gundamore, Jowler and Jumper,
 Tarquin and Tamberlane, Thunder and Thumper,

Out of all these appellations, only *two* seem to commemorate the party disputes of the age—"Bonner," might refer to the Marian persecution, and "Gundamore," certainly meant the celebrated Spaniard

niard who hood-winked our British Solomon.

In a play of Mrs. Behn, we find a Whig Knight calling his house-dog "Tory."

No. IX.

UNDER the article 'National Character,' the anecdote beneath should have been introduced in a note.

The following couplet was made by a Mr. Canfield, who was employed in rendering the Highlands of Scotland passable, by means of the finest military roads which ever were made in so wild a country. He must have felt the true "fine phrensy" of which Shakespeare sings, before he could have taken so auspicious a flight from Parnassus.

Had you but seen these roads—*before they were made,*
You'd lift up your hands, and bless Marshal Wade!

This

This name, Canfield, points out no particular country, and if he was a native of *this* island, he affords strength to the arguments already adduced, to prove that the Irish have, by no means, a right to the *monopoly* of bulls. G.

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T O

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E R R A T A.

Page	Line	
56	5 (note)	for <i>Pauli</i> read <i>Paul</i> .
56	6 from bottom,	separate <i>Ignorans</i> from <i>s'elevent</i> .
63	line ult.	for <i>song-thrust</i> read <i>song-thrush</i> .
Alter the Scots speech, in the same page into this—		
‘Do not you ken that thair is mickle odds betwixt blawing on a buik, and ‘damning anes ain faul?’		
93	12 from the top	for <i>Virgines</i> read <i>Virginis</i> .
183	Note.	read ‘The Cook’s among the Janizaries, is an ‘high rank.’
197	5	for <i>ignominious</i> read <i>the ignominious</i> .
199	14 from the top,	for <i>la</i> read <i>le</i> .
222	1: ult.	leave out the comma in <i>Hyder Ally’s, Jemmat- dbars</i> .
255	16	for <i>carecrato</i> read <i>carcerato</i> .
259	6. The <i>first</i> hook of a	parenthesis is indistinct, between ‘ <i>miffal</i> ’ and ‘ <i>the</i> ,’
260	8 from bottom	for <i>Cbe</i> read <i>Cbi</i> .
282	10	for <i>de</i> read <i>le</i> .
Do.	Ult.	for <i>mouroit</i> read <i>mourroit</i> .
292	line 5,	for <i>ches</i> read <i>chez</i> .
—	line 8,	for <i>determined</i> read <i>determin’d</i> .
296	3 from the bottom,	for <i>scai</i> read <i>scait</i> .
Ditto	2 from the bottom,	for <i>respêt</i> read <i>respect</i> .
307	3 from the bottom,	for ‘ <i>ill-starr’d King!</i> ’ read ‘ <i>ill-starr’d Mo- ‘narch!</i> ’
313	4 from the bottom,	for <i>agreeable</i> read <i>agrèable</i> .
318	2 fr. bottom (note)	for <i>Geman</i> read <i>German</i> .
351	13 ditto	for <i>in bonesto</i> read <i>Inbonesto</i> .
400	bottom,	for ‘ <i>same quaint but entertaining writer,</i> ’ read ‘ <i>quaint but entertaining Fuller,</i> ’ and leave out ‘ <i>same.</i> ’
403	penult. of note	for <i>Fnæfste</i> , read <i>Fæneste</i> .
442	6 from the top	for <i>at</i> read <i>as</i> .

A D D E N D A.

A D D E N D A.

A R T.

WHEN the celebrated historian of the Low Country wars *, relates the death of Don Carlos, Prince of Spain, he says, with uncommon address, ‘ I know this relation will not please some, that greedily swallow down the foulest surmizes without any distinction, or respect, to truth or falsehood. For whose palates, if I were minded to dresse my discourse, I *might* instance the rebellion of the Moors, at *this very time*, &c. He then proceeds, in this charitable and negative way, to lay five or six most bitter charges

* Strada de Bello Belg. L. 7.

against D. Carlos, and adds the following Chronogram, from Ovid †, which, he says, was commonly applied to that Prince, in the Low Countries :

‘ FILIVs ante DIeM patrIos InqVIRIt In annos ‡.’

THE Marquis de Bonnivet, a Flemish nobleman, was endeavouring to contrive an escape from the citadel of Amiens, by feigning himself sick, and being carried out as a dead body; Concini, who was governor of the place, and who suspected his design, checked the whole project by saying to him, “ How sorry I should be, “ were you to die under my care; since, “ knowing the ill character which we Ita- “ lians have gained, as *poisoners*, I should “ think it my indispensable duty to con- “ vince the world of my innocence, by “ having your body publicly *opened*.”

† Ov. Met. Lib. I.

‡ The numeral capital letters form 1568, the year of D. Carlos’s death. The verse describes the anxiety of a son for his father’s decease.

WHEN Roan, after a long siege, fell to Henry V. of England, on entering the town, many authors assert that the tail of a fox was carried before the triumphant Prince, on the point of a spear, to shew that artifice had a share in the subjection of the place. The Governor, Le Bouteiller, is suspected of having betrayed the place, but such an avowal of his treachery is not consonant with our modern ideas of military honor.

How compleatly would the skill of Moliere's favorite actor, Baron, have baffled the most expert physiognomist, if it be true, as is reported of him, that he possessed so exquisite a command, not only of features, but of complexion, that in repeating the following couplet—

‘ Soudain vous eussiez vu, par un effet contraire,
 ‘ Leur fronts, *palir* de honte, & *rougir* de colere.’

His cheek would redden at ‘ *rougir*,’ and at ‘ *palir*’ his color would forsake him.

A U T H O R S.

THE inventor of that grotesque species of poetry called Macaronic, was ‘Theophilus Folengo,’ better known by the name of ‘Merlino Caccio.’ He formed a kind of language from the Latin and Italian, and scrupled not to introduce words of other tongues when convenient. The following verses which are given as a specimen of his diction, are perhaps, among the least outrée of his compositions.

Sum felix—Quisquam, pro me vult ponere vitam,
 Sum pauper—Nemo pro me vult ponere robem.
 Non maneant homines, me consiliare, scientes,
 At maneant homines, Heu! me ajutare volentes.

Again,

Quis tam sanctus homo, quem non quandoque patefcatur
 Effe caro, preffusque ruat sub pondere carnis?
 Aft peccare, hominis, Nunquam emendare, diabli eft.

The

The following truly barbaric lines are also attributed to Folengo. They describe the heat of battle.

Piff, Paff, Puff, Poff! Vah! La bombardà resonat.
Guarda las gambas, ne tibi bleffat eas.

PETRUS BACHERIUS, a Dominican, who was professor of Theology at Louvain, in the sixteenth century, wrote an extraordinary Treatise entitled ‘Jurgium conjugale, contra reformatorem genus.’ 1585.

ABOUT the year 1670, there started up in Holland, an incognito of wonderful talents and science. Some thought him a Jesuit, but (like the ‘foi-disant’ Formosan, Psalmanaazar,) his origin was never discovered. He lived by sweeping chimneys, and whetting knives, went by the name of ‘Berenicius,’ and died half smothered in a bog, and half choaked by excess in drinking. He is said to have

been an incomparable linguist, and to have versified with that degree of ease, that he would translate, while standing on one leg, *Dutch Gazettes* into elegant *Greek* or *Latin verse*! A task which seems more than Herculean. He could repeat, by heart, the whole works of most of the Classic authors, in both tongues, and would specify the book and the page of each writer whom he quoted. A work entitled ‘Georgarchoniomachia,’ has been attributed to this inconsistent prodigy of learning.

THERE was something remarkably simple and touching in the few words inscribed on the tombstone of *that* Junius, who spent his days in England, under the protection of the literary Earl of Arundel, and who left his manuscripts to the University of Oxford.

‘Sine querela, aut injuria, Musis, tantum, & sibi,
‘vacavit.’

LA FONTAINE, though celebrated for the genuine wit of his Tales, was in appearance so stupid, that a Lady who protected him, used to say, that, “ whatever reforms she might make in her household, she would never part with her three favourite brutes—her dog, her cat, and her poet.” Once he had been launching out against the absurdity of admitting aside-speeches, in plays. As soon as he had finished his argument, he fell into his usual reverie; and Boileau, who was present, convinced the company, that a speech *aside* might be properly allowed, by abusing and ridiculing the Fabulist, during a quarter of an hour, without his attending to it, or even knowing what was said.

ONE day, La Fontaine, (who was, from mere indolence, utterly unacquainted with every thing religious) lighted on a New Testament. He read it, with pleasure and surprize, and ran directly to an ecclesiastical friend, to tell him his sentiments. “ The book,” said he, “ is an excellent book ;
“ upon

“ upon my life and soul, it is a very clever
“ book! But it *must* be wrong as to the
“ eternity of hell-torments; *that* never *can*
“ be so. I like the rest of it very well, in-
“ deed!” He became, from that time,
devout, and died in what our neighbours
call “ the odor of sanctity.” His descend-
ants are said to have been exempted from
all taxes whatever. A very singular compli-
ment to the merit of our fabulist. “ His
“ name and his works,” says a modern
writer, “ have contributed sufficiently to his
“ country’s welfare.”

D’Ablancourt, to whom the public owes
many elegant translations, had been ha-
rassed with a painful disease. He could bear
the torture no longer, and determined to
end his miseries by starving himself. His
friends surrounded him, and convinced him
of the criminality and folly of his conduct,
but in vain, for he had gone already too
far, in point of fasting, to recover. It was
he who was used to say, with excellent
sense, that, “ Princes ought to study Greek
“ and

“ and Latin Classics, since the writers of
 “ Greece and Rome would tell them what
 “ their preceptors dared not to intimate.”

The ingenious Abbé de Prevost fell by a fate as extraordinary as that of any of the most unfortunate heroes of his own romances. He was attacked, while wandering alone in the forest of Chantilly, by a fit of the apoplectic kind, which rendered his body, to appearance, dead. Some peasants carried him to the next village, where a rural court of justice, summoned in haste, decreed, that he ought to be instantly opened, that it might be known, whether or no, he died fairly. The surgeon of the hamlet, in a moment, began the operation. In vain did the reviving Abbé shriek aloud. It was too late. He only opened his eyes to see the horrid apparatus around him, and then closed them to endless night. Those who have wept over the fate of Cleveland and Des Grieux, who have been entertained by the Fair Greek, or been improved by the Life of Sethos, will feel a
 painful

painful sensation at hearing that their amusing friend ended his life in a manner so strangely tragical.

There is reason to believe, that Bojardo, in his 'Orlando Inamorato,' found means to immortalize the peasants on his own estate, by naming the heroes of his Epic after those honest folks. It is even affirmed that there are still remaining at Scandiano, of which he was lord, many Gradaffos, Sacripantes, and Agramantes, and that the country about Scandiano may be traced easily in the picturesque scenes recorded in his beautiful Poem.

THE great Montesquieu was exceedingly teized, in his last moments, by the Jesuits, to deliver up his manuscripts to their custody. The Duchesse D'Aiguillon, who with anxious friendship attended his couch, found, one day, his door locked, and the dying philosopher in a warm dispute with Father Ruth, one of the society, who was insisting on his giving up the

the key of his manuscripts. When she reproached the priest for the intruding impertinence of his conduct, he answered, "that he must obey the directions of his superiors," and retired. The Duchesse afterwards took care that the president should end his days without farther interruption.

To the strictures on the ignorance and brutality of Guy Patin, in the former part of this work, the following may be added. Menage affirms, that he paid no regard to truth in what he wrote, that his letters are full of fallities, and that he, (Menage,) had been led by a calculation of Patin, (before he was aware how little dependence ought to be placed on his assertions,) into a most disgraceful blunder. He was also so envious of the success which attended the experiments of Joseph du Chesne, a celebrated and ingenious chemist, that he involved the whole district of Armagnac, (the native place of his adversary,) in the abuse which he liberally poured on that philosopher,

philosopher, and styled it ‘un maudit pays,’ ‘a cursed country.’ Yet experience has shewn that Du Chesne was greatly superior to Patin in chemical knowledge, and particularly so in his dissertations on antimony, and its uses.

THE Sieur Galland, editor of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, had disgusted the literary people of his residence, by publishing his two first volumes, half filled with the insipid question and answer of the sisters Scheherazade and Dinarzade. Fretted with this tiresome folly, some young men came in the middle of a frosty night, and contrived all kind of alarming noises to rouse the author. After they had kept him for some time in suspense, with his head and shoulders exposed to the cold air, one of them said to him, “Dear
“ sister, if you be not asleep, I would
“ pray you, until break of day, which is
“ near at hand, to go on with that agree-
“ able story which you began.” Poor Galland, finding his own words so unmercifully

cifully turned against him, shut his window, and consulting his pillow, published the tales in his succeeding volumes, without any more such ridiculous introductions.

WILLIAM OLDYS, Norroy King at Arms, was a writer of a singular cast and character. He was said to have been the natural son of a Dr. Oldys in the Commons, who appears to have managed his amours at a very cheap rate, as whenever he dined at taverns, he was observed to beg a little of the remnants of fish, fowl, &c. to send home for his cat, which cat was afterwards discovered to be the mother of the gentleman in question.

Mr. Oldys had but a slender portion of classical learning, and knew little of the sciences; but for index-reading, title-pages, and the knowledge of scarce (English) books and editions, he had no equal.

He had great good-nature, honor and integrity, particularly as an historian, for he has been known to have refused a large
sum,

sum, to permit his name to be affixed to another person's work. But a violent attachment to drinking, and to low company, tended to obscure his good qualities.

His life of Sir Walter Raleigh gained him great credit, and even influenced the D. of Norfolk so far in his favor, that he procured for Oldys a comfortable appointment in the Herald's Office. In that station, he was sometimes much disgraced by his passion for liquor, particularly at the funeral of the Princess Caroline, when the Crown on a cushion, entrusted to his care, is reported to have made many unseemly staggers.

His method of composing lives was singular. He had a number of parchment bags, inscribed with the name of him he meant to write of, and into them he put every anecdote he could collect. From these stores he drew up each respective history.

By his excesses he was kept so poor, that in 1761, when he died, he left little more

than what was sufficient to bury him. He was then seventy-two years of age. G.

*He was buried on the 19th following in
St. Bernard's Church, London.*

B O O K S.

IF the rising generation do not greatly excel their parents in the knowledge and practice of morality and humanity, they will loudly contradict every philosopher, every poet, and every divine, who has even glanced at the subject of education.

Forty years ago, an author would have been ridiculed, had he dedicated his talents to the service of a race of infants. The whole juvenile library consisted, then, in a dry, uninviting book, called 'Geography for Children,' and in a set of minute volumes which described Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London, and which, to the best of the Editor's remembrance, intermixed spectre-stories with topical descriptions. Mother Goose, also, added her tales, but from them nei-

K k

ther

ther instruction, nor moral, were to be gained.

The ingenious Christopher Smart was the first man of genius that thought the minds and morals of children deserved literary attention. In his Lilliputian Magazine, he inculcated the best of principles, but he thought it necessary, still, to make use of a species of machine, and ‘Woglog’ the Great Giant’ was introduced to amuse and to terrify, by turns, the young student.

Encouraged, probably, by the success of Mr. Smart, there now arose a new description of authors, under the patronage of a well-known philanthropic bookseller. These have exerted their utmost abilities to compose histories in common life, which may tempt the little reader to study, and, at the same time, may lead him in the paths of good-nature and virtue. They have succeeded, and the library for the use of children, now abounds with productions *, which, although minute in size, and

* Among these may be pointed out ‘The History of Jemima Placid,’ which abounds with interesting scenes.

gaudyⁱⁿ tinsel covers, are not unworthy the inspection of persons far more advanced in life and experience, than those for whose use they are destined. Beside inculcating the best principles of religion and duty, these writers combat every malignant propensity. They set infantine cruelty in the most odious light, and even condescend to level their batteries against sloth, and dirtiness. Children bred up in the constant study of such maxims, must, one may hope, retain some part of them in their minds, and, should they be as negligent of what is right, as many of their fathers were before them, they will be doubly faulty, as they have opportunities of improving their ideas, which never occurred to their ancestors.

CUSTOMS AND INVENTIONS.

A VERY palpable instance of the excessive awkwardness * with which war was

* Strada de Bello Belg. L. 7.

carried on a few centuries ago, may be seen in Froissart's account of the expedition against the Scots, by Edward III. soon after he came to the crown. Although in their own country, and at a very moderate distance from Carlisle and Newcastle, yet "Three dayes and three nightis, they" (the whole English army) "were, in manner, without brede, wyne, candel, or lyght, foder or forage, or any manner of purveyance." To complete the confusion of the scene, the King was obliged to offer to whomsoever would bring him word, in what place the Scots were "A hundred pounds lande to hym and to his heires for ever, and to be made a knyght of the kyngis hande."

Nothing, to a modern warrior, can exceed the ridicule of this scene, nor appear more absurd than the extreme ignorance of the King and his quarter-masters; and yet, notwithstanding the great improvements which have been made since Froissart's age in the art of war, some may be found who doubt whether the combined knowledge

knowledge, practical and theoretic, of Vauban and Cohorn, of Feuquieres, Marechal Saxe, and Frédéric of Prussia, ever produced one invention of so much service to the ease and happiness of mankind, as that of Pinchbeck's snuffers, improved by the ingenuity of Sheffield.

As late as the times of Henry III. of France, the Dowager Queens were called 'Reines blanches,' from the white mourning which they were used to wear. 'Henry,' says L'Etoile in his journal, 'went to salute the White Queen.' That Queen was Elizabeth of Austria, widow of Charles IX.

No inventor of quick methods of communicating intelligence ever hit upon a more expeditious, though undesigned conveyance, than that by which the success of the Duke of Alva at Gerning, (where, in 1568, he defeated Count Lewis of Nassau), was known to vessels out in the open sea, sooner than to towns at a much smaller

K k 3 distance

distance on shore. Count Lewis commanded an army of Reistres *, and this cast of soldiers always wore that kind of head-dress, which the writings of Sterne have made familiar to an English ear, the Montero-cap. The sailors seeing vast numbers of these floating down with the tide from the Ems, formed a very just conjecture on the issue of the battle which had been fought, and surprized the inhabitants of the next port they reached, by communicating the intelligence of the Spaniards' victory.

D E R I V A T I O N.

‘ O Gemini !’ assuredly is borrowed from the Italian exclamation, ‘ O Diamine !’ which answers to ‘ Oh, The Deuce !’ ‘ To scamper,’ is clearly taken from the Italian ‘ Scampare,’ which means the same,

* A kind of bands, easily to be hired in Germany, during the 16th century. They succeeded to the Compagnons, Tarde-venues, &c. They were ill-disciplined, and fought more for plunder than pay.

Qu.? Whence comes The Deuce?

Not surely from *Deus*. It is used in too light a manner for such an origin. Some derive it from the Greek *Δυς*, mournful.

A HUMOROUS Etymologist deduces ‘bothered’ from ‘both-eared,’ i. e. stunned at both ears.

‘Breeches’ from ‘bear-riches,’ and Vales, to servants, from the Latin ‘Vale,’ as being the *farewel* given at parting. G.

ST. FOIX derives the Diadem of Princes, from the fillet which topers were used in the early ages to wear around their temples, to check the fumes of the wine they had drank. ‘It was meant,’ says he, ‘as an intimation to royalty not to suffer itself to be stupified by the noxious incense of adulation.’

ABOUT three hundred years ago the largeness of the shoe was proportional to the rank of the wearer, and the toes of a

great man's slipper of honor were buckled up to his knee. Qu.? If the common expression of 'being on a great *footing* in the world,' has not a reference to this grotesque and absurd custom?

M. DE VALOIS deduces the French word 'coucher' (actively taken) from 'collocare,' and, aware of the readers objections, he supports his argument by quoting from Catullus,

Vos, unis fenibus, bonæ
Cognitæ bene feminæ,
Collocate puellulam.

He brings also two excerpts from Tully and from Suetonius, to shew that 'collocare' means 'to put to bed.' But as he is totally unable to make out any similarity of sound between 'collocare' (pronounced as in France) and 'coucher,' his derivation must appear one of the most improbable ones ever produced, and only is here introduced to evince to what frivolous ideas the

the passion for finding etymologies may lead a man of genius.

FANATICISM.

IN the eleventh century, Severus, a fantastical enthusiast, broached as odd a heresy as imagination could well conceive.

He imagined that a good and an evil being, had co-operated towards the production of man, and the world in general. He even pointed out with an indelicate precision, how much of the body was the work of each separate creator. When man was made, according to Severus, the *benevolent* being supplied every kind of food proper to nourish and support the new-made creature, particularly he exerted himself in supplying him with plenty of fruit, pot-herbs and water. The ill-meaning fiend, however, was more than a match for the good angel, for he gave him wine, and,

and, (as that most abandoned heretic Severus affirms) he created *woman*.

* Strada strongly inclines to think, that in the plundering the Great Church at Antwerp, there were a host of devils mixed with the *hundred* men who *appeared* to be the *sole* destroyers. The chief reason which he gives for harboring such an opinion, is, ‘ That whilst they with great
 ‘ pains loosen the brass and marble, whilst
 ‘ they endeavor to spoil and steal the
 ‘ richest things, none of all their number
 ‘ had so much as a fall, or a knock,
 ‘ though such loads of stone and wood
 ‘ came tumbling down, and so many fragments and splinters flew about, nor received the least hurt by the workmens tools,
 ‘ which they ran with in their hands. It
 ‘ is no slight argument to prove, that, by
 ‘ God’s permission, the devil was the surveyor of their works.’

* De Bello Belg. L. 5.

IN

IN the writings of Gabriel Barletta, a celebrated preacher among the Dominicans of Naples, in the fifteenth century, are numberless eccentric ideas. The Holy Ghost, he says, *would* have come down corporeally among mankind, but frightened at the reception which Jesus Christ had experienced, it chose to take the invulnerable appearance of fire and of air, that it might run no risk of ill-treatment among human beings.

The following passage is taken from one of this divine's most celebrated discourses.

‘ Malus presbyter non dicit Pater-noster
 ‘ cum corde. Incipit, *Pater noster qui es*
 ‘ *in cœlis*; Præpara equum, o serve, ut
 ‘ eamus ad villam.—*Sanctificetur nomen*
 ‘ *tuum*; O Catharina, pone ad focum illam
 ‘ carnem. *Panem nostrum quotidianum da*
 ‘ *nobis hodie*. Prohibe catum a farcimine;
 ‘ *Et dimitte nobis debita nostra*; Da equo
 bladum †.’ So high was the vogue of

* The translation of this strange rhapsody would, although part of a sermon, have too prophane an air.

this Friar's eloquence, that it was said as a proverb 'Nescit prædicare, qui nescit Barlettare;' and his sermons ran through twenty editions at least.

A TRUE fanatic, the more execrable his actions, the more extended his cruelties, by so much the more he expects the inspiration of heaven. Montluc, who was the most bloody fiend of that infernal race who deluged France with the blood of their brethren in the 16th century, Montluc, who hanged (according to his own account) protestants, in cold blood, by eighty at a time, Montluc, who owns that two executioners who always accompanied him, were usually styled his 'valets.' This very Montluc gives us the copy of that prayer which he usually addressed to heaven before he fought, and declares most solemnly that he always found himself warmed by grace from above, that all mortal frailty quitted him, and that he became a new man, in consequence of this ejaculation.

QUIRINUS

QUIRINUS KUHLMAN, a native of Breslau, who broached his extravagancies in the last century, is little known. From the age of eighteen, he thought himself inspired by a divine ‘afflatus,’ which formed itself always around his head, like a globe of light. His genius was by no means inconsiderable. He wrote ‘Prodomus Quinquennii mirabilis,’ and prepared for the press ‘Le Clef de L’Eternité & du Temps.’ To establish his doctrines, he roamed through Britain, Italy, and the East. He made few profelytes, indeed; but still he wandered unmolested. In 1689, his good fortune forsook him; he preached in Russia some heterodox dogmas, and the priests of the country made him expiate his heresies on a pile of faggots.

A GRAVE historian, Rigordus, who wrote in the thirteenth century, a book entitled, “Gesta Philippa Augusti,” affirms, that *before* the true Cross fell into the hands of the Infidels, all children used to have thirty or thirty-two teeth, but that, *since* that fatal epoch,

epoch, none can boast of more than twenty-three.

In 1540, Gonzales Bandara, a cobbler of Lisbon, had nearly finished his days at a stake, under the sentence of the Inquisition, for uttering absurd predictions. By a not unusual revolution in human affairs, it chanced, that, a hundred years afterwards, when the House of Braganza rose to the throne of Portugal, some of the cobbler's fanatic effusions were judged to have pointed out, clearly, the events which had newly happened, and the memory of one who had hardly escaped the flames as an impostor, was honored as that of an inspired prophet.

In the "Catalogus Gloriæ mundi," printed in 1529, is the following odd tale, which, childish as it appears, serves to throw light on the manners of the age. It may be found also in De Thou.

A most cruel sentence was denounced, in 1540, by the Parliament of Provence, against

against the Vandois of the Valley of Merindol, which consigned them all to destruction, on account of their heresy. Their utter ruin was, however, delayed, by a very singular circumstance. An innumerable army of Rats had, about that time, laid waste the country. All *human* means had been used, in vain, to destroy them; and it was therefore thought necessary to try the force of *spiritual* censure. Every form was now observed. A complaint was brought against the Rats; they were cited to the Bishop's court; and, on their non-appearance, sentence was on the point of passing against them, for default and contempt. But, as in all ages there have been found Lawyers, who, either to shew their abilities, or fill their purses, will not scruple to espouse the wrong side, an advocate started up in favour of the oppressed, who represented, ' that the poor calumniated
' vermin could not appear with any degree
' of security at the court, according to the
' summons, since their steps were watched
' by their enemies the Cats, and no safe-guard

‘ guard was appointed to conduct them to
‘ the presence of their judges.’ This
grotesque plea is said to have had its effect,
and to have prevented those anathemas
which would otherwise have been fulmi-
nated against the Rats. Nay, it is affirmed,
that one of the Judges, struck with the
similarity of case between them and the
Heretics of Merindol, used his influence,
with success, to have the execution of the
sentence against the poor Vandois, also, de-
layed. The respite was, however, only
temporary ; and persecution, stimulated by
bigotry, in a short time depopulated a
whole country, with such circumstances of
hellish barbarity, that they have been held
up by every historian to public detestation.

ST. ROMUALD, (mentioned under the
article ‘ Hermits’) underwent a singular spe-
cies of peril from his own reputed sanctity,
and from the fanatical respect born to him
by his neighbors. He had long resided
in Catalonia ; but, having declared his in-
tention of quitting that country, the in-
habitants,

habitants, rendered almost desperate by the dread of losing this holiest of Anchorets, consulted together, and determined to cut the good saint's throat, that they might at least be sure of that share of miracles which the bones of so eminently pious a man might work among them. The result of this conference chancing to reach the ears of Romuald, he made a private and speedy retreat from Spain, chusing not by any means to be made into reliques before his time.

Translation of the Latin Anecdote at
Page 125. Article Fanaticism.

‘ The holy brother Philip Nerio, deeply
‘ affected by zeal towards the Supreme
‘ Being, lived in a perpetual languor, and
‘ his heart burnt with such ardor, that
‘ when it could not be contained within
‘ its common bounds, The Creator most
‘ wonderfully enlarged its sphere of action,
‘ by breaking and raising up two of his
‘ ribs. Sometimes, when performing his

L 1 ‘ holy

‘ holy duties, or fervently praying, he was
 ‘ visibly lifted from the ground, and ap-
 ‘ peared to shine with a wondrous bright-
 ‘ nefs. The poor and the needy, he re-
 ‘ lieved with univerfal charity. He was
 ‘ even thought worthy of beftowing alms
 ‘ on an angel, who condefcended to re-
 ‘ ceivethem in the figure of an indigent per-
 ‘ fon, and once, when carrying provifions
 ‘ to the poor, he had stumbled into a pitfall,
 ‘ he was delivered fafe from danger by the
 ‘ interpoftion of that heavenly being.
 ‘ Humble in his nature, he ever avoided
 ‘ honors, and with conftancy refufed the
 ‘ firft ecclefiaftic dignities, which were, un-
 ‘ folictedly, preffed upon him.’

F E A S T I N G.

NEITHER the poet, Juvenal, nor the
 traveller, Sir Robert Herbert, can ever ac-
 quire the good opinion of modern epicures
 by the declaration which each has made
 of

of his sentiments concerning our favorite delicacy, turtle.

‘ Nemo, inter curas & seria, duxit habendum

‘ Qualis, in oceani fluctu, *testudo* nataret *,’

Says the bard. Nor did the knight display more discernment, when, after having tantalized his readers with an account of tortoises (as he calls them) ‘ so great, as suffer two men with ease to sit, and so strong, as carry them,’ he adds, with a pleasant confusion of grammar, ‘ failers affect to eat them, but are better meat for hogs, in my opinion.’

The turtle has however been the delight of the man of *taste*, one way or another, throughout the early, as well as the latest ages. As long as Horace’s poems re-

* None have yet found it worth one serious thought,
How large a turtle may, at sea, be caught.

It should be added, that by the next line, it appears that the shell was usually converted to some ornament for the Roman beds.

L l 2,

main,

main †, the honor due to the ‘*Testudo*’ will accompany their fame. And in the present century, that regard which the ancients paid to the *exterior* is by modern penetration, only transferred to the less elegant, but more nourishing, contents.

POGGIO, the Florentine, tells us that Zisca, the great and victorious reformer of Bohemia, had so favoury a taste, that he only asked for his share of plunder what he was pleased to call ‘the cobwebs, which ‘hung from the roofs of the farmers ‘houses.’ These were, the hams, gammons, sausages and pigs cheeks, for which Bohemia was always celebrated.

† And that will prove a much longer space than *himself* had allotted to them. They would have been lost to the world in less than 400 years, had they only existed, as he prophesied,

————— Dum Capitolum

Scandet, cum tacita virgine, Pontifex.

A fair triumph of literature over empire, & *superstition*.

IN

IN the year 1666, there appeared a treatise written by Cardinal Francis Maria de Brancaccio, to prove that drinking chocolate could not be said to occasion the breaking a fast.

THE consummate epicurism, and brutal species of wit, possessed by the late Mr. Quin, are universally known, nor can any single anecdote illustrate these two qualities, more completely than the following, which is, from the best authority asserted to be strictly true. He was invited to dine with a celebrated Dutchess who had adorned the court of Anne, and whose protection of persecuted wits had justly rendered her famous. To the surprise of Quin, she helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch which stood before her. ‘What! and does your Grace eat no fat?’ ‘Not of venison, Sir.’ ‘Never, my Lady Dutchess?’ ‘Never, I assure you.’ Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiments, our epicure exclaimed, ‘By G— I love to dine with such fools!’

EARLY rising and the length of their ride had disposed the whole company of a stage-coach to do honor to the dinner provided for them, which was a large coarse shoulder of mutton. One unfortunate man only, excepted, whose dress, and delicacy of manners had so far established his superiority, in the party, that they, though hungry, rested on their arms, while he examined the meat with the eye of a connoisseur. He first, lifted it from the dish with his fork, and peeped around it. He then made a faint effort to cut it, but drawing back his hand, and laying down his knife and fork, he retired to the window, and abandoned his share of the repast, exclaiming dolefully “ This it is to have a
“ taste !”

‘ I KNEW what would happen well
‘ enough,’ said a gentleman who, by carving a leg of lamb crossways, had occasioned his friend to drop down in an antipathetic swoon. ‘ How then,’ said a third person,
‘ could you be brute enough not to cut the
‘ meat

‘ meat in the other way?’ ‘ Because had I
 ‘ done it, it were I, who must have had the
 ‘ fit,’ replied the selfish carver.

H Y P E R B O L E S.

ABDALLA, the parent of Mahomet, lived, it is well known, in the humble station of a camel-driver. Yet as the father of so great a prophet ought to have somewhat extraordinary about him, the Orientals have exhausted their rhapsodies on his nuptials. Although, at least 75 years of age, he was, they say, sought for in marriage by all the fairest, youngest, and most wealthy maidens of his district. And the morn after his wedding, one hundred of the rejected ones were found dead in their beds, from jealousy, disappointment, and envy.

THE epitaph on Buschetto of Dulichio, who built the Cathedral of Pisa, asserts, that his knowledge of the mechanic powers

was so extensive, “ that he could enable
 “ *ten* children to support a weight, which
 “ a *thousand* harnessed oxen could not
 “ move.” He lived in the fifteenth century, an age of hyberbole and wonder.

‘ THAT fellow,’ said Cyrano de Bergerac to a friend, ‘ is *always* in one’s way, and
 ‘ *always* insolent. The dog is conscious
 ‘ that he is so fat, that it would take an
 ‘ honest man more than a day, to give him
 ‘ a thorough beating.’

NOT very unlike this idea was that of him, who, being asked by his friend, “ when
 “ he last saw their jolly comrade Tom —?”
 answered, “ Ah, poor Tom ! I call’d on
 “ him yesterday at his lodgings, and there
 “ I found him, sitting all round a table, by
 “ himself !”

A HUMOROUS hyperbole of the same kind is told of a jolly Courtier of Louis XIV. who being rallied by the King on his bulk, which, he was told, had increased for
 want

want of exercise, " Ah, Sir," said the plump object of the King's satire, " what " would your Majesty have me do ? I have " already walked three times round the " Duc D'Aumont, this morning." A nobleman, who, though himself a prodigy as to size, had been standing by, and enjoying the joke.

INCONSISTENCY.

WE have in the life of Chicot, fool to Henry IV. of France, an example of a man possessing the most jarring qualities both of body and mind. Buffoon as he was, he wanted neither birth nor riches, and excelled in the qualities of fidelity and valor. At the siege of Rouen in 1591, he subdued in fair combat, M. de Glatigny, a man of high rank among his master's enemies. Him he delivered into the hands of Henry, saying only, " Here ! I have " brought you a prisoner of *my* making." But Glatigny, offended at finding himself captive

captive to a jester, drew his sword, and wounded him mortally *. From his death-bed Chicot was roused, by overhearing an ecclesiastic refuse to give absolution to a dying soldier, because he was in the service of a Huguenot prince. He even sprung from his bed to chastize the fanatic priest, but, exhausted by the effort, he fainted and died.

A HORDE of Cossacs, mentioned by M. de Tott, seem to labour under a great confusion of ideas respecting the Christian religion. They left Russia at the time that Peter the Great insisted on his subjects being shaved, and, determined to save their beards, at all hazards, they migrated to the Tartarian deserts. They join their new neighbours in every incursion which they make against the Russian provinces, but still, anxious to preserve the purity of their faith, amidst infidels, they take care

* The laxity then attendant on the 'Law of Nations,' occasioned no notice to be taken of this assassination. At least Brantome mentions none,

that

that each man is provided with a flitch of bacon, tied to his saddle, by way of port-manteau; nor are their standards ever deficient in a representation of the cross, which floats, most heterogeneously, amid the horse tails of Mahomet. These people are called Inat-Cossacks, from Ignatius, their head man. ‘Inat’ signifies also in the Turkish tongue, obstinate and wrong-headed, an epithet which the Tartars and Turks think become these odd religionists, who, besides their cross and their bacon, know nothing of any one dogma of christianity,

FRANCIS JUNIUS, the father of him who took refuge under the wings of the English Lord Arundel, used to say of the church of Rome, “That she was the true
 “Meretrix Babylonica; that she was *alive*
 “’twas true, but loaded with the most filthy diseases; but that although she was,
 “without doubt, a most abandoned prostitute, yet, as she had never been regularly
 “divorced, she was still the spouse of
 “Christ,

“ Christ, and that so, one *might* be saved
 “ by adhering to her doctrine.” This
 most absurd tenet disgusted both the Re-
 formed and the Roman Catholics.

AN eminent and learned prelate, not
 long since dead, was not unfrequently se-
 duced by the warmth of his imagination,
 into expressions, very inconsistent with
 that gravity which laymen annex to the
 character of a divine. In a celebrated
 work, he denominates the awful scene in
 which the prison doors flew open, and the
 irons dropped from the limbs of the holy
 Paul; ‘ A midnight-meeting between Paul,
 ‘ Silas, a gaoler, and an earthquake.’ The
 low expression of ‘ Hocus-pocus tricks,’
 ought not to be found in a sermon of the
 same divine, on the most solemn of subjects.

THE great Jonathan Swift had probably
 forgotten not only that he was in orders,
 but also that he was a christian, when he
 wrote what the most blind charity can not
 avoid

avoid calling a parody on the most awful
of ideas.

From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks came trembling.
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lakes remotest end.
My lord, and dean, the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake,
The loit'ers quake, no corner hides them,
&c. &c.

I N H U M A N I T Y.

AT the table of Alexander the Great, Anaxarchus, a stern Philosopher, being asked how he liked the entertainment, said, that to make it compleat, it only wanted a Great man's head in a dish, at the table. This wish he evidently pointed at a very worthless neighbor, Nicocreon, ruler of Cyprus, who sat as a guest.

After the death of Alexander, it unluckily chanced that the Sage fell into the hands of the Tyrant; and Nicocreon, thinking that

Anaxarchus, with proper management, would make just as good a dish as *himself* would have done, ordered him to be pounded to pieces in a mortar—a death which the Philosopher underwent with remarkable fortitude, only crying, ‘ Beat, ‘ beat, on the outward case of Anaxarchus. ‘ Himself thou canst not hurt.’

BZOVIVS, who continued Baronius’s Annals, says, that Cardinal Ximenes, wishing to convert the priests of the Spanish Mahometans, determined to treat Zegri, one of the heads of the Moorish Church, with remarkable severity, since he could not render him a Catholic by fair means. Accordingly, he delivered him over to *Pedro Leone*, his Chaplain, whose arguments soon brought the Moor to compliance. The Convert desired to see the Cardinal, and when admitted to his presence, began with attributing his sudden change of sentiments to a vision which he had seen the night before; but, being ashamed of the fiction, he burst into laughter, and said,
“ Why

“ Why should I not speak the truth,
 “ and give the credit of my abjuration of
 “ Islamism, to thy fierce Lyon (Leone),
 “ whose managements will convert any of
 “ us, who are once entrusted to his keep-
 “ ing.” This man must have loved a Pun
 at his heart, to have brought one out on
 such an occasion.

A WRITER, named ‘ Julius Clarus,’ and
 quoted by Limborch in his ‘ History of the
 ‘ Inquisition,’ seems to have formed a very
 forcible idea of the powers of imagination,
 as he allows to them four parts in five of
 the torments decreed by that formidable
 Tribunal. ‘ Know, therefore,’ says he,
 ‘ That there are *five* degrees of torture, viz.
 ‘ First, the being threatened to be tortured ;
 ‘ secondly, being carried to the place of
 ‘ torture ; thirdly, by stripping and bind-
 ‘ ing ; fourthly, the being hoisted on the
 ‘ rack ; fifthly, squassation.”

WHEN the Prince de Chalais, in 1626,
 was condemned to be beheaded for being
 2 concerned

concerned in a plot against Cardinal Richelieu, his friends, hoping that delay might afford him some chance of escaping his doom, contrived that the executioner should not be in the way to perform his office. Richelieu, however, was not so to be baffled: A Shoemaker, to save his forfeited life, contrived to take off the Prince's head with a cooper's adze, in a most un-workman-like manner. And there was found a bard, who employed his muse in celebrating this event, by an epigram, the sting of which lay in the assertion, that the sufferer

“ Au lieu d'être décapité

“ Il avoit été haché.”

Ang.

“ He was not beheaded, but hacked in pieces.”

THE following method of treating a dying enemy, would now utterly destroy the reputation of the bravest Commander in any European service. The Marquis de Santa Cruz, Admiral of Spain, however, does not appear to have suffered by it, in
his

his character, so different are the manners of different ages. Henry III. of France had sent Philip Strozzi to restore the ever-unlucky* D. Antonio to the throne of Portugal. Strozzi, though one of the first soldiers of that warlike æra, was defeated, wounded, and taken prisoner by the Spaniard. What follows are the words of "Forfay," who, after having been tutor to Strozzi, became his pupil's biographer.

‘ Le Sr. de Strozzi, porté au dit Marquis,
 ‘ fut exposé sur le pont des cordes, de son
 ‘ galion. Quelqu’un lui fourra, dessous le
 ‘ dit pont de cordes, son épée dans le petit
 ‘ ventre, lui otant, par ce coup, inhumain
 ‘ et barbare, ce qui lui restoit encore de
 ‘ vie. Et étant, en cet état, présenté au
 ‘ Marquis, icelui, dedaignant de le re-
 ‘ garder, se retourna de l’autre coté, après
 ‘ avoir fait signe, qu’on le jettât en la mer,
 ‘ ce qui fut aussitot executé, *lui encore un*
 ‘ *peu respirant.*’

* Singularly so; for England and France in vain attempted to put him in possession of what were looked on to be his rights.

DR. COOK, in his Russian Travels, relates an instance of Nadir Shah's deliberate cruelty, which can hardly be paralleled. The inhabitants of a district in his dominions, had, when the Czar Peter marched that way, supplied his army with provisions, probably from dread of ill treatment. When the Russians were departed, Nadir surrounded these poor creatures with his army; and, after having made them witness the most execrable violences to their families, he deprived them, to the number of five hundred, of their eyes, and left them to their fate. Dr. Cook saw the wretched relics of these poor villagers, some years after. They told him, that they had been forced to crawl on the earth in search of food, and all but thirty had been happy enough to find their deaths, either by poisonous roots, by precipices, or by famine.

The same author relates, that he has seen a Persian gnawing a thistle through hunger, and cautiously looking around him, lest any of Nadir's emissaries should see him, and punish him for exposing,
by

by his hunger, the calamitous state of Persia.

THE name of Esprit Flechier, a learned French Prelate, ought to be dear to every lover of humanity. When Louis XIV. made him Bishop of Nîmes, he seemed to have a very just notion of the usual effects of a mitre, when he told him, that “ he should have promoted him sooner, were he not apprehensive of losing the pleasure of hearing his discourses.”

Flechier was not only humane towards the Protestants of his diocese, at a period which would have warranted him in any steps of persecution, but he even penetrated into the deepest and most abhorred recesses, to assist the wretched of his *own* communion. Among many other instances of a like kind, he once found his way, by exerting his episcopal authority, to the damp and dark dungeon of a nunnery, in which an unfeeling abbess had immured a frail and incautious sister, who, having been forced by her parents to embrace a monastic

life, had violated the involuntary obligation. The good Bishop found her lying on a handful of straw, and supported only by a scanty allowance of bread and water. She stretched out her emaciated arms to her venerable deliverer, who, on his side, told the Abbess, that she well merited to be treated as *she* had treated the poor sufferer; “But,” added he, “you shall find from *me* that mercy which you have not shewn, but which Jesus refused not to the woman caught in adultery.” The care, however, which he ordered to be taken of the poor girl, came too late. She died, soon after, exerting her last breath in blessing her good Pastor.

M E D I C I N E.

DURING the civil wars of France, the town of Bayeux was guarded from the plague by the care of Marc le Barbey, a physician of the place. The army of the League, who were perishing by the same disease,

disease, required his assistance. But the patriot refused to relieve subjects in arms against their lawful prince. They plundered his house, but he escaped and left them to die by thousands. Henry IV. ennobled him and his posterity in 1594.

WHILE Muretus, a man of great learning, but vile morals, was endeavouring to reach the dominions of Tuscany, he fell extremely ill on the road. Notwithstanding the wretchedness of his figure, he found himself, to his surprise, surrounded by physicians, who busied themselves about him with uncommon diligence. A new and dubious medicine was, it seems, waiting to be tried on a proper object, and he at length overheard in a whisper, "*Faciamus * experimentum in corpore vili.*" The dread of this proposed experiment, acted with more success, probably, than the dose would have done. Muretus rose

* "Let us make the experiment on this miserable hound."

from his bed, forced a passage through the concourse of doctors, apothecaries, and surgeons, and proceeded on his journey, to Rome, where he was received with honor, and rose to great preferments.

'Twas on this Muretus that Jos. Scaliger, on whom he had imposed a modern epigram for an antique, made that bitter distich.

“ Qui rigidæ flammæ evaserat, ante, Tolosæ
“ Muretus, fumos vendidit ille mihi.”

IT was no bad thought of Carmelini, a celebrated dentist at Rome, remarkable for removing teeth, to write over his door

‘ Una avulso, non deficit alter.’

A WORTHY Dutch physician, Philip Verheyen, left a direction in his will, that he should not be buried in any church,
“ * Ne templum dehonestaret, aut nocivus

* “ That he might not defile the Church, nor corrupt
“ its air with noxious fumes.”

“ halitibus

“*halitibus inficeret,*” and directed this sentiment to be inscribed on his tombstone.

DR. JOHN COLLETT, of Newbury, Berks, who died in 1780, deserves a peculiar notice for the depth of his studies, and the exquisite humanity of his character. Although his practice was extensive, yet, from an uncommon meekness and humility, he never would accept more than *half* the usual fee of the profession. Several days in the week he devoted to the poor, who thronged to him for advice, which, as well as vast quantities of medicines, he distributed gratis. His studies were turned towards the Oriental tongues, and the Hebrew in particular, in which he had made so great a progress, that he kept a correspondence with the heads of the Jews, in Syria, in the East-Indies, and other parts of the world. From these he learnt many very curious particulars respecting the Hebrew Version of the Old Testament, and had the means of correcting many errors

which have crept into the text as it now stands. His manuscripts, on this very curious subject were extremely valuable, but his friends could never prevail on him to give them to the world. He never, indeed, published any thing, unless two or three letters in the Gentleman's Magazine, which may be easily discovered by the singular meekness of the style and the benevolence of their contents. One of them is a persuasive to Masters of Merchantmen, &c. to plant cocoa-nuts, yams, &c. on desert islands, for the benefit of shipwrecked mariners.

‘ WE who attend to dissections,’ said once a great, but modest, anatomist to a friend, ‘ are little better acquainted with
‘ the true state of the human frame, than
‘ the porters and errand-boys are with the
‘ policy of the cities they inhabit. Like *them*,
‘ we know every street, every alley, every
‘ passage, but like *them* too, we are ignorant of what is going forward in the
‘ mansions, to which these passages lead.’

HE

HE who composed the epitaph that follows on an unlucky physician, had dipped his pen in gall.

‘Hac sub humo, per quem tot jacuere, jacet.’

Paraphrased.

Interr’d lies our Doctor—we need not deplore him—
He’s but where he’s sent all his patients before him.

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, &c.

THE art of describing events to the sight, in some form or other, is certainly of great antiquity.

Homer’s account of the works of Helen and of Penelope, point out a very early æra for colored tapestry.

Virgil *supposes* painting to have gained some perfection in the age of his Dido, since Æneas could discover his own portrait in some of those pictures which adorned the Temple of Juno, at Carthage.

Babylon

Babylon had in her walls, according to Diodorus Siculus, many tiles, or bricks, painted with the forms of animals. And her famed sovereign, Semiramis, is said to have had a collection of pictures, particularly hunting-pieces.

The Egyptians, however, aver that they understood painting, six thousand years, before the Greeks possessed that art, and bring proofs from their hieroglyphics.

Pliny tells a pleasing tale, as to the invention of sculpture. Dibutades, the fair daughter of a celebrated potter of Sicyon, contrived a private meeting with her lover, at the eve of a long separation. A repetition of vows of constancy, and a stay prolonged to a very late hour, overpowered at length, the faculties of the youth, and he fell fast asleep; the nymph, however, whose imagination was more alert, observing that by the light of a lamp, her admirer's profile was strongly marked on the wall, eagerly snatched up a piece of charcoal, and, inspired by love, traced the outline with such success, that her father, when

when he chanced to see the sketch, determined to preserve, if possible, the effect. With this view, he formed a kind of clay model from it, which first essay of the kind had the honor to be preserved in the public repository of Corinth, even to the fatal day of its destruction by that bugbear to the arts, Mummius Achaicus.

IT is a trite observation, that many useful inventions have been owing, in late ages, to the eager researches which people of genius have made after the philosopher's stone. But it is not generally known, that the beautiful color, called Minium (said to be the finest possible *red*) was discovered, long before the Christian æra, by an Athenian youth, who believed it to be a powder whence gold might be made.

THE remark of a French critic on the Greek statuaries is singular and delicate. "They never," says he, "presumed to make use of the *perfect* tense, when the artist set his name to the statue. It was
" always

“ always ‘ εποίησε,’ not ‘ πεποίηκε.’ He never ventured to affirm that his work “ was *perfect*.” On the other hand, Titian, to reprimand the insolence of ignorant, presuming critics, wrote beneath some of his pictures, *Titianus fecit, fecit*.

WHEN goddesses were to be drawn, the antient painters always chose for their model either their own mistresses or some celebrated courtisans. This gave occasion for Justin Martyr to ridicule the Pagans, and to tell them that they paid adoration to a set of prostitutes, instead of divine beings. In this, they have been imitated by modern artists. Le Brun's Magdalen was taken from the celebrated La Valliere.

THE Triumvir Lepidus having been disturbed extremely, during the night, in his camp, by the whistling, hooping, and screeking of many nocturnal fowls, was angry with the magistrates of a neighboring town, for recommending him so very incom-

commodious a spot. To make their peace, they sent him a kind of flag, with a dragon exquisitely painted upon it, which terrified the noisy birds, and kept the camp quiet. Pliny recommends this expedient, which, however, seems only calculated for moonlight nights.

A PLAIN, blunt German, being asked by an antient Roman, how he liked a very famous picture of an Old Shepherd, leaning on his crook? "Like it!" repeated he, "Why if the *original* was alive, I would not take him, if you would give him to me for a slave."

NERO, who, vile as he was, cultivated the arts, had a turn for drawing, and frequently amused himself in modelling with clay.

NONE carried the caprices of an artist so far as Regnier, King of Naples. He painted his mistress when just dead, and when in the most ghastly stage of decay.

He

He was painting a partridge, when he was told that his kingdom was lost, and he finished his work, before he permitted himself to lament this great calamity.

IN spite of the principles of Islamism, Mahomet the Second, who knew no religion but his own will, sent to Venice for Gentil Bellini, a painter, some of whose works he had seen and admired. When arrived at Constantinople, Mahomet reasoned with him on some error in a decoliation of John the Baptist, which he had painted, and to convince him of his mistake, he sent in for a Greek slave, and in a moment, struck off his head with his royal scymetar. Bellini wisely acquiesced in the criticism, slipped away to the harbor, and set sail for the Adriatic the same evening.

OF all crowned heads, Christina of Sweden seems to have had the least share of taste as to the arts. Her father Gustavus had left her many chests of paintings, (the spoils of Prague) inestimable in value.

These

These she offered to give to Sebastian Bourdon, a Huguenot artist, without having even unpacked the cases, or looked at their contents; Bourdon, however, who knew how great their worth *must* be, had the generosity to tell her, that she knew not what she offered. It was unlucky for the world that he acted in so disinterested a manner. The Queen of *Gothland* * is said to have cut hands, and feet, and faces, from many of these very pieces, to adorn apt corners of her bed-chamber. What a pity, that chronology will not allow us to make Mummius Achaicus her Majesty's favorite and generalissimo! A few of these pieces found their way to the cabinet of the Palais Royal.

THE effect of good paintings has been great in every age. Portia, who had supported the farewell of her husband, after the death of J. Cæsar, with philosophic firmness, could not bear the view of the

* One of Christina's titles.

parting of Hector and Andromache, well expressed on canvas, without an agony of tears.

A Great Duke of Russia, named Uladimir, was converted to the Christian faith, by the sight of a picture, representing the Last Day, with all its horrors. Terrified at the ghastly mass of shivering, guilty souls, he shrunk back, and averted his eyes. "Where would you wish to be?" said the Christian who had displayed the piece. "By the side of that venerable and amiable figure," replied the barbarian, pointing to the Eternal Judge. "Embrace the laws of Christ, and you *may* be placed there." The Russian assented, and his subjects followed his example.

Many years since the above event, Lestock*, a Hanoverian surgeon, by placing before the eyes of Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, two paintings, *the one,*

* In an ingenious French work, from whence many of these anecdotes are taken, he is called "L'Estoc, a French adventurer." Dearly do our neighbors love to appropriate to themselves every extraordinary personage.

repre-

representing her in a convent, and Lestock broken on the wheel, *the other*, Elizabeth alone, sitting on the Imperial throne, inspired that Princess with spirit enough to atchieve a revolution, and to seize the crown, her undoubted right.

SOME hundred years before the Russian revolution, Nicolas Gobrini Rienzi had actually accomplished first, the liberty, and then, the subjugation, of Rome, by means of allegorical pictures, which were exposed to the view of the populace, by night, as well as day, as lights were burnt before them. Some of these satyrized the Aristocratic rulers of the city, under the character of different beasts. Wolves and bears, represented the nobles, spaniels and monkeys their domestics; the clergy were painted as hogs, and the lawyers as foxes. The mob found these ideas so well assimilated, that they strenuously seconded Rienzi in driving wolves, monkeys, hogs and foxes out of their strong-holds, and bringing matters to a much better regu-

lated system. How that great demagogue lost, through his own mad folly, every advantage, which his active spirit had gained for the Romans and for himself, is not here to be told.

A NORMAN Priest, named the Abbé Malotru, remarkably ridiculous in his dress, as well as deformed in his figure, was so much irritated at the smile of contempt which he observed on the face of M. de Laffon, one of his audience, while he was performing mass, that the instant that service was over, he instituted a process against the mocker, for irreverence. Laffon chanced to have a talent for drawing in caricature. He sketched out a figure of the ill-made priest, accoutred, as he used to be, in half a dozen black caps, over one another, nine waistcoats, and as many pair of breeches. When the court, before whom he was cited, urged him to produce his defence, he suddenly exhibited his Abbé Malotru, and the irresistible laughter which it occasioned insured his acquittal.

quittal. This happened about the year 1640.

IN the early ages of Christianity, it appears that it was usual to paint or engrave crucifixes and representations of venerable beings, on the floors of churches, &c. for St. Bernard laughs at his cotemporaries for bestowing ornaments on what is made to be covered with dirt and dust. "Sometimes," says he, "you tread on the head of a saint, and sometimes you spit in the face of an angel."

THEOPHILUS, Emperor of the East, abhorred the worship of images; his Empress, Theophila, was a zealous partisan for that species of adoration. One morn she was detected by the court buffoon, Danderi, on her knees, before a groupe of saints. Away ran the fool to tell Theophilus what beautiful dolls the Empress amused herself withal. The Emperor comprehended the mystery, and Theophila would have suffered severely, perhaps been divorced, had

she not persuaded her husband, that Danderi had mistaken her children, playing around her, for dolls. The whole ended in a hearty whipping for the impertinent tell-tale.

PAINTING was at no contemptible height in South America, when it was subdued by the Spaniards, since Montezuma shewed to Cortez a compleat representation in colors, of the first landing of those fatal visitors, of their arms, their horses, and of those fierce dogs, whose presence conveyed more terror to the Indians, than even that of their masters.

SIMON MEMMI, who flourished at Sienna, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was the first painter* who, by

* It must not be omitted that Boccaccio imputes the rise of this ridiculous and tasteless fashion to the waggish advice given by Bualmacco, a noted buffoon, to one Le Bruno, a simple brother of the profession, who asked his counsel "how he should make the expression of his figures understood by the spectators."

way of explanation, put scrolls in the mouths of his figures, a practice which became, afterwards, not uncommon. A piece of his, is now existing, wherein the devil, almost expiring from the severe pursuit of a saint, exclaims, " Ohime! Non posso piu *!" A portrait, of the same infernal personage, proved fatal to Spinello Aretino, an artist of Arezzo, in the same age. He had drawn the Prince of the air, under a form so exquisitely hideous, that he could never erase the idea from his mind. One night a dream represented to his frightened imagination, that awful spirit, under the same horrid appearance, standing before him, in a menacing attitude, and reproaching him for drawing so *very* homely a likeness. Spinello awoke in an agony of dread, he had barely senses left to tell the tale, before his reason gave way, and for the short time he survived, a fearful insanity never left him.

* " Oh! Oh! It is all over with me!"

Not much later lived Paulo Mazzochi, surnamed Uccello. Whatever his talents were as a *painter*, he was surely no accurate *natural philosopher*, for in a piece representing the four elements, wherein fishes marked the sea, moles the earth, and a salamander the fire, he wished to have pointed out the air by a *cameleon*, but not knowing how to draw that scarce animal, he contented himself, from a similitude of sounds, to introduce a *camel*, who, extending his long neck, snuffs up the breezes around him.

‘ Qui ne seroit indigne,’ says a French critic, ‘ de voir, (en Sannazar,) Junon, ‘ aux couches de la Vierge? Un evange- ‘ liste, (en Arioste,) s’interesser au destin ‘ de Roland? Et qui ne riroit de voir ‘ Vulcain presenter des armes à St. Louis, ‘ (en Le Pere Le Moine) pour le succés ‘ des Croisades *?’

“ * How ridiculous, to see *Juno* assisting at the nativity
“ of our Lord, an *evangelist* anxious about count Orlando,
“ and *Vulcan* giving to *St. Louis* a suit of armor for his
“ *crusade*!”

Had

Had M. Bardon, who wrote this stricture, attended to the works of old, nay, modern painters, he might have found much greater absurdities than those which he complains of among poets. He might have found in one piece, Joseph, the husband of the Blessed Virgin, employing his art, as a carpenter, in forming a *Confessional*.

IN another, (painted by F. Chello della Puera,) the Blessed Virgin, sitting on a velvet sofa, playing with a cat and a perroquet, and ready to help herself to coffee from an engraved coffee-pot.

A late Neapolitan artist has represented the Holy Family, during their Egyptian migration, passing the Nile in a barge, as richly ornamented as that of Cleopatra.

Lanfranc has thrown churchmen in their robes at the feet of our Savior, when an infant, and Paul Veronese is said to have introduced several Benedictines among the guests at the feast of Caana*.

* C. Algarotti.

Tintoret arms the Hebrews, while picking manna in the desert, with modern fire-arms, and, to compleat the climax, a painter has allowed the good thief a confessor with a *crucifix* in his hand !

ANDREA MANTEGNA, not having been rewarded quité to his expectations by Innocent VIII. who had employed him to paint the Four Cardinal Virtues, and the Seven Mortal Sins, had the boldness to tell His Holiness, that there ought to be added to the groupe an *eighth* sin, *Ingratitude*. “ You are welcome,” said the Pope, “ to add what you please to the “ sins, provided that you paint for me “ *Patience*, as a fifth virtue.”

POPE JULIUS II. was one of the most passionate of human beings. He was once so much displeased with the great Michael Angelo, that that great artist hardly dared appear before him. “ Let your Holiness,” said a Cardinal, meaning to soften his resentment, “ excuse the artist’s “ misconduct ;

“ misconduct; these painters are such ignorant fellows!” “ You are ignorant, yourself,” replied the angry Pope, “ and are ten times a greater blockhead than the great man of whom you speak.” This ‘incartade’ luckily, for that time, turned away the pontiff’s anger from the painter; but there were many occasions on which he treated him with great brutality: Once he hinted gently to the terrified artist, that “ If he did not make more expedition, he would throw him headlong from his scaffold;” and once he gave him a hearty drubbing, which, however, he softened by a very large present in money.

THE discovery, which the world owes, as is generally believed, to Van-Eyck, of painting with oil-colours, soon led to a most cruel murder. Dominico Beccafumi had been taught this great secret by Antonio of Messina, who had gained it, not very fairly, from Van-Eyck. Beccafumi imparted it to Andrea del Castagno, who,

eager

eager to be the sole possessor of such a treasure, assassinated his friend and benefactor. The unsuspecting Beccafumi, wounded to death, was carried to his false comrade's apartment, and actually breathed his last, in the arms of his murderer. Andrea, now fearless of a rival in his art, flourished without suspicion, and lived long, loaded with riches and honors. On his death-bed, however, the horrors of guilt overtook him, he made a public confession of his crimes, and died detested and execrated by his fellow-citizens.

THE celebrated P. Aretin, who knew better how to wield a pen than a sword, had taken the part of Titian warmly against Tintoret, in a dispute which had happened between those great artists. Tintoret, who resented this behavior, and who knew the timid character of this 'Scourge of Kings,' took care to meet him one day near his own house, into which he pressed him to enter, that he might draw the picture of so celebrated a man.

man. Aretin consented, when the painter, to the visible horror of his guest, advanced up to him, fiercely, with a pistol in his hand. "Alas!" said the satyrist, "What are you going to do?" "I only mean to take your measure exactly," said Tintoret, "you are, I find, just four times and an half, the length of my pistol." Aretin, however, is said to have made off as fast as possible, without waiting to sit for his portrait.

REMBRANDT was one day employed in taking the portraits of a family who were all to be included in a large picture. A servant acquainted him that his favorite ape had died suddenly. The artist, forgetful of his own interest, ordered the dead animal to be brought in, and began gravely to sketch out its resemblance, on the canvas, amidst the figures already painted. The representations which the family made, were all fruitless; Rembrandt persisted, and chose rather to lose the price of the picture, already half-painted, than submit

to deprive himself of the indulgence of so odd a whim.

A GENOESE painter, J. B. Bacici, who flourished in the seventeenth century, had a very peculiar talent of producing the exact resemblance of deceased persons whom he had never seen during their existence. He first drew a face at random, and afterwards reforming it in every feature, by the advice and under the inspection of such as knew the party, he improved it to a striking likeness.

THE amusements of Charles V. during his retirement, seem to have been trivial, proportionably as the actions of his past life had been important. Besides the well-known earnestness with which that Emperor in vain endeavored to reduce clocks to an uniformity of expression, he took great delight in viewing and regulating a number of automata, contrived expressly for his amusement, by an ingenious mechanic, whom Strada calls ‘ Jannellus Turrianus.’

‘ For

‘ For often,’ says Sir R. Stapylton *, who translated the work, ‘ when the cloth was taken away after dinner, he brought upon the board, little armed figures of horse and foot, *some* beating drums, *others* founding trumpets, and divers of them charging one another with their pikes. Sometimes he sent wooden sparrows out of his chamber into the Emperor’s dining room, that would fly round, and back again, with such address, that the Superior of the Monastery, who came in, by accident, suspected the inventor of magical delusion. He likewise framed a mill of iron, that turned itself, of such a subtile work, and smallness, that a monk could easily hide it in his sleeve, yet daily it ground as much wheat as would abundantly serve *eight* persons for their day’s allowance.’

Much skill must have been exerted in forming the ghastly figure which Famianus

* Strada de Bello Belgico, Lib. 1.

Strada describes, when he tells us that the Prince of Parma, being willing to avoid the expence and trouble which the reception of the body of Don John of Austria would occasion at every town on its passage from Flanders, to Spain, “ caused him to
“ be tooke in pieces, and the bones of his
“ armes, thighs, legs, breast, and head
“ (the braines being taken out) with other
“ the severed parts, filling three mailes,
“ were by Nignio, &c. brought safely
“ into Spaine. . Where the bones being
“ set again with small wyers, they easily
“ rejointed all the body, which being filled
“ with cotton, armed, and richly habited,
“ they presented to the King, Don John,
“ entire, as if he stood, only resting him-
“ self upon his commander’s staffe, looking
“ as if he lived and breathed. The hard
heart of Philip probably suffered little or
no emotion at the sight of a brother, who
had served him faithfully, had fought
his battles with success, and had at length
received for his reward, a dose of poison.

WHEN

WHEN Michael Angelo cast a bronze statue of Julius II. he meant to have put a book in his hand. "Let it be a *sword*," said His Holiness, "I am no man of *letters*." That statue was, when the Bentivoglio family became masters of Bologna, metamorphosed into a cannon. No unpleasing destiny for the representation of so military a spirit.

P A S S I O N S.

Cardinal Mazarin's revenge on the betrayer
of Ferrante Pallavicino.

From the Italian. See before, page 252, &c.

THE fatal end of Ferrante Pallavicino (says the French commentator on the Naudæana and Patiniana) has been told by many authors, but I never met with so many particulars relating to it as in the following narrative, which is taken from a MSS. in one of the most celebrated libraries in Paris, added to the close of
a volume

a volume entitled ‘ The Glory of the Incognitos of Padua.’ It runs thus.

‘ Carlo di Bresche, known in Italy by the name of Carlo di Morti, was the son of a bookseller in Paris, named Pietro di Bresche. He travelled in the service of a nobleman through Italy, but his master dying on the road, Carlo went from Venice to Rome, where he was recommended to the Barberini family, as a man capable of undertaking any bold enterprize. No sooner was his character known, than he was entrusted by them with the destruction of Ferrante Pallavicino, against whom the Barberini were highly exasperated, on account of his two productions, the “ Baccinata,” and the “ Divortio Celeste.” The price of this treacherous exploit was then settled to be three thousand doubloons. Carlo, on this, repaired to Venice, the asylum of Ferrante, where he contrived to insinuate himself so far into his friendship, that finding him disposed to seek a refuge in France, from the snares which

‘ were

‘ were laid for his life in Italy, he offered
‘ himself as his fellow traveller, and was
‘ accepted. They journeyed together as
‘ far as Orange, a city within ten miles of
‘ Avignon, when Carlo sending an account
‘ to the Vice Legate at that place, that
‘ the prey was in his hands, a party was
‘ sent to seize them both, they were con-
‘ ducted to Avignon, and thrown into
‘ prison. Carlo, however, who had only
‘ been confined for form’s sake, was soon
‘ set free, whereas Ferrante was retained,
‘ brought to a trial, and executed. Mean-
‘ while Carlo returned to Rome, where
‘ he received the infamous reward of his
‘ diabolical treachery, partly in pictures
‘ (which were exposed to sale in Paris,
‘ at the Hotel de Fleury, now a lodg-
‘ ing-house kept by Madame Barillon,
‘ a native of Bretagne, in the Rue des
‘ Bourdonnois) and partly in ready money.

‘ In the interim, Cardinal Mazarin, ex-
‘ tremely hurt at the death of Pallavicino,
‘ to whom he bore much good will, di-

‘ rected one Ganducci, an Italian, to con-
‘ tract an intimacy with the traitor. This
‘ the emissary brought about in the most
‘ cautious manner, by pretending to sell
‘ gloves, perfumes, and other trifles,
‘ which he bartered with Carlo, for pic-
‘ tures and other goods. Having now
‘ settled a kind of commerce with him,
‘ he often went to his house, which stood
‘ in the “Place Maubert,” and one morn-
‘ ing, going at a very early hour, on pre-
‘ tence of their common interests, he com-
‘ plained to Carlo concerning some mis-
‘ conduct of his, in their affairs. The
‘ which Carlo, who was then in bed, de-
‘ denying, the other picking a quarrel with
‘ him, darted upon him, caught him fast
‘ round the body, and stabbed him in the
‘ reins with a poniard. Carlo, who was
‘ stout and active, finding himself wound-
‘ ed, grappled with the assassin, and in
‘ the scuffle, they both fell to the ground.
‘ The people of the house ran to the
‘ room, on hearing the noise in the cham-
‘ ber,

ber, but could not enter, as the door was locked from within. Having fetched officers of justice, and broken open the door, the murder was discovered, and Ganducci was led away to the Little Chatelet, while Carlo lay expiring.

When the story was told to Cardinal Mazarin, he gave directions to the magistrate of the police to release the prisoner, and was obeyed. Thus was the execrable villain Carlo repaid for his more than inhuman treachery.

P A T H O S.

THE difference of the sensations excited by a *public* calamity, from those which a *private* misfortune will occasion, is beautifully touched by Henry Fielding, when he paints Sophia Western, although an excellent patriot, relieved from the horrors which she had felt at the apprehension of her angry father's presence, by hearing that it

is not *be* that is come, but only *an account* that ‘several hundred thousand French are landed, and that we shall be all murdered and ravished*.’

A periodical writer, cotemporary with Fielding, treats the same subject with great success. He introduces an Officer, describing to a large circle the battle of Fontenoy. He recounts the gallantry of that immortal British column which forced its passage through the center of the enemy, until mowed down by the fire of a fatal, masqued, battery. The company listen with attention and applause; but they hear the fall of thousands without a tear. The narrator proceeds to paint the distress of a young lady, an officer’s wife, who had waited in agonies, at a neighboring village, for her husband’s return from the field. Disappointed of this hope, she rushed to the spot, where numbers of the wretches who accompany an army for the sake of plunder, had already levelled all distinctions, by

* Mrs. Honor’s speech, in Tom Jones.

indiscriminately stripping the dead and wounded, of all ranks. Amid this horrid scene*, she was guided by a spaniel that accompanied her, to the bleeding body of her husband. She recognized his ghastly features, cast herself upon him in an unutterable transport of despair, and rose again only to madness, and death. This simple tale, recording the fate of two persons only, roused those passions which the slaughter of myriads could not move; and the party made amends, by floods of tears, for their former, almost criminal indifference.

AMONG the scenes, some tragic, some romantic, interspersed through Fingal, Temora, &c. no one story perhaps is to be found, so affecting as an episode which ap-

* Drear anguish urged her to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;
Of comfort glad, the drear cares,
The damp, chill, dying, hand return'd.

PENROSE.

pears in the same collection, among the Songs of Sélma. Daura, the daughter of Armin, has been treacherously conveyed to a rock, insulated by the sea, where she can by no means be relieved, the only boat which the coast afforded, having just been lost, with her brother in it, who had hastily, without an oar, darted from the beach to assist her. And thus her father describes her fate, and his own wretchedness.

‘ Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter
 ‘ ter was heard to complain. Frequent and
 ‘ loud were her cries, nor could her father
 ‘ relieve her. All night I stood on the
 ‘ shore. I saw her by the faint beam of
 ‘ the moon. All night I heard her cries.
 ‘ Loud was the wind, and the rain beat
 ‘ hard on the side of the mountain. Before
 ‘ morning appeared, her voice was weak.
 ‘ It died away, like the evening breeze
 ‘ among the grafs of the rocks. Spent
 ‘ with grief, she expired, and left her fa-
 ‘ ther alone. When the storms of the
 ‘ mountain come, when the north lifts
 ‘ the waves on high, I sit by the sounding
 ‘ shore,

‘ shore, and look at the fatal rock. Often
‘ by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of
‘ my children. Half-viewless, they walk
‘ in mournful conference. Will none of
‘ you speak in pity?—They do not regard
‘ their father.’ The *parent* who can read
this without being affected, must be either
more, or less, than a being of common
sensations.

And here may be introduced, with some
propriety, a Cornish tale of naval woe,
which can be attested by scores of living
witnesses, as it happened within the last
twenty years. Gunwalo Downs, which
form the Eastern side of Mounts Bay,
stretching out towards the Lizard Point, lie
on the top of a very high, steep, and long-
extended cliff, which, during a great part
of the year, is incessantly beaten by a tre-
mendous surge driven from the Bay of
Biscay by an almost constant West wind.
During a space of many miles, there is
no inlet to the land; but the face of the
cliff is occupied, towards the top, by sea
birds; and the bottom, where there are

many caverns, is usually the resort of seals, One stormy winter's night, signals of distress were observed, and a large ship, which had been driven under the cliffs, was known to be lost. Such an incident on that coast was by no means unusual ; but in the morning, the people, assembled on the Downs, to look if any remains of the vessel were floating on the waves, were shocked by hearing loud and united cries and groans from persons below the cliff. They knew that these must come from some cave, to which the shipwrecked people had found means to attain ; for the tide left no beach ; and they knew, too, the impossibility of helping them, as no boat could venture, in such weather, under such a cliff. The cries, however, continuing, they tried, by letting down baskets with ropes in different places, to afford some relief, but in vain, for the over-hanging cliff prevented the sufferers from reaching what was meant for their relief. In short, during three days, the same mournful noise was heard ; it grew then weaker by degrees, till hunger and fatigue probably

probably closed the wretched scene. Many of the seal-holes were afterwards searched for these hapless mariners, but in vain. The surf had probably washed away and dispersed their remains,

P R I D E,

FEW people have had a higher idea of their own importance than Clothaire, the son of Clovis, King of France. He had burnt his own son and his family alive, and the remorse, for this harsh method of shewing his resentment, brought him to his grave. When his end approached, he observed to his attendants that “ God Almighty must be *very powerful*, to be able to destroy such a puissant monarch as himself.” Some ages after, there died, in England, a dutchess of Buckingham, who having been informed by her chaplain, when on her death-bed, that in
heaven

heaven there were no particular allotments for *Peers* and *Peereffes*, said, "Well, well, put me in the right way to get thither, but I fancy it must be a *strange place*." These seem to have had kindred souls.

THE deepest knowledge will not always command respect, without some attention to personal appearance. Herman Buschius, a celebrated teacher of languages in the sixteenth century, was bitterly irritated at finding that the very persons who had neglected to salute him when shabbily apparelled, paid him every possible respect when he had good clothes on. "Go," said he, tearing his garments from his back, "wretched rags! Must I owe to *you*, and not to my learning and character, the civilities which I receive?"

Jane, the wife of Philip Le Bel, of France, was so extremely disgusted at the finery which the merchants wives of Bruges exhibited when she accompanied her husband

band to that place in 1299, that she exclaimed, "What! are all these *Queens*? I thought that *I alone* had a right to appear in that character. Not contented with this sarcasm, she had the weakness to make her husband treat her well-dressed rivals with a degree of severity and insult, which did much detriment to his own interest.

S A R C A S M S, &c.

QUERNO, a kind of poetical buffoon much in favor with Leo X. had been crowned arch-poet by the gay young men of fashion at the court of Rome. The Pope, fond of his burlesque talents, sent him choice dishes from his own table, but expected always a distich in return. Querno, like other bon-vivants, was tortured by the gout, and at one of its most painful moments, he was obliged to write, in gratitude for a dainty,

‘ * Archipoeta facit versus, pro mille poetis.’

To which the good-humored Leo added, by way of help,

‘ † Et pro mille aliis, archipoeta bibit.’

Then Querno, resolving to shew himself superior to his sufferings, added

‘ ‡ Porridge, quod faciat mihi, carmina docta, Falernum.’

But the Pope reparteed,

‘ § Hoc vinum enervat, debilitatque pedes.’

It was said of an author who had more regularity than genius, “ He is like an ox that has finished his furrow with exactness.”

‘ * For millions of poets, th’ arch-poet composes.’

‘ † By millions of bumpers bepimpled his nose is.’

‘ ‡ A bowl of Falernian t’ enliven my strain.’

‘ § You’ll lose in your *feet*, what your *measure* may gain.’

WHEN

WHEN the Prince of Condé and Cardinal de Retz, two leaders of opposite factions, were viewing the curious garden of a hermit, who was famous as a florist, they amused themselves by keeping him attentive to their discourse, while they trod to pieces his best flowers, on each side of the path. He soon discovered their plan, and shaking his gray locks, 'Alas!' said he, 'how much were it to be wished, that
' you could agree in plans to relieve your
' distressed country, with the same readiness which you show in joining to persecute a helpless solitary!'

It was said by Mademoiselle Scuderi of M. de Pellisson, "That he had made
" too free with that share of ugliness which
" Heaven had allowed to all mankind."
The French is better, "Qu'il s'abusoit de
" la permission qu'ont les hommes, d'être
" laids."

POGGIO, the Florentine, out of respect to the memory of the poet Dante, has
taken

taken great pains to collect his bon mots. Had he been that great bard's most bitter foe, he could have done him no greater diskindness. The repartees are flat, unpolite, and totally uninteresting.

‘ONCE,’ said a Quaker, in a dispute concerning the propriety of titles, ‘I had the honor to be in company with an Excellence, and an Highness. His Excellence was the most ignorant and brutal of his species, and his Highness measured just four feet eight inches without his shoes.’

A VERY reprobate priest, doing duty for a friend, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice; after bestowing many hearty anathemas upon this awkward garment, he swore, at last, that he thought “the Devil was in it.” “I thinks, as how, he be, Sir,” said the clerk, as soon as he saw him completely habited.

“BE

“Be easy,” said a rich invalid to his son-in-law, who was, every hour, perplexing him with complaints of his wife’s misbehaviour. “Be easy, I say; as her behavior is so very blameable, I will alter my will, and cut her off with a shilling.” He heard no more of his daughter’s failings.

THE French, instead of detesting Cardinal Mazarin for his private vices, and public corruption, contented themselves with ridiculing him for his Italianized pronunciation of their tongue. One day, they say, when teased by an importunate clerical suitor for a benefice, he called to the porter, “*Souiffe! prends ton arquebouse, et va touer oun Abbé, pourque je doune oun Abbaie a cet houe.”

“I WILL give you my head, Sir,” said a story-teller to M. de Montesquieu,

* ‘Go, Swiss, take your piece, and shoot some abbot through the head, that I may have a parsonage to give to this troublesome fellow.’

who seemed to doubt some part of his tale, "I will give you my head, if every
" word of this is not true." "I accept
" your offer," replied the president, "Pre-
" sents of small value strengthen the
" bands of friendship, and should never
" be refused."

"Who is that very red-faced lady,
" pray?" said one gentleman to another
at a rout. "Why," answered the other,
with whom the lady in question was no
favorite, "I take her to be the *Scarlet*
" *Fever that goes about.*"

It was said of a man, who died in his
bed, notwithstanding his having borne a
very dubious character, "I never should
" have thought that he would have quit-
" ted this world in a *horizontal* position."

A VERY jolly fellow, who well knew
the value of Bacchus's gifts, used to say
that when he heard any one read French
verse, it was to him like the sensation of
drinking

drinking water. This farcaſtical critic was a native of France, and he bore a great name, Nicolas de Bourbon.

THE celebrated Jeſuit, Bourdaloue, was asked by a lady, whether or no ſhe did wrong in frequenting dramatic entertainments, “ ’Tis yourſelf, Madam,” ſaid he, “ that can beſt answer that queſtion.”

IN the tragedy of Ines de Caſtro, the entrance of five children together, on the ſtage, towards the cloſe of the piece, unluckily ſet the audience into a general burſt of laughter; Duclos, who was the moſt celebrated actreſs of her time, had the boldneſs to cry out, turning towards the audience. “ * Ay! do, laugh, blockheads of “ the pit, laugh at the moſt affecting “ ſcene in the play.” The ſpectators only revenged themſelves by doubling their peals of mirth.

* “ Ris donc, ſot Parterre ! à l'endroit le plus touchant de la piece !”

Few have spoken so severely of others as Ferdinand of Arragon, styled (ironically one may presume) the Catholic, has done of himself. His ambassador to France once told him that Louis XII. had complained that he had deceived him *twice*. "A lying blockhead!" exclaimed the Catholic prince, "I have taken him in a dozen times, at least!"

Of Ferdinand, it was said, that "perhaps he might be confided in, could a deity be found that he believed in, for him to swear by."

How different this man's character, from that of the brave, the unfortunate, John, of France, who when dissuaded from returning to England, to deliver himself up as a prisoner, said that "If honor and justice were lost to the world, they should be sought for in the breasts of monarchs, where, at least, they ought to be harbored."

BESME*, the wretch who assassinated

* So called, originally, as being a Bohemian, Besme, for Boheme.

the Admiral de Coligny, in cool blood, during the horrors of St. Barthelemy, happening afterwards to be taken by the protestants of Xaintonge, was purchased of his captors, by the Rochellois, in order that his quarters might adorn the gates of their city. Before, however, he could be removed to Rochelle, he found means to escape, but was pursued closely by M. de Berthauville, in whose custody he had been. "I was always, you *know*," said Besme, discharging a pistol at him, "a wicked dog." "But *I*," said Berthauville, sheathing his sword in the murderer's body, "am determined that you shall be wicked no longer."

Peter Aretin had been kept in suspense a long time as to the payment of a present from the Court of France. "Be not surprised," said he to the person who delivered it to him at length, "that I return no *thanks*. I have worn out all my powers of speech in soliciting for this gratification, I have no words left to expend in acknowledgments."

In 1670, there died at Paris a wretched buffoon, Louis Barbier, who, eager for posthumous fame, left one hundred crowns to any poet who would compose his epitaph. One was found who wrote these lines.

Cy git un tres grand personnage,
 Qui fut d'illustre lignage,
 Qui posseda mille vertus,
 Qui ne trompa jamais—Qui fut sage.
 Je n'en dirai davantage,
 C'est trop mentir pour cent écus.

Here lies, by cruel death oppress'd,
 A hero of a fam'd illustrious race.
 Ten thousand virtues he possess'd,
 Sincerity his face express'd,
 And wisdom heighten'd every grace.

But check, my muse, this wretched fulsome stuff,
 Sure, for a hundred crowns, I've lied enough!

AMIN, the son of Al Raschid, when besieged by his brother, in Bagdat, refused to quit his game at chess, although his men were driven from the breach, and loudly demanded his presence, to reanimate them. "Stop," said he, "let
 " me

“ me not lose this glorious opportunity of
“ a check-mate !” “ Good sense and
“ good fortune,” said the irritated messenger, “ are inseparable companions,” and left Amin to his evil destiny. He was conducted to an immediate death, by order of his conqueror.

W O M E N.

BONNA, an Amazon of the 15th century, has less general renown than her shining qualities seem to have merited. Brunoro, a warrior of Parma, saw her in the lowest state of rusticity. Struck with an indescribable expression in her countenance, he attached her to himself, and took her every where with him, dressed in the habit of a man. She soon became an excellent politician, and gained such an ascendancy over the sagacious nobles of Venice, that they appointed her protector, Brunoro, General of their troops, with a large salary. Thinking herself

bound to share with her husband (for such he was now become) the dangers to which she had introduced him, she fought by his side at the head of his troops, stormed the strongest fortresses, and seconded him with vigor and success, in the defence of Negropont, against the Mahometans. She died in 1466, leaving behind her an almost unequalled reputation for address and bravery.

A CELEBRATED female Saint (Theresa) used to describe the Devil, as “An unhappy being, who never could know what it was to love.”

THE Germans, according to Tacitus, believed that there was something divine in young women. ‘Inesse quinetiam sanctum aliquid, & providum, putant.’

After reading this elegant compliment paid by pagans and barbarians to the fair sex, what shall we say to a Council of enlightened Prelates, held at Macon in France, who had very hot disputes concerning the pre-

pretensions of women to be human creatures! Happily, for the honor of common sense, the claim of the ladies was allowed. But the whole story is so very extraordinary, that it is necessary, in order to establish its credit, to quote the original passages on which that credit depends. ‘Cum
 ‘ inter tot sanctos patres episcopos, quidam
 ‘ statueret, non posse, nec debere mulieres
 ‘ vocari *homines*, timore Dei, publicè ibi
 ‘ ventilaretur. Et tandem, post multas
 ‘ vexatæ hujus questionis disceptationes,
 ‘ concluderetur, quod *mulieres* sint *homines*.’ (Polygamia triumphatrix.)

‘ Exstitit enim, in hac synodo, quidam ex
 ‘ Episcopis, qui dicebat, “ Mulierem, hominem non posse vocitari,” &c. &c.
 (Gregor. Tur. Lib. 8.

FROM the creation to the present day, *women* have made *men* what they please. If, however, any particular description of persons have been, more than others, their own, we must name Soldiers, including the heroes of ancient story. Sampson, David

and Solomon, Marc Antony, and Belisarius, with hundreds more, afford proof enough of this position. In later times, John Banier, one of the best generals Europe ever knew, and an eleve of the great Gustavus Adolphus, gained his glory by *one* woman, and lost it by *another*. While the wife, whom he brought from Sweden, lived, he was successful in every undertaking. She accompanied him every where, regulated all his enterprizes, and pointed out the path to glory. She died, and his despair prompted him at first to follow her. At her funeral, however, the view of a lovely young German Princess checked his grief, and made him love again. Though late in life, he performed all those pranks which youth alone can render supportable. He ran extreme hazards to catch a glance of his mistress, he consumed whole nights in drinking bumpers to her health, and when he obtained her hand, he made such extravagantly noisy rejoicings, that all the country round him went to their devotions, thinking that a bloody contest was deciding
in

in the field. His second race of love was, however, very short. He died in six weeks, having first egregiously tarnished his fame as a General, by a total neglect of his military duty.

WE excuse, in a late great writer, his narrow party-spirit, his ungentleman-like behaviour to those who fought his acquaintance*, and his ingratitude to his hospitable entertainers in the North†, in consideration of those early distresses which prevented his keeping that kind of company which might have softened his rugged demeanor, into politeness. But when we read the following deliberate abuse of the fair sex, and reflect, that, at the time the critic was penning this gross and untrue assertion, he was in the daily habit of receiving the most delicate and unremitted attentions from an accomplished woman, who was no otherwise attached to him, than by the ties of friendship, and by pity

* Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes. passim.

† Tour to Scotland. passim.

for his sickly frame, who is it that could restrain himself from a wish to toss the unmanly author in a blanket, although *Rasselas* peeped out of one of his pockets, and the *Rambler* from another?

In comparing the *Lutrin* with the *Rape of the Lock*, he says, “ The freaks, and
“ humours, and spleen, and vanity, of wo-
“ men, as they embroil families in discord,
“ and fill houses with disquiet, do more to
“ obstruct the happiness of life in a *year*,
“ than the ambition of the clergy, in *many*
“ *centuries*.” Johnson’s *Lives of Poets*.
Vol. IV. p. 189.

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ERRATA CORR.

Page.	Line.	
6	13 & 14	for 'mancat,' read 'mancat.'
36	note line ult.	alter 'empire,' read 'and superstition.'
60	4	for 'ignorant,' read 'of the ignorant.'
19	1	for 'gandy tinsel covers,' read 'gandy in tinsel covers.'



